

L.A. Symphony "The End Is Now"

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why even try
its time to die
the hell of myself is enough to defy
thoughts and plans of the next man and neighbor
its all in the hands of us now you catch its vapor
its been on this boat long enough to float
through hurricane winds and in the end still provoke
thoughts to actions actions to flyline
ive heard a few things
its the beauty of mindgear
'sides much upfront as you possibly can
a handshake aint nothing but the shake of two hands
business is business and friends are friends
whenever mixed the two and if you do their bound to
end
its sour notes for sour songs
and about the hope but i hope for the wrong
see im all about the truth and the few that i trust
so close to your dome
the wisdom discussed

chorus:

who wears the crown
came to tear your kingdom down
you rule the wild
how we 'bout to rule the town
you running now
go ahead hide yourself
hold your pride
we'll leave you with nothing else
the end is now x8

its gun denied to take your bazooka
its head to head combat or just simply shootcha
its the principle
its the wages of war
its all of our battle
more decept to the scoreboard
its no more words
its quite your death
its heavy breathing till theres no breath left

its peace and rest its

six feet deep

its your only strong and your weakest link

its no time to think

go with your first line

its too late to turn back

we've crossed enemy lines

its the climb of a lifetime without a rope

its no more notes

its no more hope

its to outvote the rest with jury to rule

its to be entertained by magicians and fools

its to throw the the riches the kingdom and jewels

its the last man standing that won the duel

chorus

i aint even playin with these fools no more

kick down the closed door

teach em what it shows for

no more hos or throw your hands up

nor any othere party and junk we're known for

just a core of mc's a line for war

and when its time for war the crew that aint signed no

more

the hungriest sharks will see your cut throats

so overboard throw you overboard see if your butt

floats

and whether or not the weather is hot

together we got a spot

so dont leave your soul alone to rot

we've been known to rock

till the ceiling falls

sampson on his tracks

we'll be seein y'all

its the end of the line

boogie with your own kind

may i remind you of the crew from time to time

against y'all bringin the ruckus and in time

hundred and ten times

faster the fact by end times

chorus

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