

# Shabazz The Disciple, The Lamb's Blood

(Chorus)

Leviathan got the ghetto in the death hold  
You better lace the lamb's blood on ya threshold  
I march in ranks with a vexed soul  
All them soldiers that were slain in the field, God bless ya soul!

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I march in ranks with a vexed soul  
To all the soldiers that were slain in the field, God bless ya soul!

(Verse 1)

This be the opening of the 7th seal  
I'm storming down like the plague of hail  
Avenge the innocent blood spilled, the king of israel  
The earth was given to his hand to trick it  
I'm the mighty lion in the thicket, who be spying on the wicked  
In these last days, the projects is like the caves  
Facing the 10 plagues, like mooses I free slaves  
I broke bread in the den of sinners, and done the whore toast  
During the plague of sores,  
The lamb's blood was on my door post  
The sinner gog the pagan, be in the synagogue of satan  
Meditating on the prophecies I'm revelating  
You feel the threat of armageddon every riot in prison  
Son of man was in the tombs, once dead and back risen  
Red Hook militia who be holding down his garrison  
You crown the sovereign, cause to god there's no comparison  
You better load ya fucking caliber  
Screw on ya fucking silencer, and check the year on ya calendar

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

High degrees of espionage is how my army treads  
The use of spying, divine manipulation of the threads  
Delilah knows samson's strength lie in his dreads  
yo brother shine ya crown, don't let'em get inside ya head  
Ghetto apostle doing god's work, the last supper host  
And ye shall take of the blood  
And strike the side and upper post  
The whores of babylon got plagues between their legs  
Hellfire in the womb, a fetal tomb, contaminated eggs  
Abortion is the plague amongst the firstborn, the blackmales  
Spare the females, heroin fell just like the plague of hail  
Instruments of war echo throughout the projects  
Souls drown in the red sea of blood, for material objects  
They who worshipped the beast and his mark, went to war and bled  
They didn't have the seal of god up in their forehead  
I'm laying my life on the altar, inspired by jehova  
Feast on this unleavened bread, and death shall pass you over

(Chorus) - repeat 2X