

Hollywood Babylon

Manufactura

If you got an itch to catch some havoc there's mayhem in the plastic
City of La La I mean the land of holy zsa zsa
The wood is hot and you can spot the flocks of people like sheep,
Those with dreadlocks to jocks with Reeboks, fleeing hard rocks
A la Cafe, bambatta flashy fashion
Imagine crashing bashes with bitches
That be bad and wishing for the fame and recognition
There on a mission for self, baby
Were like the twelve, my tribe is crazy deep
We got the beats that are hot were like Clinque
Foundation resonates when I speak
And if by chance you catch it then listen, the wisdom
Epic, open hitting, choking up you've done it now and woken up
The giant scientist of hits that make you jump like a lunatic
On pogo sticks, waving your fists
So if you catching a fit
I really don't know but you better scram hurry in a double.

It goes on and on and on hell rasing Hollywood welcome to Babylon
It goes on and on and on the party don't stop till the mysteries gone.
I've seen it all, I'll see it again
I shake allot of hands but I don't got allot of friends.
It goes on, and on and on hell rasing Hollywood
Welcome to Babylon.

Live from the city of lights sunny days and late nights
Dope, designer drugs, porn stars and bar fights
I drop. makes the bells rock I'm Mr. Shifty Shellshock
Call me the man of the hour
In the land of the lost taking the money and the power
CXT, we hold our own all eyes on us,
Crazy rise rain like brimstone kicking up dust
I grab the mike with a firm hold
In a world of shattered goals, pot holes, broke fokes and bank roll
Pole position
Daddy rolling, rolling causing havoc so, ready set
I'm more than set like Morissette to Maverick
Gotta, she's got to have it, habit sick, I leave them stuck

I'm getting high for a living not giving a fuck.

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Welcome to Babylon.

I'm screaming out the call of the wild I'm speaking in tongues

I am the child of the sun the power of one

I beat the drums of the crazy town click

It's the third eye sitting on the tip of the pyramid flipped

Now I see a little shotty

Illuminati front

Dead bodes in my trunk.

Unraveling the source

I travel in to self

Gauge my wage and you try to debate my wealth

The consequences linger and I'm fingering the perpetrators

Hey yo, my nature was bread on the cross fader

It's the seventh house

Armageddon trudger ready for death

It's the brimstone slugger

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Welcome to Babylon

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