

WWE

"Big Red Machine- Kane"

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Tombstone piles-drop, my designed assault
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought
Psychotic off of chronic mixed with rage and lust
Stompin all opposition til they brains is mush
No remorse from the force as the blood pour forth
I endorse only sports of the dangerous sort
Seven three, first degree, maniac unseen
And can't nobody stop the Big Red Machine

[Verse One]

Talk is talk, you don't know me, you don't see me
I move in silence, instinct straight violence
Quiet as kept, snappin necks for respect
Kane slew Abel, that I never regret
I'm a threat to the world, doom danger and death
Three counts to submission meet the savior hisself
Only thing left standin is the almighty Kane
Come in here, bring the fifth, and it course through
your vein

Chorus

[Verse Two]

C-Walkin with the Devil with the mask at my face
The way I DDT these fools, I'm bound to catch a case
Seven foot three with a tombstone that sit about ten
feet
Undertake'm to another street
Peep game though, we might do this for the theme
Cause everybody wanna see him do his thing
Quick to dust they ass off with them one-two-three's
I mean them three-two-one's, the show ain't even
begun

Chorus

[Verse Three]

My mentality is actually destroy and smash
anything in my path plus the Titans Clash
Bring a body, anybody, it don't matter the size
I arrive in disguise and my mission surprise

We just some loc'd out worldwide figures
I heard you want a match when I was with my
nephaleas
Fool you can't see us, we the Eastsidaz
And we all up in that ass like Adidas cause we riders

Chorus

[whispered]
I'm comin, I'm comin
I'm comin.. watch out, you better start runnin
I'm comin
I'm comin.. watch out, you better start runnin
I'm comin..
I'm comin, you better start runnin
Fool, cause I'm comin, I'm comin
I'm comin.. you better start runnin

Chorus

[whispering again to end]

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