

Non Phixion, Strange Universe

(Ill Bill)

I wield the hand of God you get smacked with a talking burning bush
Red fiction handbooks, you get ambushed you ain't no damn crook
Not just you but your man shook
I see it in your fucking face your eyes got bitch twinkles
Left with your ears rattled lost the war before the first battle
I was standing in outer space hidden by the earth's shadow
Return to bring the darkest plague to a nervous pharaoh
Cursed him out with hebrew shot him with a burning arrow
Kinda fucked up they can't identify the type of guy who moves cash
Doom passed you with two gats in scooby-doo mask
Fucking with us and tear a hole out your space suit
The last supper in earth space you shoulda ate food
Yo Metal Fingers I think this cat's about to puke

(MF Doom)

Yo dude, don't even put yourself through it
How they do it like if it wasn't shit to it
Oh shoot the lady knew it was the butler
He cold snuck her, stuck a banana in her muffler
But they didn't know who he was
She said the flow is so fluid that only one nigger could do it cos
He's like the supervisor in her workplace
No more breaks violate y'all workspace with smirk face
Your bad, he didn't mean to throw y'all concentration
Or stay the same with nuff game chase a mason off
Aight savage brought a knife to a gunfight
To him who made the length of a sunlight, run flight

(Goretex)

Egyptian phase for alien occult science and nature
We mummify your camp using food stamps to swindle devil's dangers
Rhyme like Quakers we take no part in that we righteous
Utilising iron maidens for spite cos heads be biting this
Blow up your truck your fucked and sew your mouth up
We taking this to astral levels blowing your house up
Hitting your spouse up communist workshop for earthspots
This style of festival is bread or matzah synagogue's incredible
I'll smack you with the bass I live a space life
Wisdom and steak knives while you fought
Gore was on tour visting grave sites
Canaanites to pagan whites angels and dykes
Kill a (arrhhg) strange universe now inflame mics
Run up in your fucking lab looking for goodies
A hundred tooties decked out in fatass robes and St Vitus hoodies
Three man team screaming for vengeance
I shed repentance until my last sentence
Time to end this