Cradle Of Filth "Akshon"

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[Intro - Andre 3000] + (Killer Mike)
(Let's do this {shit})
Yeah! Killer keeps it honest
Cause reality is perception with a weak stomach
Bubbling uneasy like the bowels of {hell} (Boo!)
Enough to make a black ghost turn pale
(YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!)

[Killer Mike] Ma-dden '04 This is the name that came, to alter the game My quarterback fires, slangin' that thang Two minute drill, we runnin' it mayne DE-FENSE, DON'T SLACK! Pushin' ya line, crackin ya quarterback Laying that wood, he's flat on his back Ya recievers is shook, missin they catch My recievers a dog, run and they fetch Ya runningbacks weak, left on his neck MADDEN IS IT, YEAH! No better feeling, then gripping the stick Returning my punts, nailing my kicks My runningbacks real, fakin' is sick HALF-BACK, DON'T STOP! Touchdown bound, Jeff, follow his block

HALF-BACK, DON'T STOP!
Touchdown bound, Jeff, follow his block
My offensive line, locking the block
Fourth and inches, we can't be stopped
Third and long, we stretching the field
Chasin the corner, see if he chill
OF-FENSE, WON'T STOP, NO!
DE-FENSE, WON'T STOP, NO!
Yeah we braggin, and hitting and taggin
On Madden 2004, YEAH!

[Chorus - Killer Mike]
Madden 2004, (YEAH!)
It's grime time, let's go (YEAH!)
Bringin the pain, I'm laying the wood
Quarterback status, I'm throwing it good
Madden 2004, (YEAH!)
It's grime time, let's go (YEAH!)

Running and gunnin, and stuffin the hole Nothing is realer, then 2004!

[Outro]

Nu-nu, that

Nu-nu

Nu-nu, for you-you

Nu-nu, for you-you

That, nu-nu

That, nu-nu

Nu-nu, for you-you

Nu-nu, for you-you

That, nu-nu

That, nu-nu

Nu-nu, for you-you

Nu-nu, for you-you

That, nu-nu

That, nu-nu

Nu-nu, for you-you

Nu-nu, for you-you

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