

# Death March

## Chris Shiflett The Dead Peasants

[Virtuoso]I'm omnipotent  
You claim to win battles  
So when the beat starts  
I'll punch the tree bark  
And pass the chainsaw to a ????? heart  
Severing every animal  
I'm doing dirt like earthworms  
I'm sick and original  
Boy, I gave birth to the first germs  
I spit the acetate  
To make your lips evaporate  
The Master Ape  
Bare hands will decapitate and bash your face  
Pass the eight, sack of shake  
Twisted in plasma tape  
I came for y'all through the castle gate  
I come across a substance yet I couldn't lacerate  
Virtuoso is an unidentified flying object to make your space shuttle ??????  
So while you drunks look for a hook and say you masturbate  
Telling 7L to sratch a plate  
In due for respect I slap your face  
Ask to make my specs, I'm a tackle ya  
You're a neck and I'm Dracula  
Have sex in the back of a black Lex or an Acura  
Met with the, Jedi Mind Tricks  
We rhyme sick and side ????? for dime chicks  
I'll strangle you, use my same hands to give you the Heimlick  
So you can live to face more punishment from my divine lips  
[Jus Allah]Jus Allah prays on the minds of the young  
Silencing the devil that speaks with forked tongue  
Taste my blade sharpness  
Ranked in no class like Marxist  
The heartless  
Rise out of darkness  
I'm the last head you should ever try to fuck with  
Be the next memeber in the cast of my snuff flicks  
Rough shit, don't even attempt sleeping  
At war with the demons that live in infernal regions  
Spawned from eternal semen bred flesh predators

Wings of the arms when you heels like Pegasus  
Grabbing your leg, so you live to the heavenless  
Drop this prejudice and follow me to Exodus

[Ikon the Hologram]We ravenous  
Exhume the tomb of Lazarus  
You blasphemous  
We bring war to pacifists  
Tarantulas, burn flesh like a nine glock  
Your mind stops from nine of my divine shots  
a pine box is fine for a killer to run  
Swing from vines and rhyme like Atilla The Hun  
Bring the gun, your tounge is what I'm slicing  
We slap tracks and attack like M. Bison  
Ilohem, fuck the pagans we mark them  
And take turns to burn religious doctrines  
Concoctions of pain hits from eight angles  
Locked in the brain to lacerate ankles  
[Esoteric]Yo, I rip mics, stick lames  
Wreck nights, spit flames  
Lead pipes, split frames  
Kid ain't shit changed  
Act trife  
I grab the mic and bag your wife  
Sacrifice you twice  
Motherfuckering after life  
Decimate your paradise  
Burn tracks like thermostats  
My personal attacks snap back to murder cats  
I might advise  
You type of guys should revitalize  
Your man power, I sabotage the fire flys  
With a dope rhyme  
Take control of your soul  
Grab a fourty fo' for the po's  
Get your broken nose  
Opponents go to shows  
Now they know their robes damn hoes that fold my clohtes  
I bark at these, mark MCs, park and freeze  
My world hypothesis  
Kill beasts like heart disease  
Man please  
You can never fuck with the Eso-teridactyl  
My rap skills will thrash you  
Motherfucker

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