

King Geedorah, Lockjaw

"Where's the intruder?" "Looks like he went to the tower"

(Trunks)

Before I rock raps, I drink a keg of Listerine
Then I spit the freshest lines you'll ever hear for centuries
Then I form blazing sword and cut your mic cords
And kill them garbage rhymes only your friends get hyped for
Blitz your whole team, them niggaz need to come clean
So I give 'em an acid wash like old school Levi jeans
(Lockjaw!) Crackin your faulty frame
And I bring the house down without hijackin planes
Locked stocked with two smokin barrels and will use it
To fuck up more beats per minute than drum'n'bass music
Trunks ain't a rapper, he's a monster from the future
Twistin your body in more positions than Kama Sutra
Smart-ass, gettin the Last Word with Jim Jome
With a right hand like Dr. Claw that's known for breakin bones
{"I'll get you next time Gadget, next time"}
We can have a close encounter of the fucked up kind

"Time warp, set on"