

MAPOGO LIONS

RAS KASS
LYRICART COLLECTION

INTRO

We'll be covering the tale of the infamous Mapogo Lions
Roar. King Roar, the coalition of six brothers
Let us introduce you to each member of the band of brothers

I don't believe in pride, but I ride for my - yeah yeah
Mopreme Shakur, call Outlaw the Unchained
Unlike the others, he dons a black mane
Royal blood through my veins, flesh on my fangs
Serving these niggas like plates of jerk wings
Me and Makaveli once roamed the Serengeti
On our quest for survival, the cause remain tribal
The sound of the drum - you know when we come
It's clear they need a school and tools for our young

I don't believe in pride, but I ride for my tribe
An eye for an eye - the canines on a saber-toothed liger
Lie ya pants on a hyena
My heater pry meat clean off of your right femur
My team will eat to the bone. You die - shit, that's diarrhea



Lead a pack of wild cats, don't try and feed us
Kill more niggas than diabetes
Two Leo ladies braided my mane in wife beaters

Huh

Walking with a panther, Sway ain't got the answers
But Ye made a statement: white lives matter
They do - but the white guys massacred Africa
You love your slave master

These six lions committed such acts of savagery
And put on such a display of power
That it exceeded the already high expectations
Of all who make a living from observing wildlife
Roar, lion

Come king, try and bask
Claw slash, lion sword
Bring war to your front door 'til we no see you no more
Kill or be killed is a skill what we learn and master



Annihilate and decimate like a natural disaster

No doubt we've calmed the beast I warned you about
Bloody rain and thunder - roar if we catching a drought

Mapogo lions on the concrete plain
Niggas running from our shadows 'cause we all spit flame
Lion heart we share upon - why Babylon can't breathe
Why we a village, they village with every step we take
Mapogo looks so deceptive, but my cause is perfected
A smile in your face, then turn round and dissect it
From the fear and disrespect

The smoke hit different when your screen is cigarettes
Big Ben, Queen Elizabeth, get your rep up
I stepped up for the ones you ate
For then multiplied in snake form - wait for 'em 'em
We in hell boy, breathe 'em
Treason I believe in - how the jungle work
In order for you to live, you need young to murk
Tear through the ACL, the kidneys, organs - they all choose



You can keep the ruby chains - I don't like y'all jewels
Wrapped around my neck, squeezed tight - I bleed life
Scream light/Lyt in this bitch - I've seen lightning get thick
Brain storm, it got heavy
My vision never cloudy
The form stay right, nigga howdy
Get through the bullshit - simple
I stopped drinking milk, and yet I stopped getting pimples
Yet they still gonna bump this... outside with the pumped fists
You know the vibes - black out
The dope cats got kings lying in the crack house
Cigar feel different when it's lit by a nigga who just look like a tiger
You pussies is liars. Liar. Uh
And didn't momma say
"Boy, don't touch the stove"?
Why push me... I'm...

Roar

The 2006, a coalition of six lions took the words



Like violence, brutality, and dominance...
And raised the bar for all future generations
(Way down in the jungle, niggas)

This melanin we bailing in is God sent
I neitha don't believe you and that European nonsense
We true believers - can't deceive us
Mislead us with false continents
We talking Jesus or Yahweh, 'cause Yahweh is bullshit
Salvation ain't a man - yep, I learned that in the pulpit
Darkest hours, men so sour - talk on powers how you fools get
What God give, if you abuse it - you can lose
So don't confuse it
I speak affirmations, baby - ain't no lying in my music
There's a lion y'all relying on, we're lying on this usage
Hypocrites got lies on they lips
Above the clouds I shoot them down with full flips
Got guru mixed with guru - pop up midnight, spit that voodoo
Rip your top back, cut through you
What we doing in shadows like voodoo... haha



You tail-tucking cringers - you dare not come hither
It's dinner amidst the lion's roar
You're just a whisper through some whiskers
(ThunderCats HOOOO!), as the pendulum swings quicker
It all boils down to the bigger picture
Victim or victor - I'm outside
Prowling with pride out in the open wide
And by my side you see one, two, three, four, and five of my wives
They push and shove each other aside whenever they hear me say:
"Baby girl, let's lust up some hide"
Yeah, I'm proud of my pride
And when that tourist van appears, I'm like:
"What you got on my child, bruh?"
Like I could sure use a hand here
Like a limb hanging out the Sonata - it's nada
Bro, you not a Chewbacca
Your persona's a lotta yada yada out here...
Docile as a mama
You oughta ponder how you wind up before you end up in a trap



This is real LA rap - like selecting
Which fitted hat to wear in order to fit into where you at
Nothing new about this era, though...
You know what it is and how the story goes
We keeps it way territorial
As the territor grows terrible

