

# X-Clan, A.D.A.M

[Professor X]

Come diddy-dum!

Welcome to this archaeological find!

At the road, witness me

Before the coming of the Sun;

peeking at you from the Eastern side of Plutonia

Dressed in armor of Order, to meet destiny with a strong Black grip

Ten hun-zu, see you in from the Zero, take 'em to the three

Stand firm at the five; here's a star and a shield to support you

at the nine!

[Brother J]

It's like A - D - A - M

Prepare your mind, run tell your children

Fire, air, water, let the Earth make flesh

Now see from the Father, how funky can you get?

Now my activity is cosmi-tivity

Immortal is my soul, my God, my reality

I'm not measured by tradition, or any type of 'ligion, huh

Not even cosmic dimensions and such

But many fools, they try to post a duel

Try to post a front but they know it ain't cool, yeah

Boy, my mind goes back to things, just like the cosmic battle

When sword was my rattle

Shield was my bib, and sarcophagi my crib

Not measured by my words, but the deeds that I did for God

Illogical god, I was created and formed

Verbal shogun, yes, the cosmic storm

Who? Scrolls to lyrics to bust

I roll 'em up with the papyrus, funk sealed, in God we trust

I laid it down from circumference to dry space

And now I'm back again, quite lyrical, to kick my bass

Energized by another plane

By logical fanatics, when trying to examine my brain

They can't beat me, so they try to eat me!

They can't keep me, so they try to freak me

Positive sin, again and again, degrees in a spin

Verbs all your silly mortal g-g-grin

Make you feel you could drown in some godly waters

Take control of your body like the farmer's daughter

And as you beg for control, what's the reason? What's the reason?

Yo, I am son of the Chaos so my brothers call me Cosmic

Teh-hun-zu for tribal, Brother J when trying to rock it

Six-foot black boot god in the suit of the warrior

So now I'm taller 'n 'ya, check'n me out

A - D - A - M

Prepare your mind, run, tell your children

Fire, air, water, let the Earth make flesh

Now see from the Father, now how funky can you

Get get get get get down, the rhythm must come to such

When it's time to bust, and all the mortals lay crushed...

Dar'Cause I existed in the valley of the Father

I got whooped by my mate

'Cause the fruit had a taste

Of the curse that served as a marker

Now here we go, to deal, with all the little 'isms'

To define me in simple 'ologies,' Hell no!

On with the flow, here we go, sickamo'

Let us slip on back into the Blackwards row

Niggas didn't catch it anyway

They pat me on the back, talkin' 'bout 'Yeah, J'

Well yeah, right

East I flow, East I go

Cover both your eyes, and what do you know?

What do you see? How does it be?

Is it circumference, or what's up, G?  
It's like that on the break, with a verbal milkshake  
And a godly vainglorious break  
[Professor X]  
You shall be moved, logical one!  
After a clear pouncing with energy from the Sun  
At my beckoning - you and your landmark built  
Without the Zero pride  
Shall stumble, crumble my weight of meight  
[???] pretender - your time has come!  
[Brother J]  
I once walked the Heavens with Gabriel  
Walked through the desert with Israel  
Traveled onto Mecca with Ishmael  
I'm crucified, resurrected - now ask how I feel  
A - D that I AM, that I AM  
From Father flesh to Father Solomon  
From the pinky to the thumb 'pon my hand  
Bring a other Caddy and a tribal j-j-j-jam  
But yet I'm judged, leather prophet and all that  
Still a pimp, with a crown and a Yankee hat  
And yet they ask me, "Brother, what's the time?"  
It's a African drum with some space-age rhymes, man  
Yo not at all, I say it's sexual, infectual, delectable  
I'm not a masturbating intellectual  
And couldn't read it from a book because that bores you all  
So come to Umoja, Kujichagulia  
Ujima, Ujamaa, and purpose stands for "Nia"  
Kuumba, Imani, daughter named [?]Simani[?]  
Came to the planet, Father [?]Afer[?] left his body  
So leave the boy in the coffin within  
Raise your head, let's the A to the D to the A to the M  
This is the message from the Cosmic Storm  
With the doubters and the judges, disbelievers be warned!  
[Professor X]  
With a shield of David on the grill  
And the has-been proudly adorned with the color pink  
Bring on your G's, your Q's, your R's and your Alphas  
It is done - Shalom! And ya don't stop - Sisseeeeeeeeeeeee!!!  
k sun will get darker