

# X-Clan, Verbal milk

Yeuch! Brother J says yeuuch! Hmmhmmhmmhmm..

[Professor X]

Ahhhh! Straight from the temple of everlasting

ME! P.X.O., and the X-Clan (aww yeah)

Chillin, cleaning the pinkie

Hey Brother J, time for a ride

Put the key, to the ignition, and then..

[Brother J]

Ah yes yes blue, ah come on to go

We're immortals to the portals til the book folds

I'm goin Blackwards to the East, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum

Fee fi fum to the tribal drum drum

I'm sittin on my temple, just pluckin silly mortals

Speakin peace of mind to my many sons and daughters

Gettin loose, loose, as I release the juice

I'm more into the (?) cause a simple Mother Goose

could never hang with the words, that ever caused the clamor

I'm singin "Raise the Flag" cause I hate the Spangled Banner

Because you can't get with me, you label me enemy

Your comments on the mortal side are labelled as blasphemy

More than I am, puts the taste in the dam

Puts the X in the Clan that puts the brother on land

It's like that y'all, ya don't stop

Because the sight of the Watch is sure to shock

From the beginning

From the beginning is it winning, is it ever?

Unearthly, resistance, forever

You think your thief based system is clever?

It's a simplistic, endeavor

I checkmate, terminate, never late, contemplate

Mindstate is never fake, hesitate you lose

No shoes ever do I kick around in boots

I simply drop the science that just speaks about the (?)

in our nature's, flavor, lacking from the coon

Now our dream for the younger, when will the rover take reign?

Is it a joke or something you can't cope with

Devils keep avoiding, people keep on hopin

for the move and groove, put your dead body in a soothin mood

Don't need no air, no sex, and no food

The tool, is mine, to use - Blackward row

[Professor X]

Ahhhh.. riding the crossroad!

Brother J on the wheel

Sugar Shaft in the back with Queen Nefretiti

Yo J, push it to the full nine

and let's move.. zoom!

[Brother J]

Day two-dark-zero-zero and it circles degree

Brother one makes up a system bring oppressors to knees

I speak a language universal, check on how I use it

Dwellers of this planet, labelled it as music

I come and I go from where the land where the milk flows

Earthbound to mortals what they lack the Brother will know

I'm buildin temples made of MANY dimensions

Illogic and cosmic, are not an extension

Now many many gather and they say, "Bro J;

tell me the direction of the crossroad way"

Up on the down stroke, valley in the middle

On through the thorns as if you could ever figure

Nothin is balance unless balance is irregular

Misplaced, heed chaos to bass

Some talk to doo-doo, and miss the voodoo

I'm like the guru, your baby's doin judo

Why don't you just sit, and contemplate on this

This is much more than your white boy diss  
or your fat gold chain, the wash on your brain  
The fleas in your system, what then remains  
but a science that's deeper than deep, nine the odd  
Harder than hard so now the journey to Gods begins  
From the blood to the greenest of earth  
Elemental is my nature and the strength in my verse  
And zeroes who remain in two truth is key  
to release us from the shackles Armageddon will be  
It's like that y'all, ya don't stop  
Ah Sugar Shaft in the house ya don't stop  
Ah Brother J funk in lesson ya don't stop  
Ah Paradise architect ya don't stop  
Professor X overseer ya don't stop  
X-Clan in the house, you don't stop  
Blackwatch for the justice you don't quit..  
[Professor X]  
Ahhhhhh... listen  
With a diamond in the back, a sunroof top  
A ride called pinkie, and a black boot to the pedal  
Pushin us to the full nine  
We step to you in blackness, with a gangsta lean  
By the way, VANGLORIOUS  
This is protected, by the red, the black, and the green  
with a KEY, in the ignition, SSSSSSSSSSS!