

Vulgar, Dirty Bike Chains

(Holocaust)

Warcloud medieval, shelf raps that's regal
M-16, they need a distinct group of people
Them bitches looking crazy, get bounced on, amaze me
Collision centre, sometime listen to Bob Marley
Throwing donuts on the courtyard on a Harley
Camp driver whiskey, Jack prance with a lance advanced
On a fire escape in February, buy a fly pot in France
Last American Hero' lost his ego
Guitar with four strings from down Tijuana
Will crash the course ahead of gin and Pia Colada
Dark raw sessions intrepid with epic lecture
Strangled you in dusty hallways with filthy bike chains
And strike veins, you like pain
Crack and smack you like night trains
Dark blood fountain dance, snow leopard and the Mountain Man
Cut you men down with the gauge, flip atomic book page
Slam Three Kings' down with the ace of spades
Rollie Pollie Ollie, Geppetto, Stromboli
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At dirty old baseball batting cages I waste y'all
Break laws, escape, your bodies, shot you with great ball
Vanished in place for, the wood floor fell out three times
You sitting, I'm kicking y'all like deceased rhymes
Colourful like the beach line, son could never teach mine
Fire on the Amazon, look at the puzzle box
You shuck up with nuzzle crack
I received the wire with red fakers, borders, swindlers
Just remember us
Stash it in the box with my Timberlands, we dismember men
Chainsaw angry men changed me then like angry gats
Skinny ghost brave, no slave approached me
Escalade vital collateral force
Escapade in the Everglades
Rhymes are clever made, stabbed the butler with a shiny leather blade