Blockbuster Night, Pt. 1

Run The Jewels

Bunches and bunches, punches is thrown until you're frontless
Oodles and oodles, bang bullets at suckas' noodles
Last album voodoo, proved that we was fuckin' brutal
I'm talking crazy, half past the clock is cuckoo
You rappers doodoo, baby shit, just basic boo boo
I'm Shaka Zulu, Mansa Musa, my money buku
My beats is bangin', fuck what you rappin', who produced you?
I slapped the snot, take what ya got and Run The Jewels youYou itsy bitsy furry fright and frickin' sickly
A little prickly, dick on display for Winter swimming
Look at these kitties, Mike, I'mma rat-a-tat 'em for living
I deal in dirty work, do the deed and then dash, ditch 'em
I'd lend a hand but they stuck in a fist and gun position
We run our brand where destruction's the number one commitment
It's all a joke between mom contractions and coffin fittings
So we disappear in the smoke like we're fuckin' magiciansNo hocus pocus, you simple suckers been served a notice
Top of the morning, my fist to your face is fucking Folgers
We might be giants, standing on little dandy shoulders
You punks is pussy proverbial pansy panty holders
I Jake the Snake 'em, DDT 'em in mausoleums
Macabre massacres killing cunts in my colosseum
They all actors, giving top in back of a BM
I'd fall back if the casting calls are ending in semenI'm the foulest, no need for any evaluations
I'm a phallus for Johnson and Jimmy spraying faces
Any cow that is sacred will get deface'd
Like any tyrant murderer gets replaced, face it
The fellows at the top are likely rapists
But you like "Mellow out man, just relax, it's really not that complicated"
Well pardon me, I guess I'm just as sane as you explain'ed
Or maybe sanctifying the sadistic is derange'd

Songwriters
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