

# Zion I, Mind Blow

[Verse 1]

I'll take a runaway train from the reigns of shame  
And focus things so my head don't hear my brain  
It's how I'm seeing - keeping it even with balanced breathin  
When the Zion train come it's the last one leavin  
I'll be long gone, when I'm finally home  
Just relaxing from the action in the danger zone  
It's my rest bit, catching my breath before I exit  
Return to the Earth, be on some next shit, bless this!

[Chorus]

One time, maintain shine, chains can't bind, free your mind!  
Lemme holla, lemme holla, lemme holla, lemme holla  
Aiyyo one time, maintain shine, chains can't bind, free your mind!  
Lemme holla, lemme holla, lemme holla, lemme holla

[Verse 2]

Scolding sill, mellow ice grill, people keep on telling me to chill  
But I know it only poetry can feel  
With emotions that I mostly need to heal  
It's all part feeling, strong whip black children  
March through the streets with a million  
Dealing with injurious, just us against us  
We must bust back until they vanquished  
Attack, pull over fool this is a jack  
Now gimme back the fad and my bamma weed sack  
My culture, every day I'm getting closer  
Living it up like I'm supposed ta  
Who the king ruling this? (Jah!!)  
Jah the light'll never miss ya  
One of these days I'm gonna kiss ya  
Touch you with my lips against the cheek  
Gonna hit ya, so every day I'm reading scripture  
One day!

[Chorus]

Holla (holla!) holla (holla!) [4X]  
Let's get steady the beat get 'eavy  
When this hit you better get ready  
Barricade your brain the fallout to deadly  
Runaway for the 'ad the Serengeti  
The good that you speak no speak of the smelly  
Stink like meat gone bad brother tell me  
Why you never want to call Jah from the celly?  
Why you wanna never call Jah from the celly yo?

[Verse 3]

Maybe gold, when I unload, make an ego explode uh  
They be gone soon's I enter in the do' uh  
We be venting unrelenting too cold uh  
Fuck a white collar, sucker can't do me nada  
Been in a lotta situations made it hotter  
Homie but we gotta live it gotta follow  
Give it then I get it, spit it make it proper  
It's alright, plus my mic sound nice  
Flip it, be specific, them yell dice  
We fly on a gamble, try learn to handle  
Ways that the days of life fade to candle  
And flicker, sicker, black when the cut back  
'Fore we lose track of where we at...

[Chorus] - 2X