

# Horns Of Destruction

## 2 Skinnee J's

The lights go down and you've found yourself surrounded  
Astounded by the veteran crew that you discounted  
But we're back for our piece of this game  
And we remain on a mission to increase the recognition of the name  
That you saw on the marquee when you walked in the building  
To the show, thought you brought your potholes, but we filled 'em  
It's just one of our tricks, we're in the mix like trail  
The mic in my hand is like a Molotov Cocktail  
Igniting your vicinity from now until infinity  
Burning it down, we build it back from the ground up  
J vigilantes are back on a round up -  
But we're trying to reach the folks in the back, so turn the sound up  
Now we blow like a dart through the heart of  
your crew  
'Cause everybody in our squad rocks harder than you  
Every thought that we drop comes smarter than you  
And I know that our presence is bothering you  
The beat breaks and we shake the crowd  
Darken the horizon like a mushroom cloud  
Starship troopers battle on in this insect Babylon 5, we drop hard like a gavel  
Rhyming got us climbing to the top this profession  
Some take us for granted, but still we keep 'em guessing  
Yes, it's the S, oh my, the K I, double N, double E  
With more suds than bubbly  
So we propose a toast for those out to win this  
Drink up, now get down to business  
Don't adjust your set if you see any redness  
People's Movement of Rock, you can't prevent this  
Na na na na  
Na na na na  
Loud and clear we all shout and cheer (Na na na na)  
Loud and clear we all shout and cheer (Na na na na)  
My arrival marks a change in your hegemon  
Forget your Lexus, here's the nexus of your lexicon  
And if you want to get a piece, just cross the Rubicon  
And bring your battle to the streets of Joralemon  
There I'll squash you like a hexepod, whereupon  
Even if you had six mouths it wouldn't help you on that mic you're on  
While you were getting off I still had my rock on  
Things went from bad to worse for you like Michael Jackson  
I'll push you in 8 ways like an octopawn  
Then I'll recreate you in one less than 8 days like this rock we're on

Then I'll blow your shit up once again like your name was Alderaan  
'Cause you're an original like Psycho starring Vince Vaughn  
So go ahead, rhyme along  
Go ahead, rap along, tag along  
Hop along, sing along  
We'll be making points while your lips flap and babble on  
Here's a message to both you and your henchmen  
We've got secret weapons that we've still yet to mention  
We keep 'em ducking, it's shit we're flinging  
You can knock us down but we come up swinging

Songwriters

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