

Vents f/ Mortar, Trials

"Full Metal"

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[Vents] Yeah.. one, two, fuck you! Ay, yeah, yo.. yeah, yo.. I got a dangerous mind like Christ in the temple Mental as anything, stand on the mount sound menacing Turn the other cheek, you get mad when your brother speak peace Burn clubs every fucking week Listen here, logic disappear Rational thought distort, this is fear This is year, two-double-oh-seven Cock back your weapon, is they your brethren? No, so bury that cockroach deep where the swagman sleep in the billabong creek I'm John Joseph, ferocious habitat Ballarat beat the rap, now that's a fact Word to Bon Scott, it's a long way to the top Jump, hit the granite, feel "Planet Rock" pump Dump the car, wipe the prints Rob the bank and feed the kids, motherfucker I'm back! [Chorus 2X: Vents] + (Mortar) + {Trials} That's that, fear the rebel (Mortar Shell) Pour on your eardrum gentle Full metal {Mr. Fuck-You} Vents the blood that flood through, my vein run blue [Mortar] Check.. The hell got ya +Shell+ shocked, I rock Normandy beach Undefeated like Tiger tank blitzkrieg in forty-three Stuka scream on the scene Me109 is in the skies fighting for liberty Hurricane driver, spitfire pilot Open up your eyes and wise up, fuckers! Might cut the ties that bind ya Loosed off the chain with the brain of a Rottweiler Switch the style up, flip, spit Shatter peace, speech, the brick The leash, the blood on my kicks I gotta eat, soil and green for the rich They leach off modern day slavery Profit off the populace, caged like an aviary One day we'll be taking to the streets Settle the vendetta where flesh and mettle meets the beast Hellhounds baring their teeth Marking the carcass, death breeds disease Their reach, the long arm of the law Swat team on the scene to guillotine the poor, fuck! [Trials] Check, check, check it out, uh Yeah, yeah, yeah.. It's like back once again is the Incredible Rhyme animal, genital general Half-court medicine balls, hook shot crack pot Lurking in the back lot, wrestling attack dogs Stepping out the shower, guerrilla in the mist Picking up the mic, put a killer in the mix Pillar to your chest, muffling a massacre Trampling your chest like a stampede from Africa T-rigger, serial beat killer Seat

filler quicker than I stick a dick to Reese Wither- -
spooning's for love-struck suckers Selling out your
mates for a piece of pussy, dumb motherfuckers! We
muck runners, slave wage, Sam son-of Kidnap the
drummer, make him play till the sun up Enemy to
summer, sleep deprived Don the cloak of the darkside,
creep at night, C'MON! [Chorus 2X]

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