

# 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