

Wild International (Amended)

One Day as a Lion

One, two, three, (God damn) four. They say that in war the truth be the first casualty so I
Dig in selector, I, the resurrector
Fly my shit, sever your neck, wider than ever with my
Tongue dipped in funk arsenic
Burn this illusion, this lie with straight arson shit
Your arsenal stripped
Power ain't full jackets and clips
It's - my ability ta define phenomenon
Raw like Crenshaw in '84 or the boogie down before
LA when the war break off, where you be take off
Or stand in full face off
With the M1 millimeter let the rhythm of the chamber hit 'em
Let the rich play catch with 'em
Better yet make 'em, eat 'em, and shit 'em 'til they
So fulla holes that they drown in their own
I'm like a - nail stuck in the wrist of they Christmas
I don't need radio to leave their family a witness
Mohammed and Christ, word life, would lay your body down
To a tune so wild international
In the desert full of bullets let your body rot
With my chrome, with my verse, with my body rock Both Mohammed and Christ would lay your body down
To a tune so wild international
In the desert full of bullets let your body rot
With my chrome, with my verse In this era where DJs behave, be paid to be slaves
We raid airwaves to be sane
And what's raining from they station?
Cash fascination like living dead fed agents
Distract us fast from a disaster's wrath for sure
The air war flooded like the Ninth Ward
On the AM, on the AM, turn and face them
Hatred and mayhem, slay them
Dangerous, I take razor steps
It's the swing from the bling to the bang of the left
It's the murderous return, boom bap, full strap
It's your six that got clipped, you can't clap back
With minimal lift and criminal flow, I'm killing them soft
And billing them fo' everything stole
And once again I'm that nail in the wrist of they Christmas
Watch me make they family a witness

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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