

No Artificial Flavor

Me fresh, me fresh like the Poor Righteous Teachers
Me never touch dead flesh
Raw, ripe and juicy is how I like it best
Cooked with the salt of the verb and finesse
Rootsically rich like all kinds of vegetables
Itally nutritious and easy to digest
Soul food lyriculous, not processed
No preservatives added cuz we must progress
You see, the recipe's original, don't try to contest
You are what you eat so don't bite the context
You are what you speak, I can smell it on your breath
It's bad odorous, nevertheless
I suggest you to drop that murderous slackness
Badness you plant, badness you harvest
So we never spill blood, never consume death
Just beats, rhymes and life like the Tribe, I suggest

No artificial flavor
Strictly roots and the fruit of my labor

I break the sweetest lamb's bread like Jesus
Jah bless all forms of life manifest
No pesticides to mess with my fullness
Scavengers will be sorry and truly stressed
Cuz I go all the way like OJ freshly pressed
From dusk to dawn like bed and breakfast
Vitamin S from Nya's delicatessen
Hurry up and get your scoop like Dres

No artificial flavor
Strictly roots and the fruit of my labor
No artificial flavor
Strictly organic, positively botanical behavior
No artificial flavor
Each man be your brotherman's savior