

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.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>