

Curse

"Dirty Decibles"

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YO!

Chorus: Pharaoh Monch
Microphone mutilator, ill translator
Dirty decible, qualified live
Livin, to fight another day, rhymes spray
Devestate your diagram in any meley
repeat

Verse One: Mr. Eon
Was gonna rip out your heart, show it to ya
Holes I couldn't find there, plus your mindless
Nicest, your reign is time on crisis
You trying to see me, you just might become eyeless
Even if you rewind this, I dumbfound the wisest
Scientists, slice ya spinless
Start to the end of us, we blend venomous
Tremendous nemesis to your mere presence
Undefeatable, inject placebos
Where the tree grows, is where the E goes
My ego's big too, ask your amigos
Megaton flasher, psychadellic thrasher
Boom-bam-basher, transluscent
I see through you too, you my student
The protege of the soulsonic, who want it?
Entise, you an addict to my phonics...Pharaoh!

Chorus

Verse Two: Mr. Eon
Hydrolic, your rhyme's prehistoric
To the most corsic MC, flame retarted, I've lost it
Major frame damage, better get Maaco
Cult member, survived Heaven's Gate and Waco, too
Fondu you, in your own cheese, Eon
Orange double-tron, complete live screen
Burnin up all the atlas with acid
Velocity even Chris Carter couldn't catch this
I got your squadron, with chronic head-nodded
Practice calisthenics, impress regiments
The best medicine against any rhyme virus

Follow in the path of Isis and Osirus
Iris and retina, see through the hopeless
Spittin, tryin to comatose this, the dopest
This is evident, I shine my defness
Pullin guns on critics like Wyclef did

I have graf artists breakin
B-boy's dee-jay'in
Dee-jay's spinnin on linoleum pavements
Breakers writin their name in graffiti
Plus everyone wanna be a fresh MC

Chorus

Verse Three: Mr. Eon

I wire-tap mics, plug in turntables
And glance is enhanced by advanced ?saran lance?
Have you trailed by my associates
Solely the holiest, they detect you the phoniest
The story be untold, they broke the mold
And burned the ingredients that's etched on the scroll
Screamin in your grill, still subliminal
Elegant, with the illest intent to hellband
Outspoken, with shit you be quotin
Slay aliens with this mic I be totin
Then rhyme over techno, the feed's from my echo
Chop men's torsos, bodily morsels
Stay mind-boggling, you can't equate
The essence of the turntable, great is the state!
Your fingerpaints, and I'm classic Greek sculpture
This mic toucher, leave your dome ruptured

Chorus (last word echoes)

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