

Lord Jamar, Young Godz

(Intro: Justice)

Check it out...

Uh-uh-uh-uh, one-two, one-two, baby

Young Dirty, Justice, I like this

Young Lord, Brand Nu, Killa Beez

(Justice)

I watch Star Wars, just to see Yoda

My thoughts get iller, as I get older

A young soldier, since I was pushed in the stroller

My first days of writing, was with the paint roller

Skills more advanced than you fake MC's

Numbers of casualties, increase gradually

As you challenge me, the ultimate

J-U-S-T, I-C-E, G-O-D, Godbody

More than a hobby, that ran through my body

Petite from a comb with a rhyme that's knotty

And blast like a shotty, for those who act snotty

Tryin' stop me, poisonous injected, neck protected

Styles is wreckless, I'm creepin' MC's when ya least expect it

Expect it...

(Young Dirty)

Niggas think they kill phantom, but I killed classic

Shoot automatic, strapped to straight jackets

Killing massive, bodies disappearing like flashes

They ask the Young Dirty when it matters

I keep on stashing, Killa Bee, I keep on stabbing

Something like a fashion, it's a warning

Wake up from your snoring, Dirty bout to get on it

On and on, on and on, switching form

It's on and on, Bush covered as the day go on

Indirect shot, meet the block, two for the hour

Cops come in, nigga, yes I will devour

Blood dripping out talent, knowledge one more hour

High, shots to the heartbeat, fast like fifty darts

Hitman killing smart, they blood turn to form of melting rotten

Niggas scattering like retards, where I live, you can find bodies in K-Mart

Pushing shopping carts, I got killing points, with..

(Young Lord)

Yo, it's the Young Lord, you know the one your wiz run toward

Battle it out, and my tongue is the sword

I run in a code with Supreme Mathematics

Anyone get in my way, they catch static

Electrons, neutrons and protons

I'm thirteen, I give you one to grow on

I keep flowing, like so on and so on

It's showtime, and we about to go on

Little Lord J, Young Dirty, Young Just'

Ain't nobody messing with us

Study ya lessons, cuz they a blessing

That keep you manifesting and not guessing

It's a song how I deal oppression

King Kong got nothing on me, I'm, something to see

From Brand Nubian to the Wu Killa Bee

It's the Young Gods, yes, G-O-D