

Die Schroeders

"Wake Up"

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Wake the fuck up (12X)

Chorus:

Yo wake the fuck up or get broke the fuck up
The wisdom we apply Son soak this shit up
If it was sess Son niggaz would smoke this shit up
So wake the fuck up or get broke the fuck up

Verse One: Madman

Yo yo yo we are street soldiers of the dark side of the planet
I kill killing orders like a lieutenant
Hit the planet Earth then explode like a human cannon
The universal author, born to kill saga
Givin niggaz head trauma
Bulletproof shield is made of gold armor
Brain surgeon is aversions my purgin mind urban
Scientists found killed and wrapped up in curtains
Casualties, flashbacks, now simply that
I attack like a rat, serious as a heart attack
Professional assassinator professor
Assassinate your mindstate and broke the metal plate
Lyrical Nostradamus, psychotic mind of Sadaam
Ex-con, attack the Pentagon
with unorthodox firearm from Vietnam
I crucify em, like Muslims murdering jews from Jerusalem
Now who's the supreme lyricist? You can't seize this
When I die, my name'll be worshipped like Jesus
War visual individual incriminate the criminal
My culture nickel put holes in your face like dimples

Chorus

Verse Two: Hell Razah

Brains get unfrozen when they oppose, as we unfold
Futuristic scrolls that was prophesized scriptures
Hitting an untold, I roll with my skull and bones

made of solid gold, skin is closing up
Approach your home, with a war, Armageddon in my
home
Wisdom mind ruler mental intruder
From the tribe of Judah
Devils disappear like they went through the
Bermuda, triangle, erupting on Ryzarector tracks
like volcanoes, so God swear to me
I appear two years sample revolution in the burning cup
Constitution, learned too much, came off must return
Observe the facts, delivered by, blacks
Soon as we unite the sky cracked
A group of UFO's formed a seven in the heavens
God celebrate devils death day signal
Jail let loose the criminals, bystanders died
Waiting for miracles we giving you

Chorus: 1/4

Verse Three: Killa Sin

Yo, I make your heart thump like tree stumps
be crackin concrete chumps released once
the Earth shifts, vocal points clips he wrote and missed
Killer vocalist, load his fist blessed with loaded gifts
Golden clips, shotty slipped like psychotic hits
in soldier flicks, who wrote the shit superior
Mines combine the modus click
Enterprise like German spies, keep my eyes on Soviets
Stay Russian my direction I'm wettin like a leaf bone
Freak poems, seek thrones, to call home where freaks
bone
To each his own, chrome zones, be cloned like
chromosomes
So the chrome, the golden toned champ whip rollin
bones
fire's on, blazin hot trails at night, barren ville
Shotty still collaborating on tracks with Bobby Steels
Generate a mil, Killa Bee law, kill or be killed
Know the ledge, finally, our justice has revealed

Chorus

Verse Four: Prodigal Sun

The 43rd conviction, incarcerated in hell for eternity
But my mentality and chemistry made me celestial
through the galaxy
Sparks friction, generating through evaporation
Slay through meditation, your body is now liquidation
Even your hemoglobin is swollen with corrosion

Amputated and rated physical zone disintegrated
That's what niggaz face when fuckin with the Sunz of
Man
Go to the dungeon I could lead a hundred men, with a
golden pen
Forced to intercept with the click from Shaolin
Killin devils, scatter they ashes over the sea of
Mediterranean
That's my trademark, PS burned in my victims heart
I be the Star from afar illuminating through the dark
Another burning face of death
The intiation of the Mason, 186 my name's left in the
Book of Revelation
Reminescing about the days, raising hell
Representative of a mind, able to lead a city what
technicality of mankind
Mistake trying to keep me behind the closed doors of
reality
All three eyes to the revolution can now escape the
blind state of confusion
Trials and tribulations of the original nation
Leaves a headache, the only chance of elevation
Unite with the black coalition
Sunz of Man, population click, Wu-Tang Clan
First the Killarmy, eat your skeletons, buried in the
Promised Land

You better wake the fuck up!
That's word life!
Don't sleep!
We don't be having that shit no more!
Word is bond this is as real as it's going to get
Wake the fuck up (4X)
Killarmy, Wu-Tang Clan
Word word, Shaolin
Wake the fuck up
Get the actual facts
Better fuckin resurrect

Chorus

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