

# Step into My Zone

## Blak Madeen & Tragedy Khadafi

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

The nights is precisely on some light shit  
Roll dice and pyramids with ices  
The game's at a crisis  
Dudes singing on tracks using all types of spaced-out devices  
A once resurrected soul is lifeless  
But I still won't stop, not in the slightest  
Culture vultures, trying to steal our culture  
Labels mob on us like Francis For Cobbella  
Turn my vocals up, I'm a soldier 'till the world's over  
Cinematic on play, lay closer to Jehovah  
It's not over  
I'm trying to tell y'all now, it's not over  
Masonic lodgers trying to get inside us  
Two-five survive or die riders we the livest  
Cosine with militant guerillas spit  
Bleed for the craft so any track I'm killing it

[Hook]

Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya  
Suckers get pushed back when I'm kicking real facts  
Yeah, that's right  
Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya  
No double checking  
Vocals kill like weapons

[Verse 2]

I don't give a cotton picking if you living large or competing large  
You deceiving through your mirage  
Not just because, retards, you know we breathing for a cause  
Like we supposed to, you getting closer to seeing God  
Aiming for high, thought you knew dude inspired by the Juice Crew  
Live wired I'd advise you loose screw  
From a handshake, the man is a snake  
Butter me up like landau lake  
I had all I can stare and then take  
Risk his life for his brother man, Richard Roundtree  
Aware of my curcumas, and bound to me missing surrounding me  
While you snoozing, sound asleep  
King of underground crowning me

I stowned it to a t  
Lights out when I hit the circuit breaker  
Got them nervous when I do them service player  
Your circle is a circus straight up  
Camp is full of antics, amusing with laughter  
Pretty young things ain't ready  
So it's cougars I'm after

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Blak Madeen]

I'm from the (?) that's the born God bill  
Trying to get to the Heaven Gates, yeah, your boy got skills  
Spitting verses without curses, yeah  
What's a wordsmith making saliva purses  
Turkish sufi's and Arabic freedom fighters  
My face is hard to read like the freedom writers  
And the headband'll say, 'Pardon you, God'  
Not to part with shades on, it's on the Qur'an  
Check chapter 58, verse 22  
We on the straight path when you Henny and brew  
Plenty of crews, just can't compete with Madeen  
It's next Malcom X on the streets of the beam  
Or in the Roupons, and Allah or queens  
Salam Aleikum, (?)  
Or snatchers been out rust or stay warm  
You pray to God, shaytan, he prays on the yawn

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