

# The Plague (feat. Madchild, Ubiquitous)

## Prozak

In it's absent minded state  
The unconscious starts to... Yeah, yo  
An Illuminatic product  
Consuming klonopins  
Pass the point of vomiting  
So please pass me the Crown again  
I'm an anomaly, classification; oddity  
These paranormal lyrics summon spirits  
Like the conjuring  
Style is ominous  
High velocity esophagus  
Rap Nostradamus, the prophet of all apocalypse  
Emerging from the dirt  
Still underground but surfacing  
I'm verbally disturbing  
Leaving you nervous like a murder scene  
In fear and lonely  
Somebody pass me the Thorazine  
Before I get to cutting you open  
Like Michael- Halloween  
I'm kinda psycho with a knife  
Slice you to smithereens  
Waking up in bloody clothes  
Just hoping it was all a dream  
Perhaps insanity  
Orphan to the Manson family  
Born to cause calamity  
For the form of vocabulary  
Decapitation of my enemies and adversaries  
Lyrically, injecting Black Ink into their capillaries  
\*scratching\*  
K-K-Killers a-a-and m-masochists  
T-T-The Hitchcock of Hip Hop  
Ill as Strange Musi-Music  
U-B-I, suicide-cide-cideAye  
Every time I snap it's invigorating  
Cause every line I spit is as cold as a refrigerator  
These new kids, little babies in defibrillators  
Vigorous deliverance without a picture pixelated

Passionately accurate  
And I don't rap for pacifists  
I make music for psychos, killers and masochists  
Every time I let out a verse, it's like a smashing fist  
Kids losing their mind, like it's a crashing disk  
Define challengers, mind's a nine caliber  
Future going back in time  
Like Mayan calendars  
Madchild's a lycan, terrible fang bearer  
White boy, spitting heavy metal like I'm Pantera  
My mind's smoking, blown to main fuses  
Misguided angels, down with Strange Music  
These new kids, not actually solid  
just to smash and demolish  
Yeah  
This is that drama the lab built  
Prozak, B. Axe clan collabing now that's real  
U-B-I, celebrated I'm on but sad still  
Cause I have yet to find my Tom Murillo and Brad Wilek  
Pumping black milk like this fucking track will  
Shut em- Shut em down, Onyx, Jazzy Jeff, mad skills  
Ya'll blind and I'm reading braille  
But never seeing , see when they try to succeed they fail  
Boy I'm serving well  
Despite me, being a white geek  
Your raw shady and half sheisty I'm double hyphy  
You cry babies, I grind daily  
You struggle nightly  
I'm loving life so ladies love me I cuddle wifey  
Yo, that's tough to watch  
Until they lost one  
They never know what they got  
Not a Rob Schneider I just fuck a lot  
Bumping and grinding like the grown-ups do  
Oh you don't love this shit  
Then suppose that I don't love you, you bitch  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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