

Creed

"Master's Degree"

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[Intro: Block McCloud]

Brooklyn Ac', muthafucker

You better off dead bitch, check this out, yo

[Block McCloud]

Well if you walk into my thoughts, you'll be wantin' out,
ain't walkin' out

I got you now, I'm Block McCloud, welcome to the
haunted house

Slaughterhouse, and homes to all your lost children
On milk carton pictures, who wants to visit? Thoughts
are vivid

Forces drippin', a few sandwiches short of picnics

Kids is held hostage, hidden, for cost of living

You never seen a more starving artist, desperate

Flows is dark and twisted, not to mention shark
invested

I'm the killer mortician, victims frost bitten

Scar vision, charred flesh, is authentic, heart wrenching

Stalk women caught defensless on park benches

Chop a carcass in mark trenches, I'm sharper than Bob
Ventures

I'll stop your body from working

Hit you so hard in your head you're not even certain

Spit ungodly verses, and erge a shot

My "murder inc" spills and kills careers like Irv Gotti,
send out the search party

Dig dirt, the deepest, I'm Earth's secret

And search like these crypts, that's cursed in Egypt, the
surface teach us

Sinkin', fifth deadly venom spread within him, spread
like cancer

Temper tantrum, hit the bangers, send to damn 'em

[Jean Grae]

I place a rock on the gas pedal and drive

Til the cops blockin', I'm locked in a box, scratchin' the
bars with an ox in my socks

Moments later, become the deputy sheriff slayer

The methods of mayhem, chaotic, methodicly sayin'

I'm like a messagenist, messagin' the track when we

diggin'

And broke in, fine like grind, until it's finally ready
I'm worse then the kids in the Omen and Sharmen
combined

So I confide in a rhyme, with companions, that say that
I'm outta my mind

I'm steadily grindin' like Amish kids in the morning
Swarmin' like praise the Locust in Biblical times
I'm chokin' the river, with sickness, when being
delivered this

Lyricist, slash stones or slash you, will shank you with
the coat hanger

Mad Hatter rap that a, blast you with a black banger
Nah, I'd rather slap you with a loud, or then back nigga
So fall back, like a clapped animal, trapped in a cage
With taser shot to it's shit, deep like the rest of the pig

[Pumpkinhead]

I take flows to the extreme, but I don't skateboard

You got 'Kit Kat' raps, they easy to break off

I was born a peasant, but should've been born a king

I'm underground, unseen like an snuff film porn ring

I'm a bully like Devo, one man with three flows

The eye of the tiger, spitting a disease flow

X-Files mixed with Creep Show

Amityville book a career, with it's Eloheim with a deep
flow

Brooklyn Ac's the squadron, plague is the other half

The shit we spit'll lift your click, like a hovercraft

This is it, you swimming with sharks in a rubber raft

I grab your leg and pull the veins out your fucking calf

Columbine slash big punish Shaft

Elephant guns aimed out your lungs, and blow out your
fucking back

2004, the start of an arising

One hand on the plan, the other hand on the bible

I'm the man, your ghetto American Idol

Mister Diaz, wack suckers, will put it on vinyl

You a toy, pushing a trunk made by Tyco

I hang kids over balconies, like I'm Michael

[Killah Priest]

It's Priest, ghetto rabbi, black ties, clap nines

Bats fly, hell's open, shells smokin', mother cries

Tears of fire, here's that writer

Prepare to life us, grip the mic like pairs of pliers

I dance on track, handle gats

Deep lyrics, I was always too advanced for that

Brook's magical wind, but nope, I deal with crooks

Daggers and knives, I master the mind

Crafted the rhyme, like witches, the stew

Cook up like brew, my kitchen, hot pots, stove and
kettles
Listen, the voodoo doll promotin' ghetto
Twist rappers like pretzels
Try'nna throw the salt in the game
Get caught in the flames
Melt ya'll down, only God can help ya'll now
I sit alone in the throne, with a belt and crown
Constant dreams that I'm Constantine
Guided by angels, rose with armored wings

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