

## **Pumpkinhead f/ The Plague**

### **"Monkey Shine"**

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[dialogue from the movie "12 Monkeys"] "Look, have any of you heard of The Army of the 12 Monkeys? They, they paint this. They, stencil this on the sides of buildings everywhere. Have you seen this?" "Mr. Cole?" "Have you seen this?" "Why don't you just take your time, and try to explain this whole thing from the beginning." [GMS] I'm tired of hearin about your theoretical skills Like underground was a miracle pill like you lyrically ill You could get offered a deal for three quarters a mil' and still suck like you underwater breathin through gills You enter every battle tryna get a few kills Get a few thrills and can't write a song that'll sell a few mil's You could join Cypress Hill and NEVER +B-Real+, better to chill The Plague spread and will increase your medical bills You worthless (hey) we above the clouds and beneath the surface in each state, city, borough, town where CD's get purchased Even if we re-word this these words'll leave you nervous Don't ask, don't tell faggot or you'll be asked to leave the circus [Pumpkinhead] It's The Plague man, beatin us is dead like a graveyard Don't get your head chopped off like "Braveheart" The 12 Monkey Army, move like a bunch of zombies on Harleys We the +Angels+ of apocalypse, not Charlie's I'm the type to beat down a car thief with my son's car seat, and stop his heartbeat (b-boom, b-boom) Y'all don't want beef, y'all all weak, we twelve deep Night of the creeps, we patrol your streets Don't make me blam your team up - you ain't tough! You a +Warrior Princess+ like Xena with C-cups R&B diva on this beat I back clean up And got black kids jumpin like the cast of "Sarafina!" 12 Monkeys is the clique, biohazard's the symbol Y'all fools ain't nimble, your rhymes is simple Don't Erick Sermon your career, it's flyin out the window How many ways to end you, offend you? Quadruple, six million, reptilian Cold-blooded chameleons hangin from the ceilin I paralyze myself, just to kill you with no feelin Eel skin scaly, move like Hailey's Comet through the projects, flying objects In a cockpit with Davy Crockett rockets Cock and bust it, double-barrel musket That could cut down a grizzly to the size of a Teddy Ruxpin

[Blitzkrieg] Uhh, Blitz, yo Lightin in, I strike in the wind,  
I strike and I win I might get some Henn' and I'll strike  
on a whim Ya hype man hypin at you and I'm hypin at  
him Brooklyn belongs to us, I got a RIGHT to defend I'm  
terrific with the freestyle in spite of the pen You hear a  
freestyle, go home and write it again So when I go right  
past the writin and go right to your chin Those odds  
swell up, develop, bruise and then tighten the skin You  
might be a Mighty Mouse but fightin mightier men We  
ride in custom choppers with twins, you bikin on  
Schwinns We got custom twin choppers that could chop  
off your limbs This the beginnin for us, for you a  
frightenin end Blitz! [Kameel-Yen] It's the, beat's  
perfection I'm speech injectin With inflection to make  
men reach erection Put a tec to them wanna-bes,  
haters and yes-men Spread quick dead shit, kill 'em off  
from infection It's not just an expression sayin we're  
+Lethal Weapon+ Plus it's still packed, don't stink,  
seed insection Give your man drugs, get cops to arrest  
me Gangrene boys in blue is your only protection,  
c'mon [Wild Child] Watch out now! It's so tragic how I  
add another cadaver quick You think I'm on some  
magic abracadabra shit? Half of you scatter, half of  
you rappers attract to it like mag-nets Don't have to  
straight up smash my elaborate lab within my labyrinth  
- The Plague Collaborative narratives assassinate you  
characters Even the baddest kids disbarage when I  
carry 'em like Passion of Nazareth, it's so embarrassin  
So amateur, low caliber, no stamina Too often awful off  
and on camera Before my primates get irate You better  
peel cause we hungry like seven plus five apes [DP One  
scratches] "Y'all don't want beef, we twelve deep, y'all  
all weak" - Pumpkinhead "The 12 Monkey Army" -  
Pumpkinhead "Assassinate you characters" - Wild Child  
"The Plague spread and will increase your medical  
bills, you worthless" - GMS "Kill 'em off from infection" -  
Kameel-Yen {\*scratch\*} "And fallin victim to The  
Plague" - Wyclef Jean "Brooklyn belongs to us, got a  
RIGHT to defend" - Blitzkrieg "12 Monkeys is the clique,  
biohazard's the symbol" - Pumpkinhead "This the  
beginnin for us, for you a frightenin end" - Blitzkrieg  
[Pumpkinhead - singing] Rosario Dawson, you know  
you're my boo (my boo) I saw "Alexander" and "Kids",  
I'm fallin for youuuu And I know tomorrow, you'll still be  
the same Cause you got some big ass jugs, girl don't  
even change cause Eeeee-veryyyyy day, I think of your  
boobs in my face Put 'em on the glass and make 'em  
shake, with a smile Take time to tell me (to tell me)  
you'll really care And we can sip this bottle,  
togetherrrrrr We can drink this Henny (Henny) forever  
Foreeeeeeeeeeeeeeverrrrr... touchin your boobs

{\*laughs\*}

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