

King Geedorah "Lockjaw"

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Where's the intruder?
Looks like he went to the tower

Before I rock raps, I drink a keg of Listerine
Then I spit the freshest lines you'll ever hear for
centuries
Then I form blazing sword and cut your mic cords
And kill them garbage rhymes only your friends get
hyped for

Blitz your whole team, them niggaz need to come clean
So I give 'em an acid wash like old school Levi jeans
(Lockjaw)
Cracking your faulty frame
And I bring the house down without hijacking planes

Locked stocked with two smoking barrels and will use it
To fuck up more beats per minute than drum 'N' bass
music
Trunks ain't a rapper, he's a monster from the future
Twisting your body in more positions than Kamasutra

Smart ass, getting the last word with Jim Jome
With a right hand like Dr. Claw that's known for
breaking bones
(I'll get you next time, gadget, next time)
We can have a close encounter of the fucked up kind

Time warp, set on

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