

# Shabazz The Disciple, Blasphemy

(Chorus)

Blasphemy they whisper in the dark of blasting me  
Let he who has no sin bust the 1st shot after me  
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(Verse One)

Yo, if there's a heaven in the afterlife, it's crowded in the cosmos  
Only God knows, in my physical dwells Allah's ghost  
Many mortals embody the spirit of diablo's  
Of all the plagues in the ghetto  
We're either dead or behind bars most  
Unlike them lost souls, I chose the right path at my crossroad  
My life is like the scripture that was foretold  
As days pass I uphold the faith  
Praying God don't close the gate  
This life is deep, but I could hold the weight  
March in my Jehovah souljah state  
Where shaytan waits pon'  
God's path wanting my soul as he lie in wait  
Control the population with guns, drugs, diseases  
Got my people acting evil, strung out on needles waiting for Jesus  
Once made in the image of God who turned savages  
Get murdered by the government gang with silver badges  
I feel them assembling in the dark plotting to assail  
I hear the banging, from them fastening my cross to the ground with nails

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

I seek refuge from Allah from the one who is eursive  
If the devil didn't exist, then I wouldn't have a purpose  
The prophecy must be fulfilled  
See I already died my first death  
Just cause a man is breathing, doesn't mean he has the breath  
The angel of death be calling spirits out the physical  
Take a look through the eyes of a disciple, shit is visual  
Allah sharpened my peripheral  
Blessed me with the gift of prophecy  
So I can see the wickedness you hid in you  
Raised amongst murderers and criminals, once a master crook  
I already know what you thinking  
I used to give victims the same look  
Let he who has no sin cast the first stone  
Cause when my peoples send you to me  
You'll be my slave in the kingdom  
Death is only but a breath away  
I pray I don't get left astray  
Many are they who seek to slay me like prey  
I hear them whispering in the dark, plotting to assail  
I hear them fastening my cross to the ground with nails