

Turbulence

U-God

One: Boldly go only to sew the block up, lock shit down,
Mama told me you's the giant
Pump out the nose cold, crimewave, host em, baratone
throne

So defiant, they stole the science from the o.g.
carbon copies, sloppy, trying

To muscle out the o.d. slapshot, can't get it past the
goalie mask

Stonefinger roam, royalty zone off, henn, gin rummy
stunts, cummin in sums, writing on ya tummy hun

Low stamina, still hungry some, asthma,
clogged up, Ramus smog, dialogue, dorm plasma, road
hog it all, hammers

No matter what, the track's right and exact, it
matters, the scanners listen

System jammer, right on ya rack, black panther on a
mission

Right back at you, ready to cook this shit!
Babylon apple, natu-wu (natural) habitat, stone
statues(planes crashin!)

Two: Robotron golden arms, pentagon brain cell, all to
gain, chained to the bumper.

Wolfgang hunters, field goal punters tone, steel toe
eruption, it's a gusher!

Tonecrusher smith, usher the style, stubborn born
criminals foul within the isle

Let off a signal with attitude, magnitude, beat
through, me devil lies that's sized of cathedrals.

The track more lethal, came back to see you
Finish the job off proper, live wire shit, spit the
lava, the helicopter hit you, flyin saucers, of
course, may the force not be with you

These bengals that dangle, sinister phantom menace,
handsome are my lenses, all in the register, speakin my
spanish, clips like banana grips, bananza, dressed
fancy in the club, Halle Barry slowdance, we romance,
now gimme love

(more planes, and pilots panicing.)

Three: Jackie chan movements, hard to kill for real, drill
him some more with some

old fashion smooth shit, long winded, splendid the
bomb blow, on the whole

a ruthless, butter roll flow. Show improvement? This
shit is cool whip to me,
when i throw off the wool. This music with a mule
kick, eight ball in the side
pocket corner, one mark the chalk, gimme my poolstick,
smoked the dipped,
notes by the throat, full grip, scud puddy in my
hands, fans, read the blueprints,
the truth, the slang you bit? To form in a sentence,
the cold winters I spent with
splinters, the apprentice under Rza's training, he
sang, each aim's vintage,
aimin at you swine eater, wifebeater scoundrels,
stolen vowel thieves, i'm swollen
now, Collen Powel relief, throw the towel in, tools
in, full spin, school em again,
show em that the wise could rejuvenize all these
hoodlums, don't sleep he could win.
Pull a pen, it's full again, celeb, all on the web on a
conquest, no disturbance,
address it to ya chest, you're in turbulance, mighty
men vitamin d. Rest in peace
to my nigga bigga b.love you g. (repeat)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>