

Skull & Guns (feat. Everlast & Slain)

DJ Muggs & Ill Bill

Every Kennedy was assassinated by the Illuminati
They should've went to Yankee Stadium for Giuliani
Said Halliburton impersonated Sunni jihadits
Or at the Black Sabbath show pulling UZIs on Ozzy
Experts in judo and karate, shooters with shotties
Use computers to rob commodities, abuse technology
Produce monopolies, Google and Youtube robbery
Automatic, in other words these goons shoot constantly
Starting innocent enough until the militants come
Bringing bow and arrow nukes and guerrillas with guns
But sometimes it's like killing a cockroach with a sledgehammer
Buying black market hummingbird stealth-cameras
Beyond the gates through the eyes of horror
Walk the seven churches channeling a fiery aura
Cautionary tale, extraordinary rendition
Torture me in jail and then the warden went missing
x2

Yo we just talking, conversations with God
Shout at the Devil, hundreds of rebel martyrs assemble
Under a black flag with the white skull and guns on it
Drink vodka straight out of the bottle and puff chronic Yeah I can feel the fire again, the clench
in my jaw

The rage in my chest, the stress in my palm, the pressure is on
The message is still reckless, my death-wish is gone
My focus is back, I'm sharp and obsession is strong
Critics told me that my message was wrong, they wasn't listening right
Poetic prophet with the petulant storm
With the testament torn, smoking angel dust inside of Bible pages
My records was born from passion and survival rages
From people seen passing locked inside of cages
Running streets and hiding gauges, I'm performing live on stages
As positive as it can be for me

It's my prerogative, are you sure you want to beef with me?
Nah you too chickens are too fishy, smelling faggoty and trashy and maggoty
Holding the liquor bottle nothing can stagger me
People love to hear stories of riches to raggedy
But what about the snitches and bitches always nagging me?
I don't sleep, I don't rust, in God I trust
Got a blood, got a cash, got a power lust
Got a bag of trick knowledge and an eye that's all-seeing
While you're waiting on the comeback of your supreme being
Master technician of the superstition

Doctor and a scholar, apocalyptic horror
Since Genesis I spit Revelations
Within infinite patience I United Nations
I'm the rising sun, I'm the new tomorrow
I'm the skull on the gun, I'm the song of sorrow
I'm the thirteenth hour, I'm the wisest owl
I'm a soul-eating predator, I'm on the prowl
I'm the stolen land, the wisest man
I'm the hidden hand, I'm the oldest plan
I'm the shifting shape, I'm the changing form
I'm the novus seclorum, I'm the coming storm

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>