Contra

ThePlasmas

[Killasha]The invincible huh? Yeah ya'll be seein it
It is what it is indeed Stoupie
Ya'll be knowin huh? Let 'em know
[Ikon the Hologram aka Vinnie Paz]Hold the device tight, when it's time for a mic fight
You're a pagan tryin to battle someone who's Christ-like
The precise knight that smash you with a white pipe
Left you bleeding into the ocean under the night's light
Oh you hype right? Well meet the soul benders
Cop that or get shot at like goaltenders
You roll benches till playin fear was fair game
Ya'll got fucked up like sex on an airplane
That's why we can't change, we just ill
We blow trees, sip Ole E's and spit real
The clip's filled with the wraith that Cain saw
Then I slash with a leather mask and chainsaw
That's why the brain's raw, that's why your veins pour
That's why you copped my shit nine times at the same store
That's why you Entered the Dragon and got slashed
And that's why the Hologram counting up cash. What!?
Hook 2x
scratches
"Lookin for rappers who wanna battle"
"Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad"
"The underground rapper who's wreckin"
"Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like"
[Killasha]Holocaust, rap javelin toss Killasha's the boss
I take what's yours, pour poison in your pores

I'm down for the cause my nigga, not "because"
My soul wasn't made to be lost, stop for the pause
I play 48 minutes hard without the calls
Slicin elbows through ya jaw, need I say more?
Facinating with 44s and foul whores
Large gram cookups, and the ill drug scores
My captivating verses, that'll open all doors
I soar like a condor ready for war, fuck the law!
sample
(distorted)...."raindrops on the ground"
Hook 1x

[Jus Allah]Ominous leave your brain matter painted on ya Stainmaster
Game of Death motherfucker we draft ya, semi-autograph ya
Keepin L's lit, sendin pellets through helmets
Shells hit, you and the fag you share a cell with
Takin niggas out thier element rhyme fighters
Divine writers, time travellers, Sliders
Pale niggas act jail lifers
Who tell the active nail biters with the 12s in thier diapers
Shoes never walk nor land, explore land
I expose my scrolls and code it in Fortran
Bullets graze ya wig kid, brushes with death
I let the iron clutch grip the bones in ya flesh
Playin on ya wrist like strings on a violin
Dyin in a blood pool wrestlin Leviathan
Fuckin wit Gods, Jedi Mind Tricks
Ya'll suckas like niggas born without dicks
scratches till end

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