

Craig David F/ Trell

"Anthrax Island"

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(Mad Child)

Yo, I'm a cannibal on Anthrax Island
Dine on my victims swervin' through pylons
Chamber music, car parked in dungeons
Stun gun, never sound redundant, funded
I don't give a fuck, more bang for your buck
You got shit to talk, you got's dick to suck
Repent my sins, wipe the prints leave the crime
Cold-blooded killers with medieval minds
The sober overdose poems roam like freight trains
The shit is back on weight gain, powder
No one man stand prouder
Pitbull, test a fire of gun powder.

Bright blue speck of light, cause from handstand
Dime in the jukebox, '65 Mustang
Pepsi Cola, palm tress, The Fonz
Mad stab with bayonet, girls spin baton
Three com platoon, full moon conquer
Longer, we stay in the lake we grow stronger
Molotov Cocktail, locked and loaded
Murder MC's for free with no motive
Hard time relaxin', not used to taxes
Sick Vikings roll with crossbow axes
Bang this bitch plus, who you really down with?
I'm all around the world
You're on some hangin' down town shit.

(Prevail)

Yo, that shit was dope

(Mad Child)

Yo thanks Prev, yo rock that shit.

(Prevail)

Two steps ahead, too hard to swallow this
Eye glass reflection tubes of astrologists
Stars, galaxies, galleries of harm's way
Front and back row's untamed
Crucial, using maximum amount of brain
Grinding the edge of my axe to stay awake

Lanes shifted, stay at a distance
Half my with the sentence, hail the viscous
Double helix, mumbling rejects
Hear in the rock terrible knuckles our defense
Buckle under the enormous pressure of my prez
Since I humble those with even the most eager of
intentions.

It hurts, when it works, in reverse and you find
That you truly have a mind of art
But your mouth doesn't want to help you out
When you speak and all you do is spit a line of chalk
I'm responsible for this, invisible pulsars on the wrist
What's a wrist, if you don't believe that one exists
Gases on Venus, dancers in Vegas
Pull up by them other pits (Shiiit) you can't mistake us
Eyes full of hunger, strive to pull you under
Eat a limited circle, speak in energy circles
Prevail One, The Rob The Viking, Mad Child
S and M we guaranteed, to breed the call of the wild

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