

# Taskforce, Music From The Corner

(Farma Giles)

Operatic strangler, old English torpedo  
Phantom of the street, ghost in the cathedral  
Don't say you saw, no one will believe you  
I creep to the sea too, rest on the shore now  
I'm more lethal than a Poison Ivy French kiss or  
Being next on the Reaper's list, you cease to exist  
From the unseen kiss of death  
Underground rappers, no more, no less  
Farmacide, aside left on the stones as the waves roll in  
And crash down on the unknown  
Shadow, frowning at me howling at the moon  
Paro, depressed by the sight of my crew  
I'm the caped chameleon, watching from my hideout  
There ain't nothing I can't find out, catch you out  
And then it's wipeout, surfing on a pea soup tidal  
With Eiffel tower vision that's stifling your mission  
Suffocate your rhythm with McBane wisdom  
And when you reincarnate, let's hope you stop dissing  
Kill vampires sliding down your church spire  
Hunchback in the choir, downfall of your empire  
Admire the firework finale display,  
And watch yourself decay into a place where you fade away  
Admire the firework finale and look up in the sky  
.....and watch yourself die!

(Chorus)

We're MCs that terrorise tracks and put the pressure on  
So whoever wants a battle better make sure they can run  
There's no mercy from the Brothers once it's timed on  
So go and seek refuge or be overcome  
In the mad house rap crews crumble to the bad news  
McBane battle mode blows your fuse  
You choose the way to go, take a walk on the wildside  
And venture to the world where we dark up mics

(Chester P Hackenbush)

You're about to feel Death's kiss  
And get your name on God's guest list  
Cos I'm wretched, my breath  
It smells like rotten flesh  
Gatekeeper of Death  
From the creche to the grave  
To the clouds or the flames  
Be you God or Satan's slave  
I drive a stake through your heart  
The prince of darkness  
Master witchcraft  
Two newts and a carcass  
The city's Blair Witch  
Stalks the night with a killer's itch  
Dark side lyricist  
The horrors are unlimited  
Sleepy Hollow horse man  
Nightmares on wax  
I climax on terror so don't never look back  
Cos the next time you do,  
It might be me that you see  
Looking grim in the shadows  
Reaping Death's seeds  
In this field full of life  
I'm the start of the end  
I'm the dark in the light and  
The fear in most men

Is your heart beating?  
Then shall I make it stop?  
Drain your batteries  
Let's battle till you drop  
I'm an organ merchant  
And once I've set your spirit free  
I sell the NHS your heart and kidneys  
On the dark side  
Chasing E&J down with cyanide  
Messing with the farenheits  
You pussies getting burned tonight  
To challenge me  
Means you challenge life  
So you grab a mic and battle, blood....and watch yourself die

(Chorus)

We're MCs that terrorise tracks and put the pressure on  
So whoever wants a battle better make sure they can run  
There's no mercy from the Brothers once it's timed on  
So go and seek refuge or be overcome  
In the mad house rap crews crumble to the bad news  
McBane battle mode blows your fuse  
You choose the way to go, take a walk on the wildside  
And venture to the world where we dark up mics