

The Rodentz f/ KillahBeeHoney

"Blast from the Past"

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['Blade: Trinity' sample] Dracula: Look at them down there Scouring around like insects They don't know anything about honor Or living by the sword, not like you and I do Do you think they could ever grasp, what it means to be immortal? Blade: You're not immortal I must of heard hundreds of you rodents Make the same claim Each one of them had tasted the end of my sword Dracula: Perhaps I will to then But I think it is more likely the next time we meet You fought for mine [Chorus 2X: KillahBeeHoney] I would like to introduce you to The Rodentz Any moment, don't move, so smooth on the track Do it slow, do it fast, blast from the past [Cno Evil] Shout out to my godfather Gino Was the first one who let me taste that vino It's Cno, gettin' cream like Casinos Goodfella like DeNiro, I'm slick like Pacino Order a bottle of San Pellegrino, a cup of cappucino Discussing scripts with Tarantino I used to roll, with the alias Baby Gambino Now I'm Evil, causing disasters like El Nino So I go, the blast from the past on the track Hit it real slow, turn it up I'm going fast I collapsed, when I got up, I had a relapse Perhaps, the traps got gaps, I checked the map Ready to scrap strapped on my cap, and my chaps I, went out the back, noticed the lads was shootin' craps I, picked up the dice, rolled it twice, and I broke even Mystics of the world, a King just like Stephen In my seven years of bad luck, I'm writing horror novels The proclamation of my redemption, just like a gospel Preached by The Rodentz, the central content revelation Frustrated in many locations, like gas stations Temptations of salvation, donations for vacations Creations of man made nations, all in formation What a, sensation, the vibration causes migrations Crustaceans, get cracked in more spots, than dalmations Combination cause a celebrat' by corporations Imitating animation, motivating population Transformation, my transportation reservation Situations regulated, preparing for Satan I'm hatin' the obligation of medication I'm meditating, for inspiration isolation The operation, my occupation is wasted This is your invitation for the manifistation [Chorus 2X] [Li-Mouse]

To begin is easy, to continue is hard
The weak get queezy, and they're left to starve
We might fall seven times, but we stand up eight
With a clean slate and New York as my mental state
I use pencils and pads as my locus and light source
Quickly I pick up the mic and focus my life force
Art, the illusion of the mind being spontaneous
As we shoot your view from a side like Gradius
We choose the path with, the least resistance
Way before the winter, travel, a far distance
As for some sayings, it ain't true, for instance
Listen carefully, money grows on the tree of persistence
I ain't trying to be the quickest, I just start to popping
Cuz the faster you write, the faster you rotten
Hate this if you like, but shit, we ain't stopping
So throw punches, kickers and JL's to keep it knocking
The tongue is only but, three inches long
Still with the abilities to kill a six foot man
and strong
The words to the song, put your mind where it belong
Feels we were around since Pong, am I wrong?
To accomplish my goals is a must, for example
No ramble, each of us in the wind is a burning candle
About to go out, God blows from the start
Instead we going like God Degree in shopping carts
But even at times a rat become a tiger
To fall back or attack is for you to decipher
The bad and good are intertwined like rope
Those that think all deserve to be provoked
King of Pop, priests, teachers looking at little children
Realize the problem ain't only in them but millions
With Satan holding our contracts saying to come sign
A true warrior keeps in mind that everyone will die sometime

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