

Contribution X, Robot Tanks

Robot Tanks

(Holocaust)

Exploring Babe Ruth through the roaring 20s
My slice is gleam, between dark or high winged
Dragon eyes fighting the challenge, scream
Why my savage sword Excalibur
Many challenger at times of lightning bleeds
As I hunt through a scene, the dark dream, blue
I flip flows and burn like the souls of those unredeemed
I slash my way through eighty eight bodyguards
While you hold hands, the lyrical American Conan in the lobby hard
You have flaws, I brawl
I leave your jaw's broken, face swollen, you fall
My slow jam program, we fight in the hall
From sunlight to night, all eyes seeing
My lyrical commodity is a lobotomy
Later that evening I crack your skull in half with a hatchet
Like a policy, this is a shadow odyssey
Probably a time lost, snow and frost, the gun oddity
We clash swords on the college scene, I'm in sunset to sunrise
I'm in sunset to sunrise and the red scorpion is on a rock
How many impeded and hunt dinosaurs? You're metamorphic from the shock
I'm in sunset to sunrise, smoking blades
Striking thick, slick nineteen inch blades
Oh shit I cause an explosion when I play
That destroys everything and leaves the Universe white for twenty days
Five eleven, toilet rock, a fire cocktail, Molotov problem walks
The Holocaust, my funeral, call it off, all is lost
A grizzly bear swats a salmon out a river
Your death will be a large galactic lesson from the Smith & Wesson, girls shiver
Caught the dark market fun brawl
The burning of the midnight lamp call
And Clan members always tell me, half short and twice strong
An old man told me doctors are gangbangs
Los Angeles Jack Sprat' which hap from the pitch black
I never forgot that while I sit back and snap I six-pack
I spit gats while hip hop attacks, my gun flints scratch
Perhaps the sleepwalk toxic rap, I burst into a flock of bats

(Contribution X)

Leather clad demon, the psycho writer, strength of a spider
Wheels of stone consume doom, my iron rod interpret fire
I walk the catacombs, and then retied
Your white feather quite putrid and rather frail
Are two screws who walk with the wolves and always fail
I seen Hell, not as bad as they say but worse
Six kids went into the tunnel and five got hurt
The one that did it never returned to the tunnel again
He said the omen told his children about his five dead friends
There is an ancient dragon, missing only one stale
Fire breather, he once looked a man in his iron mill
Reptilian tail, dragon like a broken Titanic carriage
Twisted metal, north Atlantic, fucking savage
Fourteen foot cardiac Ben Marlin
War craft cast away, island of loneliness, we all spoiled it
Prepare the troop for Robot Tank assaulting
Epic epileptic causing die and need offspring
Shells soft, your ears warped in, Contribution cautions
Sound with a lap, expect extortions
Before I frag niggas right in their dome with notions
Contribution X, Robot Tank's extreme nemesis
Seven seal domes on the souls of those holding us
No has have with his downward witch hat

Like wood my body breaks and in twenty five bolts in the shape of an arrow
It will pierce the flesh of man like the claws of a raven landing upon a scarecrow
The infinite crisis, head leathers, straps of iris and splices
Corrupts all diagnosis, witch craft, pentagram conniver
Like a boat covered buoy, I hold the swagger
my Cloak and Dagger, I'm like Family Adams, Samuel Agger
Aseptic Rambler, a rusty spatula
like , the mixed breed, mass Rambler
I play like Philipsland screwdrivers and will dismantle you
Acidic forage, contortionist iron sword born
I bark at the moon, seven point palm technique platoon
Seven headed beast, six knives and ten thousand goons
My idol is Ohio piled inside the tombs
You all maroon, you all maroon, you all maroon

(Holocaust)

Down in the valley there are machines, they are Indians
Because I move a stone their jaw gets swollen
And unfriendly like the Mole-Men, dark blotch, I never blend in
When I rhyme your looking at a pirate's emblem
The ghost of Humphrey Bogart
William Satire in an oil drab world, I run water in my eye to cry
My button on the side, Long John shirt from 1805, I'm live
There is a woman she kills a rat, she lives in a house on the hillside
Jesse James was a desperado, he was shot in the back of his head
A five o'clock shadow, dirty face clown leaves you dead
In the gothic metropolis of the West, it's Holocaustalic, I'm the best
As far as dropping it, toxic neurologist, now the Apocalypse, draw a gun
Some kind of a man who tried to civilize the human family throughout the populace
This is war craft, the Green Lantern man
Boxed out lantern jaw with a gun, I wander the mountainside, Starman
One time my spine was broken in half like Batman
The Headless Horsemen, you flap scan
And you find yourself in a blue world and die again from a gun in my hand
You all burst into water like a bubble
A Hawaiian katana blade slaughters bookbinder cobbler
Fire is an element belonging to water
Satan is the author of evil, I am the rap author of horror
Walk down the corridor, I swing a chain saw at a demon with rain floss, there's more in store
Edgar Allan Poe died in Europe in the street
You are an unfortunate explorer, like a man shot with a gun, I stand
The tombstone reads: The Wandering Man
A man wanders by, I'm bland on a mountain like a large ramp
I play a dead man's hand
Monsters gun me down in a bad house in Luxemburg
I will not eat green eggs and ham
When the kids come home from school, never go into an abandoned house, man
Punk, you're listening to a metal lead band