

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