

Mr. Majesty II

Bizzy Bone

This is Mr. Majesty representin' on behalf of the 7th Sign Regime (Yea, yea, yea, 7th Sign Regime representin')

Thunderstorms when they mourn fallen angels
Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle
365 I'm live at every angle
Mental methodical mind, niggas wanna tangle

Everybody knows 7th Sign got the hoes
Everybody knows we divine wit' the flows
Shouldn't have to tell you when it rains wear your coat
It's thunderstoms because we mourn the dope

Manipulatin' metaphors I take full credit for
You can rest assured you'll never more suffer through flaw
You can steady toughen the law;
they'll be harder criminal brushin' the shores
Tuck in your jaw
If your confidence is lower, minus lead blower
sinus flaired to the smallest odor
Tried to get open but just a file folder
Next man style holder, weightless chest a tasteless death
I'm compound to be a sound souljah
On tracks compact, bolder abstract flava
Drift like the mist holdin' a black fist with right shoulder
Addition to the culture went fishin' with these vultures
Enlistment predicted to be held over
Hired wired cobras to work front desk, smoke
Dress the dress, pure moist no choice but to be less
His ploy to decoy the congress, skills
Too broke to pay homage
In a craft he shows his ass, in a trash conglomerate
Had your staff astonished precise math, most dominant
Switch

Enchanted romantic mechanics will banish
No talents damaged in fragments unbalanced and silenced
Stompin' the housing, crowdin' kids
That's pounding playgrounds and courts
Where small missiles went through
So often a sport on the wrong course trailing the horse
Raps biggest divorce needs figures
For me, my niggaz: weed, food, and cloth
When the greed mood falls off
The danger remainder is a hard rock slagged soft
Walked past slop almost crushed by a bus
Not lookin', in a rush, might have been a mascot for
I.H.O.P. as human slush, keep it lower than hush
The diploma for lust and slight comas
When I bust and then again works skins to heavy musk, everready cuts
Coincidentally is simply a mystery melody rush

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Percussion rushin', crushin' the sounds
The inner raggamuffin', got me bustin' them down
A nine milli really make a nigga worship the ground
Preparering kings, courtship is now
Ignite torch for sundown
Quiz of a ninja disguised as a stupid nigga
This biz will injure the unwise and traumatize offenders
White lies turn shades of gray like skies in November
At the brink of dismay
My eyes will never flicker
Herbs, got the nerve to pray when the city gets sicka punks
Intellectually drunk with butter flies in their liver
Have no ties to the beginning
Cold fries, but I've put in work for dessert and dinner, no perks
Incentive: soul search the whole earth extensive
Had a low chirp, slow birth in placenta
Incubated and escalated to contender
Pushin' through gush waitin' for air on mush
Now sexually molest ovaries, finessed
Locally approach me with respect and royalty - Majesty

"And after this you'll call me Your Majesty"

Motion sicknes prevents the wickedness from overseas magnificence
No talents with instruments
But the choke-hold vocals compensate the difference
Society full of menaces - abnormal residents

It's like I'm floatin'
I think I'm floatin'
Got me open, I guess I'm floatin'
No jokin', I'm movin' as my words are spoken
A vibe in groovin', lightening movement
I feel so exclusive