

# Shabazz The Disciple, Street Parables

(Chorus - repeat 2X)

Bear witness! as I exorcise my exorcism  
Casting out these devils living in this ghetto prison  
With heavy metal and ammunition, conditions are unbearable  
You're listening to street parables!

(Verse One: Shabazz)

In 97 a.d., due to economy we living 22 deuteronomy  
submitting to robbery buddha and sodomy  
playing a game of street poker with a royal flush  
a heart of lust, smoke inhalation from the burning bush  
ghetto jerusalem, the streets paved with gold  
but what profit a man if he shall lose his own soul  
hustling with jewelry like solomon  
in the crystal city  
eluding the angel on the pale horse with hell following  
sipping wine from a golden cup that runneth over  
inscribing ghetto scriptures, inspired by jehovah  
yay though I walk through the valley sober  
bearing witness to the 7 plagues, standing in the pit of cobras  
many disciples in my brigade who prayed, laid with jade  
the harlots womb bares a plague  
isaiah 3:16's, drowning in the heroin river  
judas a hitman for 30 pieces of silver  
the ghetto's the bible for the people of the spirit  
interpret the parables, he who has ears let him hear it  
the ghetto's the bible for the people of the spirit  
interpret the parables, he who has ears let him hear it

(Chorus)

(Verse Two: Lord Jamar)

Forever valid being hunted by pontius pilate  
confronted by the romans, when I'm blunted I see bad omens  
gifts contained within a trojan horse  
we following a chosen coarse  
colossians 1:17, belief in one you never seen  
I be the true and living supreme, trapped in this prison of fiends  
what's written in the book of philippines  
prophesied by ibrahim  
black g-zus of nazarine, get ready for the second coming  
caesar's issuing a summons for my arrest  
convict me of a lesser charge, and sit me in the devil's nest  
persecution of the gods, we never rest  
a never ending battle  
against the pagans, who idolize the golden cattle  
we've been forsaken with lies, but now we making some strides  
way past ecclesiastes, me and the god shabazz be  
in the lab g, building on math scientifically  
watching them die in their iniquity

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Shabazz)

I get high off the most high, give masses a contact  
smoke herbs in bible paper, keep the cap on ya cognac  
I sip a fifth of juice and genesis, smoke a spliff of exodus  
then sniff a kilo of leviticus  
running a spot of numbers and buddha due to economy  
crime due to poverty, shoot up a dime of deuteronomy  
scramble with joshua, ghetto apostles packing epistles  
some were unsettled by their nostrils,  
during the plague of crystal  
I stood before many judges in the courtroom

they hold black grudges and use bails to extort you  
paroled like barabas, heist the finest fabrics  
ruthless thieves in the night  
who steal 6 days a week, then rest upon the sabbath  
I drop a jewel like 1st and 2nd samuel  
kings stalking through hell,  
destined for treasures, I'ma do well  
my ghetto chronicles are visual and mathematical  
emphatical, when I speak in street parables

(Chorus)