

1. Paradox X DJ Sean P

Verse 1

Paradox'll jot proper to drop knowledge with Sean P.,
God's scholars, top honors from the college of hard knocks.
Big balling, calling all our shots. We gone deep.
Rock solid as concrete, you flimsy like cardstock.
If they on a long leash, shock collar your dogs, please,
Cuz they pop Rottweilers barking up the wrong tree.
Players fold or get laid out like laundry,
While I pray for y'all to follow along like song sheets.
I'm Balaam's donkey,
When God talks, Dox walks right where He wants me.
Y'all are lifeless zombies,
The way they make the youth move in unison is haunting.
But He's asking the young to bask in the Son [Sun] like Palm Beach,
Breaking pace with grace and faith straight to they jawnpiece.
Trying to lead these people to peace and freedom like Gandhi,
So cross your eyes and dot your coms before they drop the bombs, g.

HOOK (w/ DJ Sean P)

You're definitely in for a treat, cuz Sean P.'s fresh on the beats,
And Dox got lessons to teach until the session's complete.
See, he can wreck the Technics, and he can flex it unique,
So we be spreading these seeds to speak of blessings and peace.
If it's the message you seek, then we the brethren to peep,
SP got records for weeks, and Dox got bread for the least.
No lip professing emcees, we spit to wrestle the beast,
Cuz we gon eat with all the homies at that heavenly feast.