

## 7 Sixes

### Hieroglyphics

Before we get outta here, I got this track I want y'all to wreck on  
Gimme 6 lines...6 lines...that's all I need  
Alright, ok  
I write in the light of day and in the night for pay, nigga!  
You my main motherfucker, right?  
You duck and hide when Pep Love touch a mic  
Out the back door  
If you ain't got that dough  
I'll click clack blow and kick down doors  
I roll backwood trees with that emerald green  
When I'm on the scene, chillin with my nigga Rolls gettin blown  
Watchin ladies with them pretty eyes and straight teeth  
Sittin' in my ride, playin make belief  
Like that's my car!  
That's my girl!  
I'ma go up to my house in the hills after I burn one  
I write rhymes for the fun of it  
But give me all my money or your gonna be facin capital punishment  
I'ma soldier of fortune  
My style is extortion  
And I'm gorging more than a portion

Take an excursion, oceanography odyssey-D  
Ballin' 3-D  
You don't want to see me, not for one second!  
Not for one bar on one record  
You think you come hard, then come test it  
I'll turn a threat into a confession  
I'll turn a mic into a blunt weapon  
Make you forget what you was once reppin'  
See I'm a bass drum beater  
Mad high hatter  
Ensnare the snare with this here  
Choke the life out 'it  
Revive it and vitalize 'it  
Prop it up proper so you guys'll idolize it  
I'm not at all surprised that you're modelled after my shit  
The masterminds is ahead of whatever the times is!  
You niggaz saps...maple leaf  
All your raps is make believe  
I get an eighth and breathe like I'm Toni Braxton  
Get up on the action...you gettin no reaction  
Slowly stogie packin'  
Lean back one foot up  
Your style is put up  
My turn to burn good up  
You're boring...I'll suffocate you while you're snoring  
'Kill 'em Softly' like Lauren  
You spit and I'm pouring  
My flow's adequately hydrated  
And I waited to vibrate it  
It's live ain't it!  
Fuck with me, get stuck with cutlery  
Luxury, I'm living luckily!  
Music is my sanctuary (it's my life!)  
They shootin blanks  
My every round is a live one

Surviving the mind numbing propaganda  
Eyes closed with blindfolds  
Handcuffed and ambushed, struck by the lightning bolt (oh shit!)  
I'm comin out your plasma screen like 'The Ring'  
Make excellent cadavers of your fascist regime  
Cause I grab the mic and niggaz couldn't understand  
Why I'm fuckin' up your summer jam like the son of sam  
And punishin'  
Dressed in black with a skull on chest  
And holdin' my nuts exposin my 5-star general  
That's spittin flow...unpredictable  
Ricochetin'  
The shit gets bullseye  
We hit 'em...ohh!  
Velcome all vulnerable vocalists  
Visualize vivid verb play in my vortex  
Virtually, no verse'll be vinnin ova me...they vapor  
My verbal voltage vanquishes  
Parental advisory  
Vamoose...I'll vick your vitality  
Vindictive with voodoo  
Valiantly save the virgin from the viper  
Vanglorious vide world of volcanic violence  
Your vessel gets violated over the velm  
Veracious, vivacious  
Veto your village voice  
Void your vibration  
Vultures got me vergin' on vomitin' they vishfullness  
Get's met with visciousness  
Every verb's visceral  
This is no kiss under the mistletoe  
A clip will cripple foes  
Crucifix for (mental?) cliques  
Triple 6...flipped...now it's 9  
Now it's time for vertigo  
Reverberate for your convertible  
Yeah...yeah  
Hard nose in the contest like Ron Artess  
The con artist  
Bombard 'em and start 'em in Vangar (?) shit  
Get serious...grown from expeirence, and our shit  
A lyricist to the tissue...bones and cartilage  
My fare for the hair raising  
Razor sharp with rare phrasing  
Perfectly scripted like Scorcese's 'Raging Bull'  
Lanky like Hiralanko (?)  
Paid in full  
I skipped grades in school  
Exhume verb and further with no sherm (?) on the burner  
Mostly Turkish hash on the purple grass in the sterling  
Wave your checkered flags, I'm world class in the derby  
Paragraphs off the flow chart topsy-turvy  
Yeah...every day A respresent  
With a weed habit affecting the trade defecit  
They ain't never met...nobody like me  
Til they comin' in from work...see me holdin they wifey  
In the 80's, I was spoken ice  
Not from diamonds, but rhymin' and flowin precise  
Type of nigga that get ya scolded politely  
It really wouldn't show if I was holdin'  
That's why no one would fight me  
Bush bombed Afghanistan with the missiles  
And it still ain't puttin' my hash man outta business

Hieroglyphics, we feelin' stand to the finish  
Full Circle on you niggaz...don't forget the bitches!  
Wooo...yeah, that's what I'm talkin about!  
y'all did that!  
Couple y'all kicked ass  
It's cool...we out!