Shabazz The Disciple, Death Be The Penalty

Intro:

Yeah The once lost, disciples -- now found Bound, together, forever

Verse One:

As I embellish, mentally I nourish Resuscitate a mindstate that has perished, you shall inherit his blood I require back, to Earth we rise out of spiritual darkness, six thousand year curse The lost disciples, bound, to the midst of the bottomless pit, trapped behind the gates of the wicked wilderness I hear the sound of the trumpets, blowing across the heavens It's calm -- prepare, for the storm, of the seven Shabazz, the Disciple, the holy, exalter Condemning those, who sacrificin, babies on the altar I hear the cries of innocent black babies who are aborted and unmercifully slaughtered Loud screams echo, skulls of angry slaves turning over in their graves The white sheets are like white flags, you need to wave it To the soldier, of the Lord, the warrior King David I come to kill and crucify, those who trick and lie In the eyes, of the most, high The pale-face, devil race, caucasoid germ Grafted, from original, black man's sperm Thin-blooded weak, grafted-brain punk Your power's a third of mine, you drunk funky skunk How dare you use Jesus name to shell your filthy religion My tongue be the sword, to slash you with precision The justice system is his, the court'll only acquit him And eighty-five percent of y'all are going to hell with him The walls of hell, are closing in, disciples, we rose again the Sunz of Man, chosen men Like lightning, striking, from the East The Holy Psychiatrist, 4th Disciple, and Killah Priest Unlimited volts, of energy, striking, the enemy The righteous vicinity, death be the penalty

Chorus:

So come on and swing it low, sweet chariot Pick up your righteous load, and yo then carry it To a new home, and i-dentity For my people, death'll be the penalty Uhh, and for my folks I mad a-love Keep your eyes on the prize and you'll rise above And yo Shabazz, make sure you sing it loud enough Peacein out to the righteous stay rugged and rough And y'all get on down, come on now get on down Swing it low sweet chariot... get on down Come on now get on down, swing it low sweet chariot

Interlude:

Lawd, I'm in this culture
The microphone and I'm joinin
Sharpen your sword, we must be aware
Them trick knowledge, they use to de-ce-ive us
You've been plagued with the mental di-se-as-es
You worship false portraits of Je-eh-s-us
The grafted image, of worshipping Ce-as-ea-r

Verse Two:

I hear the snap of my great great grandfather's neck in a noose, hangin from a fuckin tree whipped-in mentally abused, visions of great great cousins Runnin across the field, unarmed Ran down, and killed I be the star to dispel the darkness Cast upon your soul by inhabitants of Mount Caucus Who praise the dead, and not the true and living Killed Jesus and said, that he died for their religion

Chorus

Swing it low now Swing it low now (sweet chariot) Swing it low now (sweet chariot) Swing it low not (sweet chariot) Pick up the righteous load and yo carry it