Kon Karne

Doom

Darker than the east river, larger than the Empire State
Where the beats to guard the barbed wire gate
Is on the job, not my fate, tired of the wait
To the villain bring deliverance from the Dire StraitsFire at a higher rate, why'd they make the liars
Fliers scatter, buy a plate, isolate the wires
Try the straight pliers if not the vise grips
A real price saver way to acquire nice whipsWhat a steal for real on wheels of steel
Stunner a funner summer number one meal deal, bummer
A bizarre phenomenon is your armor on
Take your cash coma or break your fast, RamadanTrans action drama, aw, come on, Barney
Clack, clack, pardon me wack rap, Kon Karne
He came to feed the childrens like Sally Strothers
After that he's going back to Cali where's the love isWilder than the Nile, old power like the Great Pyramid of Giza
And stay leanin like the tower of Pisa
Give him something he can feel that's off the squeeza
Raw with the pen and on the mic off the hezzaGet shot off that wide eye talk
If he had a pot he'd still piss on the sidewalk
Can't take the street out the street person
Looking for the perfect beat could worsen into heat burstingThey couldn't spot him on the spot date
Got the only tape that comes with a free hot plate
Whoever do get to see me sing
With the 3-D ring, sittin stationary like B.B. KingCan see how it really sting, it ain't no front row
Standing room only at the motocross stunt show
The ruckus ain't up to snuffilufigus
Me and Sub is like the brown Smothers BrothersMy love is faster than the seven seas, bigger than mount Kilimanjaro
If they don't know fill them in tomorrow on the horror show
I'm into no return Bobs record
Swear to God before he gets a job he robs HackardBlessed with a hot flow, tested and got doe
Invested and stressed the best to finesse a opto
As I reminisce never forgot when I was very broke
Shot the Henny straight, couldn't afford to cop the cherry cokeOr should I say broke with wealth
To know enough to give them just rope to yoke they self
Playin me before I take the ring and pawn it
The long arm of the law couldn't even put they fingers on itDog on it, do the statistics
How he bust lyrics was too futuristic for ballistics
And far too eccentric for forensics
I dedicate this mix to Subroc, the Hip Hop Hendrix

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