MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Firefall

"I Was Forgotten"

Visit "I Was Forgotten" on MotoLyrics.com

"The roughest, roughest, roughest (Say What?)" --> Rage (Repeat 8x)

[Godfather Don]

MotoLyrics

Why can't anyone understand that I'm meticulous I reek of putrified flesh The soul serated, contaminated with rhymes illaminated Exhuming each and every last cell from you Kind of clinical, phorensical, with sound under Clowned ob my niggas then you wack 'em with brown numbers Sound winners when I swarm with spawn to the sound comers In an embryonic state I race like cess and a creapatiting bowel Caused by stress makes up a large mess Of your whole mic, that's what your soul's like, foul sense When spit drips from your oral cavity I slit wrists The blood letter with a Beretta, don't give a Playfight, bust this rip shit on your gravesight Then I make charred remains of your mescalated glaucoma Til the last bone in your coffin was often Then I spat on ya, rancid remains lay stinkin' Even OJ asks "What the FUCK were you thinking?!" "The roughest, roughest, roughest (Say What?)" (Repeat 4x)

I'm sick, I crash cadavers and suck brains through it Cerebelums callidoscopic, my melon retains fluid Divine intervention between your living spleen Seems erratic, static, having mattered to splattered Slightly burned dermis, as ?esca? faded, that corroded My desecrated cauldron where I skull men All in fall in, like blazed glass that shatter in The ?meckle blastic? I need it, your blood scatters And run for cover from the organism next Born in kicking necks, on the written text Spittle trickles and and oxygen to levels of blasfeme And devils, I was last seen with shovels Taking kidneys, collapsing jaundice, spit suckers Irrigating your grating, I'm shoving mics up your tuchus All types of shit gets stripped from your hollow huss I swallow dust and moisten your corpse with aloe musk Plus trespassers get bust by just the tusk Releases diseases, Jesus must have rushed on us Crush the pus dripped on the blade and I licked it Hold your sack and plit it from your cue biters to ditches, damn

"The roughest, roughest, roughest (Say What?)" (Repeat 4x)

Godfather Don gives shoutout til fade

Visit <u>Firefall</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.