

Omen

Magic Affair

Do what you want, but think about the Omen
A vision in your mind will lead your way.
Go where you want, but don't forget the Omen
A light at your side will show you where.

Straight from the underground,
Let me kick this quick, def'n'mystic.
In other words let the spirits get to you,
Drop a spell, kind a like voodoo.
Experience, the power to be hold,
Strong enough to make the space unfold
Eyes roll back with the signal "dead" I'm ready,
Nightmares kind a like Freddy.
Please to present the knowledge of the mind,
To make you dance intellect combined.
It's time for the pro to go to work,
Droppin' bombs as you go berserk. Trancin', trancin',
Buggin' like a mother while you dancin',
Just a taste of something to get with.
Why? 'Coz my ways are mystic!

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Black by historical demand, the lyrical miracle,
Known as the prodecal,
Look in my eyes and all you see is darkness,
Wait a second watch as the sparks gets,
Bright enough to light a pass to a new zone,
Dance as the beat keeps on,
Mesmerizing why my voice rising.
Can't control the way I'm hypnotising.
People in the house to make you move,
Hip hopping to a trance type groove
Barriers of thought are broken,
Magical my practical skills smokin'.
Heat it up, heat it up,
Give me the mike and watch the A.K. beat it up.
A little taste of something to get with. Why?
'Coz my ways are mystic!

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