

Method of Expression

Candiria

Chapter 1

Black in the proudest
No way on Earth would I ever allow this
I'll make your bones feel it like arthritis
Well I'll give you hepatitis
When you try to recite to bite the tightness
I'll give you Tropicana with a slight twist
I make Satan righteous
You touch the mic and I get nauseous
I'll join Iraq and blow a Fed office
And bring a Delta force like Chuck Norris
Yo, it's not to my own mystery
I wanna know like Black history
About the miseries
So I can take this flaming fire that I feel inside
Burning so strong
Telling me I can't go wrong
Like heartfelt songs
And sessions 'til dawn
I saw it clashing
I own my side of the Earth like the mighty Alice
Move like a Dodge Stratus
Me inside a stick-shift be the baddest
And even in your palm you couldn't grasp it
Tell me what you fear here
The crossroad, the badge, or their bullet-proof gear
I'm young, Black, and don't care
It's easy addition
How the smallest world can cause the biggest friction
So listen, I give my thoughts and the decision
Before this track is over let me mention
I'm Gemini in faith
And wanna be so rich you tie my shoelace
And bring it to court like Dred Scott case
Supreme high place
And at the trial with a big cool smile on my face
COMA

Chapter 2

Slap a fresh clip of teflon
And grip my firearm
Going out like Sadaam
Cuz these streets is like Vietnam
Nowadays my AK sprays for my freedom
Pulling out blades cuz indeed
We don't need them
Purjury and controversy
Getting pussy on the web
Met a chick named Deb
She offered to give me cyber-head
Daily I taunt the Fed
Trapped
Over the net I gained Hell's map
Before I could clap
Savages begging to give me death
Slaughter law and order
For a quarter of a century

Trying to stay, Carley
But this trickery is tempting me
A born thug
Hands sporting double blood
Playing my team
And get laid out in the club
I come to reach my summit
Saw my world plummet
For over 400
I'm done with it
We came, we saw
Jaws and drawers drop to the floor
Catch you on the Candiria tour
Smoke my peace so you know what I'm about
That's enough, motherfuckers, I'm out

Chapter 3

With a culmination of a vision
Explore beyond the limits of condition
Our process of development intuition
My style is stealth and runs rampant like change
everlasting
And head to the mindset which come out blasting
(something in Spanish, ending in Benicio....para nada)
A Coma visionary father to the tactics
And as fast as in relation to the root of the stealth
The inner square equals self

Chapter 4

Quality control the evidence
...off of the internet....right into your hard drive
No one knows where you're going
Will you get there, I'm very sure
.....like a fish out of water, that's a lie, that's a
lie
I bought a new home, I bought it from the ruler
.....
.....
....you and me
But my friends said it's not the right recipe
.....
What you say son, what you say son?

Chapter 5

Hey, yo yo yo, yo
Explicit graphics
The bones snap
These brothers are doing backflips
While the skulls crack
Multiple fools, skills they lack
Pull the flesh back
Leaving the subject exposed to the sky (?)
Son, is your heart heavier than stone?
And if you're not running from the system, yo
You probably can't relate
And if you're not running from the system, yo
You probably Candirate, Coma fashion
Check these circles out for false reactions
This third-world disciple
718 jungle survivalist
(...) ration the cannibus
Mental abbacus

Go against the fan, and you (...)

Smokin' weed, herb bisquits; Candiria, 718 - Just in
case you didn't know, we're the ones, we run this show:
Brooklyn