

Angel of Death

Swollen Members

Nothing can hurt us now
What we have can't be destroyed
That's our victory, our victory over the dark
Been bombin' before, Andromeda's core
Islamic's at war, blood red on the floor
I'm in my own lane, ten game hitter
Friends get bitter, someone that they won't get rid of
We had the dopest litter, bunch of Bowe, Riddicks
Rappers with pro fitteds, we had no critics
I fuckin' flow with it, my soul is so acidic
A style that you won't mimic cause this is no gimmick
I'm fuckin' Madchild, bastard, I'm my own man
Now I'm a grown man followin' a program
I'm tryin' to get myself security like Homeland
Health, wealth, family, and definitely romance
Colder than a snowman
We are 'bout to blow, man
Steady like a slow jam
Heavy like a cro-mag
Verifying that I'm terrifying with every entry
Rapper of the month? We are rappers of the century
Your shit is elementary
Time we hit the gates we'll be rappers of the century
Petty loads of chemicals brother
I'm a black shark in dark water
Crashin' through your boat and your rudder
They won't discover you motherfucker, you're lost as sea
Twenty tentacles wrap around you like the roots of a tree
From the incubator straight to incinerator
Open up the steel gates, a modern day liberator
Grey matter data ate a rapper for lunchtime
I want my revenge like I came from a mummy's mind
I ain't scare of no ambulance, magic spells and sunshine
Energy points, portals, ports, and landlines
Great minds alike think, strike down the weaklings
Light tower, watchtower, watch how the beacon blink
Deeper drink down potion, poison earth, ocean water
Barbara is so filled with 'plistic, mask of Phantom of the Opera
Watch out for chandeliers crashin' through the floor, Joyce
Poor choice of words, never hear my voice say those
Yeah, you underneath the heavy waves, color of colbalt
Salt stick float box, tempature so cold
Big drops of freezin' rain, born to reign upon this plane
You call it reality, I call it a pawn in game

Kill the king, capture flag, drag the bag to vulture valley
If that's just to far to drive, leave it in the back of alleys
Steal the ring, capture flag, drag the bones to harbor's bend
If that shit to far to swim then leave em in the garbage bin

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