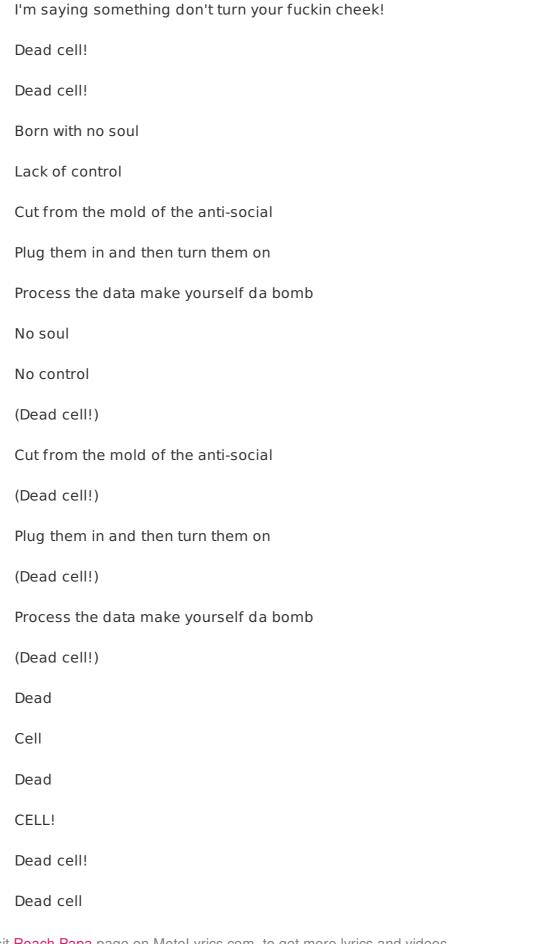
Roach Papa "Dead Cell"

Visit "Dead Cell" on MotoLyrics.com
Born with no soul
Lack of control
Cut from the mold of the anti-social
Plug em in and then turn it on
Process the data, make yourself da bomb
What is your target?
What is your reason?
Do you have emotions?
Is your heart freezing?
Seizin, this opportunity to speak
Ya didn't say nuttin but turn your fuckin cheek
Dead cell!
Dead cell!
Sick in the head
Livin but dead
Hear what I said
Learn a lesson from the almighty dread
Jah, nutty warrior
Nuthin's scarier

Kids are gettin sick like malaria

Situation gets hairier

I'm throwing up all types of barriers I'm tellin ya The kids are getting singled out Let me hear the dead cell shout Dead cell! Dead cell! Born with no soul Lack of control Cut from the mold of the anti-social Plug em in and then turn them on Process the data make yourself da bomb No soul No control Cut from the mold of the anti-social Plug em in and then turn them on Process the data make yourself da bomb Stop pointing fingers cause we all are guilty Of clean cut lies and the truth that's filthy Believer is the root of the word Out comes lie when it's cut into thirds I don't believe what my eyes behold No! I don't believe what my ears are told No! Seizin, this opportunity to speak



Visit Roach Papa page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.