

# Battle for Asgard

## Cannibal Ox

Into the war of the worlds, where cities twirl  
L.I.F.E. Long shakin planets for the ?  
? lands when I spit out and hurl words  
It's a Stronghold writer's guild, Cannibal Ox take over your herd  
We planted our flags on your soils  
Despoiling opponents with turmoil  
? couldn't be aluminum foil  
We potent with rounds lit out similar to ?  
I was there when it all first sparked  
Jersey next to poisonous darts  
Camouflaged with the dark, to blend in with the scenery  
Snatch your whole team's referee machinery  
Before knowin I landmine spot blowing  
Throwing heads off tracks, smackin em with an open palm  
BITCH SLAP  
Make your whole body feel it when I spray  
The battle's just begun, it gets deeper as the song plays  
Mega with his arms folded  
Fists balled up  
Toast (?) on the side of my waist  
V on the buckle of the belt  
Rappin' hell (?)  
Cape flowin  
Still standin  
With two cannons  
1 3 2 got me vanished  
Ninja in the night with the phantoms  
Amped up, set off hoppers (?)  
See rays blast from the optics  
Livin in fucked up ghetto economics  
Spit from the voicebox, nasty with sonics  
Animals released out of boxes  
Plus we got that Stronghold on the throat  
That'll leave you all gone on the float  
Split belly cos you off the boat  
The battle for Asgard and we fight as gods  
Shatter your glass cage into a thousand crystal shards  
I stayed in the basement, like the Kreuger Kid (?)  
Shut the city down like Baghdad Lubavich (?)

Your stupid clique wrestle warlocks  
The audience backed you  
I drank eight ounces of water  
With my time capsule  
Wrote rhymes with father time on mother nature's fabric  
A hard rock, I descended from stone tablets  
Juggle the bones and poems, of my deceased foes  
Who couldn't bounce from spot to spot like Greek toes (?) (so?)  
Allow me to surf on your brain waves with jet skis  
Unless you want your wrists to part like the red sea  
On the roof of hell, you got stomped by angel's feet  
Cause you can't be down, you had gravity deficiency  
(We spit thoughts!)

I translate harpoons to sharp death  
When the point is made, from my underwater breath  
Don't get walls confused with linoleum  
And try to cut my square like a scared custodian (know me son!)

Every bite upon, I told you not to get it on  
But you still trick the hoes with a broken magic wand  
Strong Atoms, whole family dear  
To duplicate & recreate could take a light year  
Squeeze your head into a sneaker, lace your face  
Throw you in a black hole, make you swim through space  
We mind-bogglin, spine-tinglin  
Got the scroll of Galactus now I'm planet-swallowin  
Megala's got the surfboard and he's hollerin  
All arch-enemies must die  
And I know you not unbreakable son, that's a lie  
And you can't have my 3.14, that's my pi... (stupid!)

I'm a diamond in the rough, and you're lucy in the sky with a cubit  
Your raps don't do it  
I deal with cloud literature  
Plus my real name is closer to Thor's than yours  
Where we practice there is no floor  
This is the battle for Asgard (say no more)  
Atoms fam & Stronghold, nuclear clamp the mic  
And you and your best friend don't even sound tight  
I guess something ain't right  
We like constellations when they close in  
The lost sons of Odin  
With a mouthful of parables to get em open  
But the psionic imagery'll leave em frozen  
I used to outdo cats like you in my lunch period  
Then conversate with the burning bush about a period  
And bust through your ego like the hymen line of scrimmage

life's the goal, your warning comes in 2 minutes

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

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