

## Spinning Chester; He Spins Stronger

King Chester declares ya':

*All you Manhattan Absaloms:  
lift your hands up high.  
Surrender to the low end.*

*It is the switch,  
it is the scripture.  
All the nape is in my fingers.*

*Bring you movin to the riddim  
with my toast  
I've got you singin.*

*The first strike,  
the skins break.  
80 casualties the beat takes.*

*I have the heavy;  
have grown men floating  
for my tactics; horses*

*'round the corners  
of a chess set, enterin'  
the Arab smoke.*

*I'm a scion of the Scientist,  
I bless the chanting scepter's hiss,  
his groove the gift of many magi's*

*mood. Sing of Black Peace,  
let music heal the paralysed!  
Praise to Africa.*

Africa is lions.