

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!

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
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 malitia 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