

# Klashnekoff, Son Of Niah

(Klashnekoff)

Yo my thoughts grow like herb in wild fields of mango  
A certain man of jankrow, I'm flexed like flamingo  
I'm buffalo, this shit gets venomous like Kosovo  
The manimal, man of maneuver undetectable  
I'm out the manor smokin' the poisonous vegetable  
Soakin' in herbs and drawin' the vital mineral  
Channel my inner Chi, regain my energy  
Can't ya see me, I'm a soldier  
Penetrate the pain barrier  
Carry the legacy that's left by my father  
Dictate my work manifest into scripture  
I paint my pictures with sound clash  
Ya sound crash no counteractions  
I cut my dubs from the stomach of the mountains  
Buildin' the rhythm from the natural surroundings  
Surrounded in red mist  
Yo, grabbin' my Charlie Bronson, manifestin' ya death wish

(Klashnekoff)

Now in these days of Daggo my mind stays raggo  
Rugged like Brilo, these eyes bleed weeping willow  
Its parose, sleepin' on pistol like pillow  
Cushion the agro and escape into the astro  
Communicate one to one via my afro  
The Son of Niah, a killer born natural  
But still I'm neutral cause I can shoot you  
Or twenty one gun salute you, whatever suit you  
In times of crucial I consolidate Sukidu  
Seein' my future through the eyes of a desert eagle  
There's no sequel 'til my soul settle  
I can't settle, yo, settle, it's the continuous struggle  
The environment is hostile  
I'm stressed out, blowin' sess out my nostril  
Apostles warnin' of storms on the coastal  
Contact the locals, we symbolise now with subliminal loco's  
It goes deeper than big bangs and black holes  
On roads, I stop to admire a black rose  
She's so beautiful, I chose not to pick it  
While other wicked man would have dig it

(Klashnekoff)

Now triple nine is the reflection of the ripplin' time  
While cripple minds run blind into the eye of the storm  
I've fought wars and returned war torn  
My wife was scorned, she took the life of my first born  
So be warned, these days of times are now transformed  
A pen is a now formed of states and collateral  
As clapped opium petrels, a rose sent to capture you  
From Clapton to Katmandu, what can a man do?  
It said man handle my inner feeling, sealing the inner angles  
Maintain my balance while walkin' on broken ankles  
My moods manifest into red shades of scandals  
Home of website of the seed we weave  
My chest heave, I breathe to ventilate this grief  
I'm seekin' relief in a brief glimpse of Parrowdice  
Beget left paralyzed from the Jankrows and parasites  
My eyesight, from great heights of hindsight  
I'm tryin' to line the blind mind with divine light  
But find my life to be a start to the death  
So fuck vex, my mind state is Semtex  
Explosive guides of venomous viper  
Stalk the beats like a wild tiger  
The Son of Niah, spit my phlegm on the flames of desire

