

# Lifesavas, Soldierfied

(Jumbo the Garbageman)

Yeah

Ladies and gentlemen, classics blow off the runway  
Pregnant drums jam the experts, electric hymn, some say  
Greasy revival fried chicken sermon Sunday  
Soldierfied punk spray  
Vurs, use your sun ray

(Vursatyl)

Carrying ten men's pain I appear, the prophet reflection  
For cowards who couldn't get open in a c-section  
Village idiots, I'm the period in your prison sentence  
And you're an Elle column installment, good read

(Jumbo)

Yeah, so we battle clones  
Sleepwalking where them shadows roam  
Fake niggas be swinging lightsabers from catacombs  
Big unit throwing scatter bones at opportunison  
Ignorant niggas who diss progressive movements  
Pushing boundaries we getting pounds from the hands of time  
You're just a pantomime trapped in time-elapse, get the picture?  
That ultrasound bot just bugged your fetus, believe it  
The FBI neutralize us when they don't need us  
If your cypha's Chuck Taylor the shell-toe  
Imagine ice skating up hill if Hell froze, COINTELPRO  
So hold tight, like dice excite, ashy elbows  
Before we let go, Frankie Beverly Style

(Vursatyl)

Charge it to the game, but, what if the game got bad credit  
With bulimic bank statements and I.O.U.s are shredded  
The blocks involve time where I stand  
Seems like the game is reposessing dreams and canceling niggas lifespans  
The streets, the streets can go to Hell I want freedom  
The streets is watching idiot box and cops reruns  
My village hardly hard and hardly violent  
Imitating a dead man will have your corpse in autopilot  
Blame the white man I feel ya for rough justice and new laws  
The white man flew in nines and techs to flood schoolyards  
The white man ain't pulled the trigger, and took it too far  
And the white man ain't going to jail, nigga you are