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"It's the return of the motherfuckin dreadlock"
"Anyway you come I'm in your motherfuckin shit, mate" ---> Scarface
"Lord Jamar will live long
 cos I give strong blows to the hoes and my foes" (x4)
Well it's the Lord J lightin up more shit than Broadway
and Times Square wit nuff rhymes for your air
Crimes appear to have no motive, I wrote a
shit I seen on the street now y'all fiend for the beat
like a crackhead but this black dread don't sell drugs
although I dwell with the, thugs
New Rochelle bust slugs from the tool in the Rule
Leavin devils mugs in a blood pool
Just like mud makes fossil fuels, colossal be the jewels I drop
The way I schools this thru hip-hop
I rip shop like shit was made of paper mache
My shape was tip-top and it can be no greater display
I pray today and see the devil takin off the Earth
But I'm lay it, keep on makin shit for what it's worth
A butter verse over a beat that's pancake fat
Niggas know it's like that and it's like that
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Now this is for my niggas who ain't fuckin with the system
Tired of arrest, doin the best to try to dick em up the ass
with no grease, the fuckin police gots ta go
Niggas feel the same from Maine to Chicago
California to New York, gotta warn ya bout the pork
Baby, on a fuckin hawk
Lookin for a nigga so they can dig another grave
My big brother was a slave but I'm like Nat Turner with two burners
Bustin back cos I'm black
Now you learn a lesson on how to act
Messin with original seed'll cause you to bleed
Broke the universal laws now we're smokin yours
Provoke cause the effect, and effective immediately
we're gonna wreck shit repeatedly
I ain't goin out wit out retaliatin, I got my niggas in the alley waitin
Ready to bring the heat to Satan
where he lives, there he is, handle your biz
His mantle is wigged, you watch the pig squeel
Ain't no big deal, far better worse was done to us
It's time he run from us, nigga grab your gun and bust
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Hypnotic, psychotic, women have erotic thoughts of me

Devils wanna torture me
They'd like to string me up round my neck from a tree
simply for the fact I'm a real motherfuckin G-O-to the D
Niggas know me for speakin on the reals
Freakin in my wheels with the cops on my heels
He drops when I peels his cap with the real rap
Thinkin bout takin me out, I can't feel that

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Outro: (*some dread toastin*)

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