

## Pep Love

## Hieroglyphics

Now for the record, I'ma professional  
Making my word known, dropping over the metronome  
Hopping over the norm to the rank of the Prose  
Taking you on a journey to where civilization arose  
The nine principles of Hieroglyphics lore exist to be  
Those that added a twist to hip hop history  
Excelling that swelling at a rate  
You can't hold back, might as well collaborate  
And make it better forever and never ceasin'  
At least, I'm gonna do what I want to do  
And get my piece of the pie  
This Hieroglyphic high priest speaks from my third eye  
Never learned nothing from Greece  
It's easy to bit and steal  
But once you come amongst those with heightened skill  
You get frightened  
Mics and the likes of me  
Create ice in the hearts of the average MC  
And with my counterparts  
My thoughts are massed to the juggernaut force  
You better not horse around with, come and get drowned  
In the rhythm I found  
And stuck wit it through the thick and thin  
While some just withered away  
I'm in this for permanent prominence  
Turning it out, my presence is ominous  
Blessed in my destiny rest in each  
Syllable and the particular way it dress the beat