

King Geedorah, Next Levels

(Lil'Sci)

1,2 1,2 yes!

Yo,it's King Gheedra, combined with the forces of nine ether

Blowing woofers and tweeters, shaking syllable meaning

Disaster's cataclysmic, mystic natural, it's about time

We hit you with some substance that's actual

I got a gift call, hip-hop prophecy, says 2003

Ends the reign of the jiggy MC

No more roaming on this planet like scavengers

Sciences broke the code of the Gregorian calendar

Define laws and space in time, trying to trace my lines

Hold up, respect the architect

Digital rollin, my whole crew roll with VS

Type to master this whole universe in three steps

We stretch across the equator with something major

Universal rhyme tones, tamper with ya timezone

Minds blown by the millions jus' for the feeling

Hip-hop it just don't stop until I make a killing

Nah I'm kidding, but for real

The world ain't the same no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Take your life to next level or remain no more

Word up, word up

(Stahhr)

Well I'm colliding with the mind of a

Survivor surviving, uncover the time brother

The high volume white collar High styling

Verge jocking the side,dodgin mirages

Conquer the vibe, hunger lurks

Nine to five work saga, god bless the life

Father trife, crawl for the light, pounding the

Globe on sight, vocal pimpin it's throat

So you know how we go down yo

Struck from the getto yo, medal throw

Settle the dough , live showbizz

The cannonbal, weapon, men and arms

Four section, super intelligence, balance

Benevolent, stinging nettle medicine

Crouch tiger, dragon , craftmatic

Watch ya back, if, catch this

Fascist through the atlas, first class diplomatic status

Stagma flag, overstanding the plan

Bar skin, then a ? streets watch timex clocks ?punchless? on the dot five minutes to rot

So we blew blocks, crews

It's old news how we do...

(ID 4 Winds)

I'm a drop one rhyme

For everytime I cross the thin line

Between yours and mine, see, it's

Part of my design, shifting paradigm

Yin and yang combined, must be out ya mind

Thinking star would never shine

Pops duke, focus with a hawk's eye view

I'm all that, a plaitain, and some Ital stew

Gettin' spinache, British, ATL upin this

Even avitronic figures be thumpin' off over this verbal elixir

Magnetic attraction, raw, nearly jacksons

Straight open in the caption, here comes the hix and braxton's

Lyrical contraction, delivery reaction, it started with a passion

That's just the way it had been, raw with umbilical cords strapped

A corpse, won't drop a curse, while mustard hit this spouse?

Sharp with a needle, try to reach the people
Y'all fiending for the sequel and the beat's not even EQ'd....

"WE have a snake to catch!"