

Remain Calm

Blak Madeen & Tragedy Khadafi

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Hollow grams in the dashboard
You love the war report
But I can't go back now, can only fast forward
Dark matter, champion status, tap your glass jaw
Tread like nuclear warheads about to blast off
Lazarus hailing it six straight to the mic-coard
Live persona, I'll blow like twin llamas
Any given day, rather have Bush than Obama
The devil you know is better than the one you don't
Plus they federal knows I spit the illest quotes
Playing my hands, sipping water from Zamzam
Immaculate original man, hood (?) plan
Verbal awesome, my thoughts stay sparking like a larking
War like Zulu's and Spartans
Tsu like the spirit of young Trayvon Martin
Allah bless 'em, I'm the truth, no question
Ambidextrian style, I murder all sessions

[Hook]

(I remain calm, study Islam, read the Torah
La ilaha illallah illallah)

[Verse 2: Blak Madeen]

Blak Madeen with the King of Queens, not Doug Heffernan
We're doing our thing for the deen, not drug peddling
For all the gentlemen, yo, assalamu alaikum
(?) we gonna make it into Paradise
Heaven eternal life
Islam is dangerous if you don't learn it right
(?)
No god but God as we wait for God to give him a go
We got 12 imams like the Israelites
Revolutionary Shia, not a liberal white
Peace to Isa, but I never celebrate Easter
Spit a rhyme combine maghrib and isha
Treat my wife like she's Lady (?)
Try to raise my daughter like she (?)
We all disappear like abracadabra

Right now we in the dunya next to hereafter

[Hook]

(I remain calm, study Islam, read the Torah
La ilaha illallah illallah)

[Verse 3: Tragedy Khadafi]

Spit at the Grim Reaper

My father, I resemble him in features
Came into the light, she was game-type slimzy skeezer
Through the faces, pages invaded cuts
Mine was made up, decision for living was greater cause
Timely divinly defines me
Acknowledge or settle, as the polished metal reminds me
Living up the riches of the land
Greed and wickedness is the sickness of man
The big picture depicted like a diagram
The prize occupies the nerve center
Birds' get you sent up, cut to the pavement
Herbs dismembered, a front chief for 21 Jump Street
Waves are not native to this country
You got ate up like lunch meat
You toungue-tied
The land of the Suns my God
As I summarize the story of the son
Holding the glorious Qur'an
This is the damn king warrior song
Victorious a don

[Hook]

(I remain calm, study Islam, read the Torah
La ilaha illallah illallah)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>