

Contra

Sideview

[Killasha]The invincible huh? Yeah ya'll be seen 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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