

# Vulgar, Harmonica

(Intro: Vulgar)

Vulgar, Pro and Warcloud slam the hammer down

(The Professional)

I'm very adamant in my opinion

Your stagnated rhyming reminds me that you fuckers shouldn't even be living

You ain't ready for the head-on demo-collision crashing

I'm not just insane because I maniacally laugh

Oh you think you're ill you're busting tongue-twisters

I'll block your sidewinder musically master verbally mutilate gouge the beat

Respect the real raw Maimr one graffiti

With complete elite extensive usage of the vocabulary

Eliminate any wack MCs stealing my concepts trying to be me

With the ability to talk about anyone at any particular time Subliminally on the CD

Now that's what you call versatility bitch

You still get fucked up if you scuff up my new kicks

I produce White Beach Cruisers' on white walls it floats

And I prefer not to get your blood on my brand new white coat

White sneakers white undershirt I rule the underground

Vivid descriptions of anger and horrified deeds of tragic danger the days are getting stranger

The Pro's got more dark regions to explore

While you pitiful peasants can't even evade those trap doors

(Vulgar)

Vulgar blesses your path with more raps than Vegas got craps

But above all that I'll make you suffer from whiplash

Like getting hit in the back by a car moving fast

Now your time has passed I'm part of the afterlife cast

Living in two worlds, fucking one world's dead girl

Life surrounds my circle make mentals turn purple

With putting immortal vocals and delivery like the postal

Vulgarized schizo', I spit the anthrax in your mail

Fuck making it rain I'll make it hail

Bringing the major pain that dismantles your facial

My image was reborn and I walked with a tagged toe

'Orange County' vandal with the click you can't handle

Smashing you with noisemaking mechanical banjos

And a death note on a piano, teleport with Count Drago

Switching my identities from a schizo to a Vulgarized hammer flow

letting you know that the Hardcore Click runs the show

(Holocaust)

It's lounge act in an old cold dusty swamp house

Creeping like a mouse I'll knock a champ out

Cramping lamp in a damp house, I found a dead woman at the Vermillion River

I took her home alone and washed her up

We'll garbage truck you retarded fucks

I paint and taint her with make up

Bake and eat the cake up, teatime for \_\_\_ in a crummy place and taste suds

Slow-dancing late at night swamp house off the \_\_\_ at night

I eat cannibals and mechanically-stuffed animals yo

Handle candles to blow

When I leave the room deceive my doom, see the broom in the corner

You goners are deep in need of tombs, Warcloud brimstone Holocaust

Koala, kamala pubs, swallow scuds, yo stop, Galapagos

Pop got a lot of ??? ??? and yo he drifts shifts gambles and shot the host ghost note

Slaughtered daughters on Cajun Arabian waters to follow the logic