

House Of Pain, Womb To The Tomb

CHORUS:

From the womb to the tomb
[Earth to dust]
From the earth to the moon
[The woman I trust]
And from the sea to the sky
[I see reflection]
And from the brain through the eye
[Another ???]

From the celtic tribes and highland plains
I hit you with the quickness like bad brains
I ain't blowin' no spikes, no queers, no dykes
Just the pale faced cracker in the high-top nikes
Don't bust 'em mics, you smokin' cannabis
And if it's God, stay off, in the sig I trust
You don't think I'll bust, you don't know my style
I got kids that'll hit ya on the low profile
I've been from 248 to East New York
My earth don't wear swine, I don't eat pork
Put down you silver platter, kid, come check the data
My crew's chalk full of free information
It's G, hide, neck'll be the destination
Glory be to God, one more prostration

The root and foundation of civilization

CHORUS

VERSE:

Divine Styler

CHORUS

VERSE:

Divine Styler

Now if knowledge is the essence of every man
Link 'em up with his wisdom so they understand
No matter who ya be set your culture free
'Cause it's the final hour, time to refine your power
We're all equal, livin' man is God
You can't destroy what I build, 'cause I'm on ???
That's my cipher, my atom is a sphere and a square
'Cause I'm here and I'm there
From the sea to the air

CHORUS