

Atmosphere, Kingdom Warfare

Style threaded or sewen into any simple feen
I'm burstin out at the seams 'n freakin like whores aint fit for a king
I'm inside you and I feel like freein your team
From recitin on precomposed weight beams
You can't hold the weight that im worth
I'm flowin 9 hundred 'n eleven times more then clonin another catastrophy would be truth
Work before play and even more so when lecturing youth today
I'm exercising chores by makin them childs play
I use words to balance findings and results
Cause todays cults are to simple minded to stray from truth and whats really their fault
Now all you germs in my petry dish crawl