

# Leak Bros, Gimmesumdeath

Sherminator..

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(Tame One)

My medulla oblongata's too proper for rhyming stupid  
But embalment fluid life got drama to it  
Unusual pharmaceutical dip is a trip if you have the patience  
If you go nuts dust is your travel agent  
The bom-bom-monster of my genre  
Swimming in purple rain Minnetonka  
Martin Lawrence will rap practically bonkers  
Like Yonkers I got locks  
All you need is a jay, styles and loops like busdrop for this bad boy to ruff right  
Deny the novice is obvious recognition  
If you can't stand the leak get out the kitchen  
Consider me different, usual suspect for missing equipment  
Look forward to what I record for your shipments  
I black out in an instance, off two point three seconds  
Confessing that the nine at my waste ain't no measurement  
Approach with caution, the leak brother addict with habits forming  
So cheer to star at the end of the bar like my name was Norman

(Chorus)

Old man on the floor, robbed and bludgeoned  
His breath, running out he's like "Gimmesumdeath"  
Child with a gunshot wound to the chest  
Laying on a operating table like "Gimmesumdeath"  
And a whole club of people drinking, scheming on flesh  
Get blown out of the building thinking "Gimmesumdeath"  
In my own endeavours I'm not right I'm what's left  
And if that passion burns out then "Gimmesumdeath";

(Cage)

Churchbells ringing, I'm only six  
My foot up my dad's chest, I'm pulling his turnicet back to fix this  
My skull pops out of its shell, I'm stable  
Circulation cut off from the jumprope tied to the coffee-table  
Something's pulling me, nylon cuts through my baby ankle  
And it pops off, I'm sucked to the wall at lightspeed being strangled  
With angel hair I'm dangled over  
The edge of the universe is a razor blade I'm longing for closure  
Decode and implode her with her own psychosis  
And embrace her odor, I fold her over and over  
Till she fits in the slits in my shoulder  
Then pull her out and hold her a bloody baby in my palm growing colder  
I'm out of my head, I'd rather be dead, just splatter me red  
All over the wall then gather my friends  
Throw a stone in my face and leave some flowers  
Follow me, walk away or laugh for hours and hours

(Chorus)

(Tame One)

Alter reality practically form brainstorm on songs  
Bubble like my wet chunked on  
Upon lift off, the fumes I'm giving off choke throats on both coast  
Until all of the bom-bom gone  
When something go wrong  
With whole songs dedicated to medicated faded intoxicated sedated goings on  
Head strong, dead wrong

Experimental generals out of the boomsquad, retarded after the jargon

(Cage)

Welcome to Waterworld, pull the covergirl over my face

Chuck on draw then walk away from this place

It's cinematic irrational, tragic magic

You can smell a fresh bag of wet pulling the cd out the package

This whole planet of shit, I love this horribble nation

Escape another nine to five with leaky glorification

Ex-patient, rather puff purple stuff and stay mental

To the next deep sea, all of hell love Cage Kennylz

(Chorus)

\*Fades Out\*