

Non Phixion, Four W's

(Verse 1)

Check the scary facts of the where we at
Terrorists pull the teary gas
known to carry gats so we gives a rat
Take ya back fourteen ninety two
The devil shaper of a crew in America the devil grew
To the current time now the politician be the devilish forever rich
Bomb bashin' inheritance forever sick
Inject the microchip into my dick
See these criminals who rob our tribe pleadin' the fifth
And the mental slavery continues if it was food
it would be they favourite dish on the imperialist menu
We fight to liberate ya mind state
But all I see's the fuckin' crack rock
the body count and the crime rate
Notice the life and death cycle
Why they whip them with the rifle
Like Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael
Sharpen the stainless steel sherrigan and tie ya weaponry
Walkin' the West Bank like a desert storm vendorin'

Hook:

Why?, why you feel the need to hold me down
Who?!, who the hell is you to think you down
Where?!, where you gonna be in two thousand and two
What?!, *scratching* "Take these words home and think it through"
(2X)

(Verse 2)

I wanna be the catalyst for every street lyricist
I wanna see this movement like it was in eighty six
I free every son from crime scene they committed
I want Persians on the guillotine, with they neck split
I sell the Brooklyn bridge to a Saudi for an Audi
and I say, it was proper-ty, of the kings county
I reverse the effect, of physical neglect
I want whores in front of mirrors askin' where's my self respect
I want Ralph Lauren to get down wid Karl Kani
Have rodeo drives smack in the middle of Southside
I really want the Latin quarterback open
A pack of Newports for fifty cent and a quarter for a token

Hook (1x)

(Sabac Red)

Sabac hold the style of rap chemist did by a menace
Feel the highlights of life through the roots of John Flugen
Caught in clenches, the moon shape is in a quarter
Twenty heads just got slaughtered from the stress of a deep organ
Check the laws of Orca, the holy token's how we built it
Life's filled wid smoke and piss and drinkin' sharp cold feel'd it
Four and three sixty for Non-Phixion be the obvious
We handle jakes eliminate fake, stay alive in this
Survivalist overcome reflections of my inner demons
My mind relates to crime like fertile eggs relate to semens
I close my eyes like I was deceased
Envision peace then refuel from the sun in the east

Hook (2x)

(Verse 4)

This rap may shatter your faith or strengthen it or you will end-er you
My temperaments foul like tenements I feel you senseless
The ghetto horror deep within prophecies

Plannin' your own arrest like Jesus tell me you stoppin' me
Jerusalem sun down on the hill three bodies suspended crookedly
They bookin' me, my backs' against the wall with words they pushin' me
It's stated, like righteous kings in the line of David
Never Mercedes all them others made they got me jaded
Facin' the agony victorious call me Maccabees
Apocalyptic, hexin' my rivalries through chemistry
Drama time, shootin' shy guys rockin' econolon
Shootin' no peekin' tryna catch corpse trippin' on punch lines