

# The Walkmen, The Countdown Theory

(Intro by Celph Titled)

It's the collapse of the earth as you know it. Holdin' it down, Celph Titled  
in the same brigade with the universal Walkmen. Start the countdown...

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" --> Method Man  
\*repeat 4X

(Celph Titled)

Recommendation, hold somethin' heavy, prepare for combat

Translation: Atomik niggas constantly stay blazin'

Every syllable spit is accurate, holdin' down the immaculate position

I call the shots, perform executive incisions

Speak to my own outside of language barriers for my brethren

The veteran who caught a piece of shrapnel from the Tower of Babel

Praise God, respect is due, while I'm infectin' you

Never spit rhymes in a cipher, I siphon blood from ya veins

With the straw the broke the camel's back, disrespect?

Never that, off the map, chrome nine design specialist

Leave deceased niggas with walkmans in their coffin blastin' my shit

Infinite longevity, reconstruct my structure with dyslexic lepersey

Malevolent ministries revealin' false prophecies, retrieved my past life

They called me Yahweh, slit the throat of Leviathan, slain sideways

Now I just made you a star, enjoy your fifteen minutes of fame

No room for garbage fake five-percent MCs in this real terrain

Drop your album on TDK, listen closely what our CD say

You couldn't put out one record if it was your life you had to pay

I'm feelin' this joint, I hope you niggas is to

Beef with one man in my crew therefore we strike back with the 7-S platoon

(Uh-huh...)

Chorus:

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" --> Method Man  
\*repeat 4X

(Tino Vega)

The Spanish Prince, my mind's convinced, dent all intelligence

Those who breathe, freeze at the sight of elegance

Cause static jolts similar to lightning bolts

Slash clans of devilish cults, catch boostive energy (energize!)

Deadly antidotes inflict a fatal remedy

Walkmen triangulate to form a spiritual entity (are you feelin' me?)

Nigga, my rugged data will cause your mind structure to shatter

Memory banks has been erased, Celph, Storm and the Soldier

All up in ya face, leavin' glowing footmarks throughout the underground

No room for feeble minds and shook hearts

Start the countdown, soldiers in the killing fields

I hold up my shield to block immortal curses

Spittin' verses, peep my verbal slang analogy

To a dragon spittin' flames, while the others are being bothered

By hungry pitbulls that drool when they look at you

The 7th Squadron droppin' toxins in the place of oxygen, what!

Chorus:

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" --> Method Man  
\*repeat 4X

(Storm Trupa)

Nova watchin' over your shoulder, roamin' through an open folder

Slippin' through a paradox, mental coma

Eternal Nightol, impact from a rhymin' wreckin' ball

One on one street compete, complete

Composition, physique physician, fight with might

Strike precise with my device

I ignite my vocal tenacity, define mankind

Flux capacitate linear time, enigma, snake slither  
Extension across the Nile River, bless myself  
The Ark Angel - my fingers make contemporary poetry  
Historical, biographical oracle  
Open memories like new vicinities  
Fuck those who oppose me, I throw heat ferociously  
Cleverly expose the life that you live to the Walkmen  
Nomadic men, commit mad sin  
In the Vatican upon the day of Armageddon  
Tai Chi master, absorbin' the powers from the Seven  
Tectonic tremblin' witnessin' the wrath that you're facin'  
Atomik devastation - strategically  
Organize elevation, the dynasy, mathematically  
Strong minds combine to redesign the fabric of time  
On some enormous shit, now watch the clock tick

\* the sound of an old clock ticking \*