

# 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