

King Geedorah f/ Trunks

"Lockjaw"

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"Where's the intruder?" "Looks like he went to the tower"

[Trunks]

Before I rock raps, I drink a keg of Listerine

Then I spit the freshest lines you'll ever hear for centuries

Then I form blazing sword and cut your mic cords

And kill them garbage rhymes only your friends get hyped for

Blitz your whole team, them niggaz need to come clean

So I give 'em an acid wash like old school Levi jeans

(Lockjaw!) Crackin your faulty frame

And I bring the house down without hijackin planes

Locked stocked with two smokin barrels and will use it

To fuck up more beats per minute than drum'n'bass music

Trunks ain't a rapper, he's a monster from the future

Twistin your body in more positions than Kama Sutra

Smart-ass, gettin the Last Word with Jim Jome

With a right hand like Dr. Claw that's known for breakin bones

{"I'll get you next time Gadget, next time"}

We can have a close encounter of the fucked up kind

"Time warp, set on"

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