

Bamboozlers

"Tower of Babble 2"

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(Cage)

You wanna shoot a video?
Bring a crystal to blonde busters
Wanna step to Weathermen, cause you all
cocksuckers!
Wanna Soldier Story? What's gold and gory
Pull the jury off some dead bitch in a crematory
Put 12 little faggots in the fucking dirt then crawl
Out your little girls jaw, and ask her, WHO'S BIZZARE?
I'm so underground I should seek production in China
Cut a dime in half, I got 2 licks, and one vagina
Find a therapist that I can eat out soon
Cause I'm so homesick, I miss mom's fallopian tubes
My vision is stillframe animation
Put a gun to a square, make him slice a mason
Pissing at Days Inn, got a dog for an agent
Studied virtue in the basement where my doctor tried
to keep his patients
Paint a portrait, four minutes, no rush
While fools clock in a circle to dissect the brush

(Chorus) X2

Half step? Can't walk
Drunk slut? Pants off
Fake jack? Can't talk
This mic? Hands off
New jack? Get taught
Weak shit? Get caught
Your crew? Shits off
Wack bitch!

(Copywrite)

Dr. Strange will slop your Range with a stinking bucket
of piss
And cockblock your brain if you think you fucking with
this
By Christ, I'll summon this shit
Son of a bitch, up in your crib fucking your bitch with
one of my fists
Pants sagging low, hand smacking hoes
Get down with the Klan just to slit the Grand Dragon's

throat

The way I see, everything on this damn earth is free
Murder beats, and turn MC's to hamburger meat
First coming of Copywrite, thief with the mic
Creep like a thief in the night, sneak in your crib, leave
with your wife
Repent for your recordings
When the engineer said your vocals were too hot,
What he meant was they were distorted
Explain how your venom harms your prey, and you're
hard to slay
When your DJ's dressing up in women's lingerie
For Eons I infect y'all with Agent Orange,
If you don't know the words to these verses, don't even
sing the chorus

Chorus X2

(Eon)

I stay Unbreakable like David Dunn
The Philly native son,
You Mr. Glass on mics
The jaded one
Check out this ill crew's onslaught
Your career's a Hot97 afterthought
It's not my fault the ass fall in the ?past fought?
Now who's that kid from Space Mountain?
Looking like an accountant, highly touted, off and on
again
Really hip hop needs to take 5 like Donovan
I end my quote nice with bong hits and ??????
Send me the fuck back to ???????? please
Or release EC's from the hospital for joint disease
See the weasel on Da Vinci's easel
With the Mona Lisa oil paintings, shavings and
scrapings
Combined with championship trophy engravings
Clowns rock from foul grounds to out of bounds
You couldn't see my ass if I was wearing hospital
gowns

Chorus X2

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