

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

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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

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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

