

EI-P**"The Hang, The Front, The Bush And The Shit"**

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(Pass me the tiger piss)
I tunnel rat into the hidden habits of collage dog
inferno
No turning paths back(charlie attack!)
The half man have orders to burn the village
And come out with both hands intact
I'm not a mechanism born from disdain, I had to be
trained
Now I catcall with dead walkers
I'll send a postcard form the Nang
If I can get onto the roof in time to hang
From the leg of this last chopper

Son of an obese burner perturbed to grow in a row
Of rotating blood colors on brick textures
And others modified climates make nasty tongue
plunge
(head shots)
With opposite of chameleon blends from cartoon
dreadnoughts
There was this parasite inside my wide intestinal tract
That took over my bark box before I had a chance to
take my life back
And his deformed banter suprised me (where at?)
At the recruiters office, learning how to get a head in
advertising
He said:
"Sure, others have passed, this is a gate to definition
But thats not the singular attraction to the setup
Not the action or the sacrifice of past draftees
Actually more of a layaway ducats plan
For the young get up and go out motivators
See the new soldiers smolder different

From that antiquated taste of stately hatred"
Well I came from melting options on the D train to the
lobby
See academics played second in my life
To unmatriculated brain hobbies
And I admire the dedication to you ranks
Plus want the training

Loss is not a big problem it's all about what I'd be
gaining,
"Well you'll get power, respect, an audience, a check, a
car, Money for
school, honey with uniform fetish on your tool,
You'll travel, form bonds, be a part of something
have a structure, catch bullets..."
(catch bullets?)
"...I meant cash bonus
See this gold plaque, you could own it
After killing half a million
It's such a good feeling
To earn your country's respect and love
So what do you say son, are you my man?"
Fuck it, sign me up

Rock rock b boy, rock rock mang
The nang, the nang, the nang, the nang
Rock rock b boy, rock rock mang
The nang, the nang, the nang, the nang

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Emerson Lake Palmer aka dirty larva spray harder
What a marvelous martyr maker
50 gig tone hold old dusty digital makeup
Melt with me slower this round
Technical retardation sound round one sound the
hardest
Heartless
Heartless harvest, farthest, fahrenheit allotted
The hot shit, hopped up and shifty
Shift shit sickly, monster
ancient makeshift ministry mic on Nervous slur
bomb teleprompter, sights on
Laser head looks like a linguist
fighter lights flurry down Rounds like a ration
Allied force stranded
Stranded like a lord of the bugs and disbanded
Better bring the band aids
Hustle shit fantasy gun talk
Erotic logic walks out of boxes
Dead thug hug slug, metal like molten
De-evolve thug, crawl back in the ocean
Hoppy Horatio choke on broke potion
Broke and most potent to float, flank the facts

Face the fucks with flak jackets
Jack of all trade
Embargos, faded like '88 Kane fashion
I'm back like packers
Mongoloid melody tracked backwards, broken into
fragments
With terpentine flows that broke down biblical tablets
Broken down handicapped cats leave in traction
The breath of sick death leaves a chest convexed with
no F
Six steps to infected waste container misery
Fat thighs chafe in the summer from humidity, humid
unhuman
Brains that bloom tulips
Caught between animal thoughts and what was taught
by Confucious B-boy
lucid, ugly motherfucker for faces of art addicts
Just for my people
Persecute plagiarist dangerous at a close range
Dose brains close to the range
To rope frames for the celebrity roast
Most celebrity aspirations get tossed in the moat
With the mackerel, actual track catapult
Corpses act animate
Walk around the back yard munching on brain cabinets
Sad but erratic
Irregular predator with bad brain magic
Magic is a Siegfried and Roy with boy special
Batter the tapestry with bruises
Born to leak from alpine box in hot cruiser (straight
bruiser)
With chain mail coats and bullet proof chokers
The most you can hope is to only get half choked
That's half a joke
I'm adamant, AWOL to the last atom
Active ax handler, handle hurt merchandise
Flirt, with inert word device devised
Formed pertinent ties
Tied to word commando kids, rise
Show me those New York eyes
Isolation eats at the face of phrase biters
Bite bleak void, small world big noise
Swallowed by void, wallow with toys
Hollow metal slugs penetrated
Just demonstrated
Fuck your fake face I hate it

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