

# Boom Bip

Zion I

Number one draft pick  
Metaphysic flow spit up  
Sip my own licks as strong like pop liquor  
Drink from my flask, kick back till it hit ya  
Hick up, excused we sipping Jah brew  
Got me so high, hardly know what to do  
Been waiting y'all, glad you finally came true  
Celebration of yaself, family and friends too  
Crew, who? Said it's taboo, for me to show my feelings  
Don't you know I'm loving you?  
Capiche, released stress at the doormat  
Fresh with the raw rap collapse in your format  
Backspin again, Jah 'll wade your waistline (???)  
Why hate and waste time, bounce with the bass line  
Follow, to sunsets and tomorrow, why rappers don't  
never  
Understand their role models, sick with the bottle  
Let it get hollow, medic, get sweaty by the spit (of  
)my motto  
Holler back, I've died cold and you got the 'nac  
I'm asking all of my people, where ya loving at?

[Chorus: Goapele]  
So don't fight the feeling  
When we got it right here  
We ain't going nowhere  
Open your mind  
When we got it right here  
We ain't going nowhere

I shot the tribe: death, Judah  
Twelve when I delve  
Deep into your mind  
Praise Jah know yaself  
Wealth is at state in

A mental debate  
It's all in the fate  
Plant seeds then you wait  
Be patient, backwards ??? is found  
When the ancient are the living , stay down  
Kings sport ya crown, queens sport ya crown  
Jah brings light, now the cipher goes round  
We build, chill, party, act ill  
Then we back to the lab for some more battle drills  
Skills that's for real, fellness is kill, houseless is  
lost  
In the blizzards of their mills, still I arise  
My a ancestors let my soul catch fire  
And serve as a beacon, for lost soulseeking  
A candle per say like in a dark day  
We reaching sky high, help me get by  
Sometimes I need a boost, so I touch the lye  
Don't fight the feeling, when I write  
Revealing I'm a light the mic, with hype  
Might you fiending for

Cold Cold copper  
Skinny, rap 's in it proper  
Drop funk like a sock in ya gym locker  
Pop collars, I rock impala's  
Meet me at the beach, money rain dollars  
Rhyme scholars, the green and the MP  
I plan to be out like Marcus Garvey  
See D-awn, trip on ya sizzle, cocaine and pistols  
Boy that's a issue or two, you can 't see thru the lies  
Control the mind, lord knows I'm trying  
Resign, flip manuscripts It's amp live with the beat  
And boom tick