

## 7 Profitz "Armageddon"

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March with me through the open breeze  
Before your mind burns in vain  
We're here today and yesterday  
My soul knows your name

Keep talking to me in that monotone  
I'm in stereo ready to let it go  
Just look at the scenario through the speakers  
I hear you moaning  
What's wrong with the world?  
What's left to live for?  
Question, did I mention?  
The message of love  
The air that I breathe  
That fills my lungs to succeed  
In letting these words linger  
Like Uncle Sam's cardboard finger  
Pointing at me It seems pointless to me  
A cold mic in my hand and the burning desire  
To ignite the stage on fire  
7 Profitz, 7 Profitz (words)

Chrous:

March with me through the open breeze  
Before your mind burns in vain  
We're here today and yesterday  
My soul knows your name  
Born two of a kind  
With the same human mind  
Surviving through inpatient eyes  
Because my patience is wearing thin  
In these revelations

Now I shouldn't write this rhyme right now  
But I'm destined to spit it  
I writ it for my critics  
Never quit it, stay with it until we hit it  
7 Profitz will flip your lid like a can  
Like the soldiers on the sand of Iran  
Were coming Grand  
Central Station that means we're taking the train  
Open your brain while we lyrically Explain another plane

Subconscious each line we're keeping it metaphorical  
Soldiers of the time I see signs that we're historical  
Conscious each line we're keeping it metaphorical  
Soldiers of the time I see signs that we're historical

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