

## Jed Madela

### "Blood Reign Feat. Diamondback, Lous Logic"

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Yeah, Vinnie Paz baby  
2 G baby  
Army of the Pharoahs  
All that good shit

[Ikon the Hologram]  
Yo, yo  
The lawnmower man smashes  
Through your skull with battle axes  
We whip asses, with adjante daggers  
That slashes  
Crushing opposition like we was fascists  
Stigmata and four gashes  
We bashes, the faggots who can't attack it right  
Take they sternum and then turn them into my acolytes  
That's the sight of blood that make a child stop  
That's the rights of thugs that keep it wild hot  
I hate you, say to pray to a heavenly father  
It's fatal, like a NATO military armada  
We hotter, warriors from Atlantis  
Couldn't understand how raw the Hologram is  
The mantis who use the flame rod  
'Cause y'all couldn't physically bruise the name God

[Diamondback]  
Yo the technique, detrimental to your immune  
Leave you in the dust, let y'all niggas choke on fumes  
It's the tight mikes, aerodynamic, gigantic  
The shadow I cast is dominant, royal highness  
North Philly's own home-grown cham-pion  
Purposely remainin' unknown until shown  
Cold as stone, the stage, my home away from home  
I, prefer to leave these cloned niggas alone  
Buildin' a home for lost MC's gone wrong  
Feel the pressure when my team come on strong, it's  
QD

[Chorus repeat 2x]  
\*Stoupe scratches\*  
Don't ever try to...  
But can't the skill execute this right

Listen up y'all suckas to what I say  
Breakin out an unstoppable...

[Jus Allah]

Megatron is fuckin' monstrous  
Hoppin' out of Lake Loch Ness  
Every motherfucker in range is left top-less  
Quell my metropolis, like shit's cop-less  
Y'all cock-less, we stuff y'all in boxes  
For stuffed pockets, yo my thugs is thick  
Thug'll diss em, when we gotta put a slug in your bitch  
Splatter your dame, Pharoahs we shatter your brain  
'Till a nigga's salary change to lateral game  
Like Calgary Flames, puttin' fire on ice  
Put me in hell, for puttin' four nails in Christ

[Louis Logic]

I'm like Billy Goat Gruff under the bridge at Governor  
Ridge  
Waitin' to knock heads off, I'm a mean son-of-a-bitch  
With an itch to misbehave and wave a switchblade  
In front of your face so close to leave your whiskers  
shaved  
To disengage, or rip the pages from your notepad  
And shove 'em up the hole between your lower back  
and gonads  
The only way your rhymes would be the shit  
You need to read a script on playin' gay 'cause you cats  
could eat a dick  
Servin' sucka MC's a fifth of the drunken stylin'  
Rippin' M-I-C's like a pub in Dublin, Ireland

[Chorus]

[B.A. Barakus]

Hey yo I got a fetish, to see flesh rip  
When my Tek spits, breakin' the bone where ya'll chest  
is  
I dare a nigga to try and battle  
I'll put the sweat in your palms when you swallow you're  
adam's apple  
Eat MC's like Chupacabra was eating cattle  
Defeat disease with palabras, frequently in battle  
Make the hardest man fall back and start to squeal  
Haul a fifth to his face, taste the steel  
This why I got pro deep and stay ruthless  
You useless, Fuck with us and leave toothless  
We're often known as psycho-drama dispensors  
Paralyze niggas then put 'em in trauma centers

