Crunch

Waterflame

I'm the durable mammal, Moka only the complete
Abnormality, fatality mega, don't you sleep
It's dephtrimental that you set your mental clock right
So you can catch the prime example of those who rock right
I talk tight, my mic's made of alabaster
Cast a shadow beside of mount shout before I smash ya
I promise to be the bonus, I gotta say that
You want to die, well, you can be accommodated
To be honest, you sock like Homnus
To be on another plateau you gotta rap pro or become sawdust
I husk a bone on that ass with no exceptions
Been ill since my conception, I've come for the collection
Same old cash respecting bitches, I can't front yo
Busy Bee went back to the hotel and spelt his name in dough
I'm hella pro, a rappers work is never done
I like necks, I think I'm about to sever one
I put my pressure on the corner to cave the box in
This time I sawed in my breath and rhymed circles of sin
See, if I don't reanimate the meat-grinder's brain
In the A-Wing, we're gray things, petrude from my gray rings
My collection of strange things include
A barrel delivering like a Winchester in a pool full of crude
Oil in my turmoil, ridden block of ill rythem-wear
Cracken cockroaches, talk about class divisions
I'm not stuck-in-the strucken function
I adapt to the place, I hear the bass pumping
Keep every rhyme different, that's a sign of affection
Keep a bag of Buc Fifty's of my cabinet of men
Make sure the door's locked and the dead-bolts fastened
Your worst nightmare that shares no compassion
Acid flashbacks, get hacked up into fractions
Sergeant Roadkill, still missing in action
An unaffectionate day, I'm section A
Let's play, you be the bride of death and decay
Do you stay awake at night
Thinking of the things you should worry about
Follow this blood trail and hurdle through the forest of doubt
Till I'm out in the wide open plains hoping to maintain
The same yield, but the field's littered with corpses

Death is my departure, till then I'm explosive
An overdose of death, spare me no grill
I'm rare, send me on ill will, I'm there
The last man standing, never call a truce
Apologize, nah, strength needs no excuse

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