

# King Geedorah, Next Levels

(Lil'Sci)

1,2 1,2 yes!

Yo,it's King Gheedra, combined with the forces of nine ether  
Blowing woofers and tweeters, shaking syllable meaning  
Disaster's cataclysmic, mystic natural, it's about time  
We hit you with some substance that's actual  
I got a gift call, hip-hop prophecy, says 2003  
Ends the reign of the jiggy MC  
No more roaming on this planet like scavengers  
Sciences broke the code of the Gregorian calendar  
Define laws and space in time, trying to trace my lines  
Hold up, respect the architect  
Digital rollin, my whole crew roll with VS  
Type to master this whole universe in three steps  
We stretch across the equator with something major  
Universal rhyme tones, tamper with ya timezone  
Minds blown by the millions jus' for the feeling  
Hip-hop it just don't stop until I make a killing  
Nah I'm kidding, but for real  
The world ain't the same no more  
Take your life to next level or remain no more  
Take your life to next level or remain no more  
Word up, word up

(Stahhr)

Well I'm colliding with the mind of a  
Survivor surviving, uncover the time brother  
The high volume white collar High styling  
Verge jocking the side,dodgin mirages  
Conquer the vibe, hunger lurks  
Nine to five work saga, god bless the life  
Father trife, crawl for the light, pounding the  
Globe on sight, vocal pimpin it's throat  
So you know how we go down yo  
Struck from the getto yo, medal throw  
Settle the dough , live showbizz  
The cannonbal, weapon, men and arms  
Four section, super intelligence, balance  
Benevolent, stinging nettle medicine  
Crouch tiger, dragon , craftmatic  
Watch ya back, if, catch this  
Fascist through the atlas, first class diplomatic status  
Stagma flag, overstanding the plan  
Bar skin, then a ? streets watch timex clocks ?punchless? on the dot five  
minutes to rot  
So we blew blocks, crews  
It's old news how we do...

(ID 4 Winds)

I'm a drop one rhyme  
For everytime I cross the thin line  
Between yours and mine, see, it's  
Part of my design, shifting paradigm  
Yin and yang combined, must be out ya mind  
Thinking star would never shine  
Pops duke, focus with a hawk's eye view  
I'm all that, a plaintain, and some Ital stew  
Gettin' spinache, British, ATL upin this  
Even avitronic figures be thumpin' off over this verbal elixir  
Magnetic attraction, raw, nearly jacksons  
Straight open in the caption, here comes the hix and braxton's  
Lyrical contraction, delivery reaction, it started with a passion  
That's just the way it had been, raw with umbilical cords strapped  
A corpse, won't drop a curse, while mustard hit this spouse?

Sharp with a needle, try to reach the people  
Y'all fiending for the sequel and the beat's not even EQ'd....

&quot;WE have a snake to catch!&quot;