

My shell, mechanical found ghost
But my ghetto is, animal found toast
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Animal found toast... but my ghetto ... animal
Life's ill, some-time's life might kill
Vordul Mega, five digits grab mic's mic strike type ill
Is life real? Yo akhi builds
When life feels, like earth don't spin
Whirlwinds mic blend
Lifes at a stand-still, dangerous 'cause man kills
And still, cats visualize life ghetto like
Born mind, sometime these cats see life
Street life incomplete light and be like
I'm a live life after this
One crime, one line from the Mega-la
Blow spine, everyone
Knows the city's ill, cats kill
Still black man holds nine
Gotta chill star
see-A.L.L.A.H
Be the light of Shamar
Work hard Shamar see-Cipher-A.L.L.A.H
Adapt bars snatch stars
and detach large, channels
But our bar's handle might break mic's
Vordul Megala the cannibal ate mic's
Strive live live fuck five I want a hundred and eight mic's
"Son, yo son did you see that kid yo?
Yo, yo, Chill out man, chill out.
Yo son did you, yo son he pulled it out..."
Five digits cock biddy nine mili
One floor shine silly
Spun city one verbs hit milly
Little girls spinnin' curls three sixty
Livin' in in a world shitty
Yo they spun young earth, now shitty
And while 5-0 might shoot black head
Nigga sorry I sold space suit to crack heads
D.T's operate mechanically, po-po in slow-mo
Black kids, locked away
Attic key, plus one fourth pound of smoke flow
While, lock head fabian
Achmed Arabian
Layin' in
Bodeg holdin' drama a.k
Spoke like as-salaam-a-opaque
Chokin' vodka mixed with o.j
Wig splits mad quick
Spinnin' three six oh ways
see 4 blew the door nuber eight
Summer fate tank top wit a knot
Number nine said run the place
Took my girl, stereo, c.d plus the tape
Yo star, don't wet that

Fucked her face lets stuff the plays
Jet back to santa cruz californ-i-a
Peace to see-God locked up cat born nine ways
Come home mad soon
Live ill, life things just like little black girl got shot
Damn it hurts when they spun earth filled with knots
Gonna make a difference so we get locked
Caught in the shit and losin' what we got
Come on black
E-qual-E-qual
"Do you know that you're one of the few pradator species
that preys even on itself?"
And if there's crack in a basement
Crack heads stand adjacent
Anger displacement
Two step arrangements
You were a still born baby
Mother didn't want you, but you were still born
Boy meets world, of course his pops is gone
What you figga
That chalky outline on the ground is a father figure
So he steps to the next stencil, that's a hustler
Infested with money and diamond cluster
Lets talk in laymen terms
Rotten apples and big worms
Early birds and poachers
New York is evil at it's core, so those who have more than them
Prepare to be vic-tims
Ate up by vultures, the politicians
In a dog eat dog culture, that'll sick 'em
Lack of mineral, we take it personal
A pigeon can't drop shit if it never flew
Every day is no frills, empty krills
Broken 40 bottles and m.c's with skills
I rest my head on 115
But miracles only happen on 34th, so I guess life is mean
And death is the median
And pergatory is the mold that we settle in
"No doubt"
I've got that Eve's Bayou sense of touch
So I fought, to touch every hand of a fan to read their thoughts
Battered wives, molested children
Roaches on the floor, rats in the ceiling
Cats walk around New York with two fillin's
One is in their mouth the other, does the killin'
I'm Vast Air, Kramer, top billin'