

# Tricky, I Be The Prophet

Tricky :

I stand firm for our soil  
Lick a rock on foil  
So reduce me, seduce me,  
Dress me up in stussy.  
Hell is round the corner where I shelter.  
Isms and schisms, we're living helter skelter  
If you believe I deceive common sense says shall you receive  
Let me take you down the corridors of my life.  
And when you walk, do you walk to your preference  
No need to answer 'till I take further evidence.  
I seem to need a reference to get resident.  
A reference to your preference to say,  
I'm a good neighbour, I trudge,  
So judge me for my labour,  
The bond on me ensures my good behavior  
The constant struggle insures my insanity.  
Passing the ignorance ensures the struggle for my family  
We're hungry beware of our appetite.  
Distant drums bring the news of a kill tonight.  
The kill which I share with my passengers.  
We take our fill, take our fill, take our fill.

I stand firm for our soil  
Lick a rock on foil  
Say reduce me, seduce me,  
Dress me up in Stussy.  
Confused by different memories,  
Details of Asian remedies  
Conversations, of what's become of enemies.  
My brain thinks bomb-like,  
So I listen he's a calm type.

As I grow  
And as I grow, I grow collective.  
Before the move sit on the perspective.  
Mr. Kray lay in the crevice  
And watches from the precipice.  
Empirical passage.  
Heat from the sun someday slowly passes,  
Until then, you have to live with yourself  
Until then, you have to live with yourself

I stand firm for our soil  
Lick a rock on foil  
Say reduce me, seduce me,  
Dress me up in Stussy.

Martina :

Hell is round the corner where I shelter.  
Ism's and schisms, we're living helter skelter  
If you believe and deceive common sense says shouldn't receive  
Let me take you down the corridors.

Tricky :

My brain thinks bomb-like, bomb-like  
My brain thinks bomb-like, bomb-like, bomb-like  
My brain thinks bomb-like,  
Beware of our appetite.