

# Zion I, Silly Puddy

Zion I intro:

Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.

Gimme what I need gimme what I

need. Lord gimme what I need gimme what I need.

(Zion I)

Dear Lord you show me the best of times

You show me the worst of time

Confusion all over my mind but still I be bustin' rhymes

And I fight for what I want, but I die for what I need

And I watch my people bleed while vultures steady feed

We proceed with the mic bless

Crashin' in your likeness

More deadlier than vipers

Lyric spirit snipers

Ignite us

We'll be candles in the dark

Solid like Noah's Ark

I was destined for this part

In the scheme of thangs

We kings and queens eatin' chicken wings

But greasy finger tips can't hold the cepters so it slips

Now who's equip to come up on a grip

Abraver with Fraiser Lee I wait for the response

And I'm locked and loaded missiles ready set to launch

Eliminated comp-ation they gettin' bombed in the trunk

Cause we keep 'em chunk in the trunk

They gettin' bumped in the trunk

(The Grouch)

What can I learn from living life?

What can you learn from what I write?

I study till my lungs are bloody to him I'm just some Silly Puddy

Who created me to play with, she to lay with, us to bust

So I spend my day programming what...sounds?

Cosmo bound to rap into the break of dawn

so they can hear and know it's on

If the flow is strong it's smart

If it's stupid it's not art

Marks are made so many ways

You can spin the tires, blaze a sack for everybody dazed

A chapter is what you're after

(Hook)

Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need

Grouch: To help them trace my tracks

Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need

Grouch: To stand and face the facts

Zion I: Lord Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need

Grouch: To lead them not astray

Zion I: Gimmie what I need gimmie what I need

Grouch: To say what I got to say

(Grouch)

Now you can faze me with your laughter your smiles or your pain

I feel your trials when I'm down and out or winning at the game

No one to claim Creator yet the masses are perplexed

Cause by life we're so impressed, we all wish we had a next

And that's no matter how much I complain

Really couldn't place no blame

I'll just refrain try stayin' sane and hope you watch your aim

I scope and got the flame

To make and knock and sock the same

Got to use the brain  
So I can lose the chain

(Zion I)

See Grouch you my guru leader  
So I don't need to pack no heater  
Like syrup you make this sweeter  
This ballad is beemer teeter  
I'm tryin' to find myself  
Look at reflections of everyone else  
Some of y'all might find that funny but do not know your wealth  
You make the world turn  
You make the fire burn  
You make the wind breeze  
The sinner fall to his knees  
Now that's some powerful  
And I speak my words truthfully  
As far as I know  
Yo we all got some of God's duty

Hook

(Zion I)

Let me crack my seventh seal don't rush  
Microphone's gotta get crush  
I thrush with the force of a rocket buster  
This ain't what you're use to  
Now we gonna fly high singin this song la la la  
If you don't believe in yourself you best to try  
Ain't nobody said this life is easy  
Everything a test  
Is you gonna do your best?  
Hide in the cone of flesh?  
You got to stay fresh  
Cause if you stop you stagnated  
Stale thoughts of lack will put you in a jail  
Believe I can and I will  
Set these rhymes to sail  
But will what I really feel pay the bill shit is ill  
I stare off in the distance  
Rhymin' with persistence  
Cause rhymin' is a mission  
Will anybody listen?

(The Grouch)

Now if you put me through any time of need  
I'm sure I'll call for help indeed  
Daily I stay silent, thinking thoughts at lightening speed  
Heightened by the feedback and forth reciprocation  
Situation rather unexplained I remain relations  
In laymens it's a vibe I felt  
De ja' vu inside myself  
I speak it verbally  
Made sure all them fools have heard of me  
Believe I'm well connected  
Not a prophet who's been resurrected  
Trust and I expect it  
When I bust it's higher effects to match your spect's  
Of my blue prints and the true sense of these words  
God he lives within, all of this he's heard  
Every word (every word)

Hook