

Lifesavas, Soldierfied

(Jumbo the Garbageman)

Yeah

Ladies and gentlemen, classics blow off the runway
Pregnant drums jam the experts, electric hymn, some say
Greasy revival fried chicken sermon Sunday
Soldierfied punk spray
Vurs, use your sun ray

(Vursatyl)

Carrying ten men's pain I appear, the prophet reflection
For cowards who couldn't get open in a c-section
Village idiots, I'm the period in your prison sentence
And you're an Elle column installment, good read

(Jumbo)

Yeah, so we battle clones
Sleepwalking where them shadows roam
Fake niggas be swinging lightsabers from catacombs
Big unit throwing scatter bones at opportunison
Ignorant niggas who diss progressive movements
Pushing boundaries we getting pounds from the hands of time
You're just a pantomime trapped in time-elapse, get the picture?
That ultrasound bot just bugged your fetus, believe it
The FBI neutralize us when they don't need us
If your cypha's Chuck Taylor the shell-toe
Imagine ice skating up hill if Hell froze, COINTELPRO
So hold tight, like dice excite, ashy elbows
Before we let go, Frankie Beverly Style

(Vursatyl)

Charge it to the game, but, what if the game got bad credit
With bulimic bank statements and I.O.U.s are shredded
The blocks involve time where I stand
Seems like the game is reposessing dreams and canceling niggas lifespans
The streets, the streets can go to Hell I want freedom
The streets is watching idiot box and cops reruns
My village hardly hard and hardly violent
Imitating a dead man will have your corpse in autopilot
Blame the white man I feel ya for rough justice and new laws
The white man flew in nines and techs to flood schoolyards
The white man ain't pulled the trigger, and took it too far
And the white man ain't going to jail, nigga you are