

# Skitz, Fingerprints Of The Gods

Roots manuva

Pen to tha paper I scream at the world  
Picky headed youth dont wear no jerry curl  
In the heat of the summer  
More time I trembled  
Nuthin dont change, I'm picky from within  
The R's for the Rage  
E's for the Energy  
B's for the 3-4 Bounce that we count  
Second E's for the Era of this young hottie youth  
L presents Long term soildier stand firm  
Foundation flexin stretchin out the pound  
I used to want the queens head  
Now I want the crown  
Its in my blood stream  
Shits to hard to define  
Why, some get the vision an the rest tow the line  
Sleepwalkin floggin the horse thats done dead  
Pissin in the wind now piss drips down your leg  
Is you plum or is you pleb  
Dude its one an the same  
One shit short now flush that pee brain  
Put ur hand on ur lips spell d-e-r  
You wanna be, fartface  
An me cant spar  
Like the, dooper I am I dont wanna cause friction  
I hold my space an then I diss em wid the diction  
Nuff of them will fear this  
Its right now that they dont wish to hear this  
Simple forensic but they cant get near this  
Its fingerprints of god  
G-O-D

Life

Keep em philosophical  
My rap styles collasol to your brain  
Like a line of cocaine straight up your nostril  
Nowadays like aristotle  
I send my message through da mic not in a bottle  
A gifted mic disciple like an apostle  
Hip hops my life an hustle  
Lyric skills be the muscle  
They be brand new like the heavies not old like some fossils  
I meditate on bible scriptures  
Not porno pictures  
I smoke sensi bud, green like the trees of eucalyptus  
Buffalo soldier from a rasta man army  
I need hip hop to satisfy my soul like bob marley  
Wisdoms what I give them  
Flippin knowledge on the rhythm  
If your talkin like a devil I'm performin exorcism  
Ill cause malice, smoke a chalice in buckingham palace  
Get the queen high, send her to wonder land like alice  
Cos I'm a dark stranger  
Not from a dirty sick chamber  
Cos a star burns above my head like jesus from a manger  
Lone ranger, I dont need a posse to follow  
My backup be my sword I use it swift like zorro  
Guided by a force similar to obi one kenobe  
Walk the skies like luke an even chewbacca couldnt hold me  
If ur a phoney, its lights out like james toni  
An I'm confident like naseem hamed, so you dont know me

I walk in the shadows, I make you paro (paranoid)  
My mind be narrow, I carry guns an laser bow an arrows

### Si-phillie

I be the binge man come back from zion  
Wid the bag of sensimilla an da mic in da other hand  
Bounty killa on the rampage for reala  
Gonna make mad dough like my name was don miller  
Chancellor exchequer mic recka  
? or sampras  
You know i be top class  
This one is a message from king salisse i  
Any pussy bwoy tess I dem bwoy gaan die  
Puppet master rasta bring forth disaster  
Eskimos be boppin to my shit in alaska  
Weak emcees be droppin out cos they have ta  
Convert niggas i make em go see their pastor  
Power move makin  
Never fakin that jamaican  
Im from trinidad  
When it comes to respect, I'm like ur dad  
Not a fake like alexander o neil  
Neva choppin off my locks like that nigga seal  
The si philly hot tabasco chilli  
Niggas suckin up my style like a nipple on a titty  
Im flippin lyrics when I'm not on the rob  
So my surgical gloves protects the prints of the gods

### Skeleton

God all mighty what the devil (u star ?)  
Wot the hell what on earth cha  
What the bloodclaat  
Wat da rass hole blast hole ina di beast  
Im da blessin an da dammend an da famine an the feast  
Im a man 'o' war cos I was a man of peace  
Now I'm out for your neighbours like they name was annalise  
Speak from a snow capped peak to the abyss  
Im ugly as sin  
An I'm da livin criss  
Im chilled in the field an the inner city hype  
Im the murderin theivin rapin type  
Im the heat, the light, the cold an the dark  
Im the silver back gorilla an the great white shark  
Im the poorest slum I'm the richest palace  
The lyricist the herbalist and the gyaliss  
I can get ya down an I can get you lifted  
The giver an the gifted  
The bima aint fiftied  
Shifted, gears I'm the tears an the laughter  
The birth an the death an whatever there after  
The kiss on the cheek an the kick ina de crotch  
The fingerprints of god an every head'll get touch