

## WWF

# "Eastsidaz - Big Red Machine (Kane)"

Visit "[Eastsidaz - Big Red Machine \(Kane\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tombstone piles drop, my designed assault  
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought  
Psychotic offa chronic mixed with rage and lust  
Stompin all opposition till 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

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

Tombstone piles drop, my designed assault  
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought  
Psychotic offa chronic mixed with rage and lust  
Stompin all opposition till 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

C-Walkin with the Devil with the mask on 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-threes  
I mean them three-two-ones, the show ain't even begun

Tombstone piles drop, my designed assault  
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought  
Psychotic offa chronic mixed with rage and lust  
Stompin all opposition till 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

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

Tombstone piles drop, my designed assault  
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought  
Psychotic offa chronic mixed with rage and lust  
Stompin all opposition till 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

[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

Tombstone piles drop, my designed assault  
I'm the product of the bottom of a mindless thought  
Psychotic offa chronic mixed with rage and lust  
Stompin all opposition till 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

[whispering again to end]

Visit [WWE](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.