

Unkle, Guns Blazing %28Drums Of Death Part 19

Somewhere in space, this may all be happening right now

*(garbled) technical surveillance. This is U.N.K.L.E. 77 I'm requesting permission to land. Do you c

Roger that. You're clear for landing. Position (garbled) five-seven-zero-niner.

Waiting for power(?)

*We're under attack! (garbled) Class A fighters. I need immediate assistance. I need you to (garble

Styles like Al Pacino
Reno until the Barcelino
The mad Dino with the bambino, the Gambino
Bigger than Jim Colosimo
More reservoir dogs than Tarantino
Scales for Venezuela, brown as nino
Making the block hotter than jalepenos
G. Luciano
Be wettin' shit like Pesci in Casino
Fifty dollar cigar seer
The Bosnia, the mafia
Don poet like Garcia
Drug Czar and the baby-Pa beater
The M-8 behind the bar-freer
The Poconos, the Panama skier
Down with the parmesan
Ready to bomb like Vietnam with arms
'Cause the hollow-points and phenomenon
The cheddar-spreader
The killer with the gold Beretta
N- deader
The sweater-letter with the hollow letter
Drama-setter
The Paneretta gettin' redder kids and momma shredder
Infrared glow off the armor better
The godfather, the problem solver
Coming through with the 6-shell revolver
Hot as lava
Gun skills that real and in the 'ville I be the barber
Gangster saga, the mother fuckin' face carver

Give you a dose of shit that's dope as soda
The underworld family Cosa Nostra
Pearl handle inside the shoulder holster
G. Luciano with a click but nothin' but N-s & Chicanos
You get hit up like Castellano
Italiano like crime familia
N- don't get familiar
Me and my goons might have to kill you
Up in New York
We play bloodsports at home court
And hold down forts
Soon as ya caught, get your dome torched
G Rap and DJ Shadow leave your bone squashed
Squeeze the chrome short, take no shorts
We judge and jury in the home court
Give you the clown corpse dead on the sidewalk
Surrounded by mad pedefors(?)
Your whole frame laid in the white chalk
You got the smoking section
First-class tickets to resurrection
Forever destined to a place where N-s never restin'
Headed in Hell's direction
Lost at the crossroads and intersection

Should've wore a vest for chest protection
Slug fill you to capacity, someone at the dance
Someone with the hand velocity of Butch Cassidy
Bitch N- with the audacity to blaspheme me
Got yourself caught in a mother fuckin' tragedy

Word
Drums of death