

Undertow

Mac Lethal

(Intro)

Excuse me if there was feedback leaking out of my gills!
Absent the drug of choice. and your drug. Whats your poison?

(Verse 1)

Cut it.. i got bloody fingerprints on my money
and that bottle of that old rasputin in my tummy
my tummy gettin so big didnt you notice
or were you having trippy nightmares off of the lotus
ive got popular motives yea swallow explosives
like bang bang front page of koran
looking gangly white boy rapper not angry
pasty ass paster skin tho its shakes me
its okay me to flash my symbol in the sky
those rock guys taking black makeup pencils to their eyes
its something i dispise
im hoping they all die
and get eaten by flies with 72 eyes
oil stain lunges at heavenly blue skies
got the devil like outright mad like dag like a mac
gonna pillow at the clouds like scabs like that
gonna pillow at the clouds like scabs WHAT

(chorus)

ive got a new point of view that 100 proof
ive got my eyes on the croud and it doesnt move
im gonnna bust it loose im gonna let em know
you gotta move or get swallowed by the undertow!!

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(Verse 2)

check it ayo
boom boom the maniac is in the room
and not to argue with the kids about what they consume
not the drugs not the ciggarettes rap like they cacoons
not the coons that be strapping they gats and bed of loons
strap the rats with disease not the theives with the marbles
and jacks in they sleeves (deep Breath) let em breathe
look all i really wanna do is rep the crazies
cuz aint no way u can save us baby
baby i swear the little engine in my head
is gonna sputter till the motherfucking battery is dead
im immune to all the news and all the tragedies were fed
ive got a a spoon of heroin im gonna smoke it till im dead
mislead ive been writin step goona fall from a hightened depth
and die a vikings death im gonna sketch you a portrait of something morbid
im insane and thats whats gourgeous come on

(chorus)

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(Verse 3)

well ive been verded shortly the cross get the herd affords me
shit i will not let the blur distort me
the way that that i feel is so god damn
cid and nancy so curt and courtney so
i say damn all you blood sucking leaches
and your nasty ass but punk diseases
creep o freaks up in your nut hugging jeans its
me mac ya im drunk fucking jesus its me shit!

(chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by mitchell greenspan.

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