

I'm like some piranha in some bloody water
I'm coming nicely with the blah-blah
giving praise to the eternal Jah-Jah
eternal Father flowing in this living water
your rhymes ca-ca talking all ya rah-rah
mic's is sparking I'm tight like arteries that was hardened
I beg your pardon the 52 is strictly parting
emcees like I'm Moses
no matter what your coast is
no matter what your flow is
no matter who's the dopest
without Christ you're hopeless
I shake dust from opposers
get your open like roses
burning microphone holders
assembling all the soldiers
open your current orders
I'm attacking tape recorders while I'm holding down this fortress

1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty

Tell all the people salvation is free
read about it in the Bible tell you about a friend for free
he's the way the truth the life and also the key
enter into the paradise and all his glory (Man!)
the Savior will come once again
the Christ, the Son of Man, I say He's upon this style
if you want to know me, say me be coming on top of the clouds (Boom)
Christ the one who said to be born again
everyman the Savior say come set your soul free for real
all man he save them but most are passing Him
if you want to know me, see me, come back again now say.....

1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty
1, 2, 3 follow after he Christ is the Son of the Almighty

It's hard to be a star when your skills ain't up to par
it's hard to push a Lex when you don't even own a car
it's hard to win the batten when you can't win this war
it's hard to be a man when you don't know who you are
I stay on point just like some harpoons
develop thoughts in verbal dark rooms taking on these cartoons
ya minds spinning like some typhoons
these martial artists flip scripts to leave ya open like some gaping wounds
call me 52 this predator
my microphone's like Excalibur attacking y'all with metaphors
so my competitors can now check ya exit doors
choice is yours Jesus reigns like when it pours
the Lord God Most High superior
these haters lay up in this cut like bacteria
I'm never fearing ya I see through exteriors
I keep on scoping out these moves from ulterior

stay devoted still checking all ya motives
thoughts unloaded though so many times I'm misquoted
so now it's noted these origins of residence
so my adversaries can now make they exodus
'cause it's my nemesis escorted off the premises
there ain't no guessing this when I proceed to finish this
52 the chemist head seeking lyricist
standing with my locust fist now I got ya choking this
but your broker diss got lost with ya hopelessness
but from genesis I'll still stand opposing this
smack it up, if they last name is skills ya first name should be lack of
it's time to act up or call in your back up
these fools make me crack up
fronting is what you have a knack of
you talk your junk but then you come around to give me mad love
whatever, I gots no time for you
so go ahead and spend time with your crab crew
yo I'll see you on album number two