Muerte

Atis

[Ikon the Hologram]
Enter the eye of the storm
Rappers just battle me for the glory
It gets gory
They shitty like suppositories, that's the end of the story
Bury his body in Missouri
Banish the apparatus of Gladys to crematories
My territory, perimeter of pergatory
Stingy in winches of vicious, malicious inflictions upon your click
Circulatory
Causing head spasms
Rip through your motherfucking temple like Phantasm
Hologram has 'em and walks through the holy arches
Left you in the forest with your carcass in the harness
Death is upon us
We slam like Adrian Adonis
Swarm on the warm blood like malicious pirahnas
Islamic Bombers, no contender is parallel
When I'm on paper, devestate 'em like 7L
So where I dwell, without question rattles the league
Left you in a vessel with severe battle fatigue
Before you leave I insist you listen to more raps
Before I saw cats, making weapons out of your thorax*break*[Jus Allah]
I inhale toxins
Drunk off blood from dead cops and
The watchman, that kill us in this maze we locked in
Side Cobra Clutch, only truth can sober us
Wild 'cause we know there's no Jehovah watching over us
Only 10 percent that's controlling us
Try to take our souls from us, while the state patrolling us
Caged in we break barriers, change to new areas
Dodgin' the pits and chariots out the barriers
Jus Allah don't make threats
Leave your fuckin' necks clipped
Had you speakin' the manual alphabet
Seein' me is def not repeated or done twice
I laugh as I cast the first stones at Christ
Joint in ace bands, you move to Graceland and Satan
Mics spray then, bury flesh in wasteland

Infect you
Inject you with the gunpowder pegs
Indent your forehead with hot lead
Whether in the abode of the dead
Or resting in the Zions
Allah stay chasin' dough like wild lions.
Unchained tearin' your flesh we unfed
Flyin' through, like birds we takin' your daily bread[Excerpt from "Greater Love" by Wilfred Owen]

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