

## Sergeant Stiletto

2 Skinnee J's

The scent of danger  
Takes me to the edge of panic  
Now I'm caught  
In the plot  
That was thought up  
Satanic like Mayo  
-Dayo,  
Daylight comes and I wanna get home before I'm burnt by the sun.

I wanna be free in peace love and harmony,  
But my mirand be vanishing like carmen see  
Check the scripture  
A picture emerges bells chim at the twelfth sign of the seventh scourges.  
And the first is a sleeper  
Steeped in the force of the dark side  
Is striked but behold a pale horse.  
And the source be above the law like Segal  
The thought of their stare raised my hair like Vidal.  
Now he stalks where I walks  
Setting soldiers at the border  
And hopes to catch Gueverra actin outta order.  
So I'll eat a fool like Ozzy eats a bat  
And the fact is I was kidnapped  
Thrown in the back of the  
Unmarked van destination unknown  
In league with the intrigue a la Oliver Stone.  
We're starting revolutions  
33 and 1/3,  
You're mine now,  
Was all I heard.

In the jurisdiction marked of the prediction,  
Cuz the truth stranger than fiction  
From the get go  
The watcher said so  
Beware  
Sgt. Stiletto.

J Gueverra takes the fifth to those who would drag me under  
Like coyote to roadrunner,  
Now the population faces incarceration  
While select serpents reach  
Certain circles of illumination.  
Looking over my shoulder,  
I'm seeing shadows on the walls.  
I'm turning pallid at the thoughts of the gallows.  
Seven gables zooming for me can't neglect the connection,  
Seven are the sides on the cross on the pendulum,  
Stiletta, the name of the nemesis Gueverra,  
I'm trapped in the labyrinth.  
Assassins be passing me and I amongst their midst,  
Before my name is known I slip into the mist,  
I exist  
The Specialist  
Who persists  
To find the secret entrance I decipher the hieroglyphs  
TADA the creaking floor reveals a door VOILA

And I emerge into the crypt.

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Now I'm strapped to the rack and the terrors on,  
God damn  
I feel like the man from the marathon,  
I gotta bust out or I'm Dustin like Hoffman  
And I feel like the minnow, shit I'm lost.  
The little keys unlock the mysteries unknown,  
I roam these catacombs like Jones.  
I float like a butterfly  
See revenge like superfly  
And I got high  
Be on like sky.  
I'm making a date with the undertaker  
As Stiletta sends me  
Out to meet my maker.  
I charge that cigar that comes like Kool-Aid  
And I bust through the wall like a Big Jim Slade  
You trip the switch and you fall through the trap,  
Your friends are falling in and you can't get em back,  
There's a dragon on the prowl, you heard the bellow,  
Beware  
Sgt. Stiletto.

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