

# Carnival of Souls

## Combustible Edison

[feat. Demoz]

[Verse 1:]

I'm the ape in the cage getting more amazing with age  
AKs and grenades, matter fact I slay them with blades  
They blatantly gays, faggots in berets in parades  
And see my team is unbeatable, the stadium stage  
Basically crazed, walking circles pacing for days  
I'm basically dazed and lost inside a Satanist maze  
Face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS  
I go hard on hard beats, y'all too lazy to shave  
Too lazy to bathe and so y'all hate on the god  
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the god  
Y'all could never build or even conversate with the god  
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God  
(I'm a suicide bomber) y'all don't want no confrontation with God  
Y'all are swine-eaters, that's abomination to God  
So put some faith into God  
The objective is to conquer fucking Satan with God

[Chorus:]

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column  
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers  
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these phony fables  
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label  
I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem  
Masterati I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem  
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care  
All we hear is the drum beat and a fucking snare

[Verse 2:]

All I got is too much hate, not enough love  
Too many plates, not enough grub too many snakes in the grass  
I gotta kill one cause the gun ain't got enough slugs  
Body under the belt, not enough blood  
Shotty under the shelf, not enough slugs  
Yous a bitch you ain't gon do shit suck a dick  
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs  
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch  
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip  
Motherfuckin hood where I be everyday  
You don't like me come see me nigga I ain't no bitch

? for the last man damn man  
You could be the man what they said  
So I focused on the damn plan  
Face straight like adjusting a handstand  
Used to be shy now I'm focused like a hand can  
Demoz say hello to the sand man  
Gun pop, good god where your man layin  
See that bitch right there with the damn tan  
Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van  
Take her home put her in the zone  
Dick like an L she gon put it to the dome  
Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets  
Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome chrome  
Nigga please, do you really think I'm gonna show a motherfucking nigga where I live at  
Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at  
Come home find my young bull kidnapped  
Nigga hit that L that you had cause you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will  
Pistol Gang to the day I hang  
When I see my death I'm gonna keep it real

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

You should make peace before we pull the peacemakers  
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours  
I don't want police pacing up the streets later  
But the killing has me feeling like a teenager  
Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper  
I'll fill in the details, you can read it later  
We should keep in contact, I may need a favour  
It's not breach in contract, no releasing waivers  
It's slavery and cheap labour, it's a decent bargain  
It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking  
It's blood out here gotta keep my teeth sharpened  
Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden  
You doing everything you can just to keep from starving  
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling  
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming

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