

X-Clan, Xodus

[Professor X]

Come one, come all. We have the elixir that cures all that ails you
Traveling the four corners of the road. Straight from the well, as it
pointed the hill the remnant to your hell(?). Come, Yahweh! Come
Joshua! Come, David! Confrontation with the soul has come!

[Brother J]

In the ways of God!

Xodus, feel the vibes of the wrath of God!

Spoke the biological are God, one

Systematic terror, that's forever

Big Lord shredder, legendary weed getter

The dark president, the dark sun resident

Will give more reason to impeach a president

And all the puppets in the other square lay

Supporting three Ks and Amerikkka can wait

So now a brother bears fruits and herbs

Cause apples pie's toxic, it slurs my words

And how could I reach a Black nation?

The vibration, sensations, like that!

Is that a combat? And either pimp slap?

There's other missionaries who would have me off track

But heed is a lead is a positive sin

And you can't you can't stop me, so let's stop your grin

So prepare your mind like a [sic] A to the M

From the Genesis to the Revelations and

Here comes the kick of the Xodus riff

It goes a little something like this, check it out:

1-2-3 and a 3-2-1

Here comes the rhythm of the warrior's dun

Shut out the mind to the God Te-Hun

As we begin with the warrior's flex

Yeah!

Fee to the Fi and Fo to the Fum!

I smell the game of four wicked mortal men

Try to play my mind, try to play me humdrum

But now it gets dumb, and here comes the sum

More and more and more, and this loud cry, Free

Siggy-siggy glance and the

Now my attitude is worse than an AK

Clip never stopping when it's time to kick or spray!

I jiggy-jiggy-jiggy-judge a brother won't budge

Now kick it to the middle, cause that's how you get 'em

Now, God, now what's a brother do?

I try to keep my patience, but now I'm out the truth

One-Zero, now I crew shoed

Bad attitude cause I have enough food

Next days, they try to condemn me

But, yo, I'd just be me as it remains it will be

Friggy way these verbs stick the whole nine

Part of the thighs of the cosmic child

Got your clean cut American

Strictly African, my look is terrorism

What's the seravist, don't call me Communist!

I'm just a bro'!

Not New Jack or Joe

And Freedom or Death, this means I'm going for broke

It means my life is my death

My attitude should reflect

I met a dude, the cosmic god

All father respect

[Professor X]

The Xodus! Come forward, young black. What ails you? You say the
value in your system rejects to feeling outrage? Take a sip. Ah! Feel
the surge. The red! The black! The green! Through your veins to your

heart, come stomp with me!
[Brother J]
Back from the peak of Heaven, the depths of Hell
If you feel voodoo, and here's my spell
To teach my people, and, Yes, rock well
And very, very black
I hear some niggas talking 'bout they'll paint the White House black
I'd blow the sucker up and pressure on the attack
And Frontline, you'll find, the government swine
Find themselves caught up in a bind
But when will you figure
A vibe in a vigour
A pro-Black nigga, Black nigga, Black nigga!
Or would you ask me if I'm a humanist?
Or down with Swiss Miss or anyone from the abyss?
We're down to the core
I can't take it no more!
With no legend or
Almost prove law
With no funny moves for the earthly residents
Cause Dark Sun Riders were firmly handling
So, on to the school of common sense
In God we trust, the Xodus
[Professor X]
Come diddy-dum. To the flag: the red the black and the green! Ah!
Alafia (?) and do good. Tu-tah and mallah (?), da-da. Peace!