

Random & K-Murdock

"Epoch"

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[Verse 1] The dark sider, strider, mach rider tomb raider, tune slayer soul survivor I wear a halo but more like a dark angel I'm the king of the fighters, my fury is fatal god of war like the mighty thor, you a dinosaur extinct-tryna find a link to the past I crack down on wack clowns, and make em back down no more heroes - cuz they don't wanna rap now keep my metal gear solid--my modern warfare cast dark clouds every several years you could never question my dedication the beat resonatin while I'm awaitin ya resignation since I was a cadet, every last cassette I record, had to hit em wit a mass effect while record execs recycling schemes sellin dreams to scores of little micro machines without a major deal still display the skill rhymes remain sharp like blades of steel I rampage the stage I'm so official make arch rivals double dribble so the ref blow the whistle It's like a duck hunt, I hold the pistol bomberman big ran wielding contra-banned in ten states for bein unusually brutally take 2 or 3 crews wit me musically compose beautifully get ya paperboy, but we aint dancin too many maniacs in the mansion couldnt stop it if you pop it we Bubble Bobble in the StarTropics, we gotta get the profits a far cry from the small fries now how you feel, duct taped in the middle of silent hill you aint nearly as advanced as me so this is the last battle, your final fantasy [CHORUS] My time is now, and my moment is here I don't know any fears, so just open ya ears from the clubs to the cons, my buzz is the bomb even thugs on the grind, showing love to the rhyme My time is now, and my moment is here I don't know any fears, so just open ya ears from the clubs to the cons, my buzz is the bomb everybody on line showin' love to the rhyme [Verse 2] It's the overlord, man over board when I record my writin is ninja gaiden-lightnin my mic source drainin ya life force ring king southpaw but watch for the right cross aint no options when you in the shotgun you a wild gunman say hi to the top gun It's deja vu, cuz Ran's back in ya face boul, or we can turn the system up and make it a base (bass) war commit mad crimes never see no bid stack chips like a casino kids -in vegas

dreams trust I got the MUSCLE to touch you, I been a G
DJs say my records got legs like millipedes I slap earth
wind fire and ice out of rappers for tryna say that Ran
aint nice cuz I'm immortal and its more than a word we
can take it outside and go one on one like jordan and
bird kid kool, I skip school, still spit jewels, I'm too hot,
aint no safe place or cool spot, you a blabbermouth, tell
me what you mad about, we can have it out, turn the
stage to a splatterhouse archetype and the prototype
when I hold the mic they like true, I'm dynamite duke
I'm fresh and def-he rhymed, then Ran left stole the
show, they callin it grand theft the law cant concern
me, I'm a hundred and 0 represented by an Ace
Attorney parties I turn out then burn out do the
knowledge I'm what ya need to learn bout nobody
move till I say so get the pesos hells angel last remnant
of saints row I blaze blue and stay true I'm past ya
speed adhere to the rap assassins creed

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