

Rythem

"Holocaust"

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Featuring Dr. Doom Ghostface Killah Holocaust Ms.
Roxy

[Holocaust (Ms. Roxy)]
(Bobby Digital) Wu Tang Killer Bees
(Its all about Bobby I'm floatin in your galaxy)

You fallin down a endless tunnel of doom reality
Grahically my killer bee family stings the galaxy
Insanity titanium stomach devourin guiness
My flesh is solid stone despite my outer appearance
Made MC's sprout tumors so bad, lost facial features
Still deceases kill viruses, planets and racial creatures
Waste your peoples, left out in the rain, fountains of
pain
Holocaust, black man, lose vains, littered with thorns
Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shoutin my
name
Back-smack you so hard, all your seeds will be formed
deformed
Swarm dorms, sting birds, fling verbs like mean curbs
Strike three, mics flee, I infect em with green germs,
ringworm
'cause I'm filthy and guilty, dastardly, mastery
My felony melody has to be a bastards masterpiece
I'll break it simply, I'm horrifyingly empty
Stop graftin me, chump-ass niggaz eyein me, temp me
Spittin darts on the tip of a glacier used for my hide-out
Rock crush or german suplex, watch spines slide out
the side route
Forearm bash with twenty jabs on the ave. or your lab,
get stabbed in bloody
While, I'm sippin herbal teas, verbal bees plant fertile
seeds
bath
Bitches leave with broke backs, swollen palms and
purple knees
Circle thieves like vultures in deserts rest on a cactus
Got oscar nominee MC's stuck to my hatchet
Drastic, indescribable pain, I injure bars
While, Bobby's throwin razor CD's like ninja stars

[Rza]

chick-chick-chick-chick-chick-chick-chhhhh

Yo, yo, yo, dropped down a man-hole, yo, I rap ammo
Blows out your candle, check, yo
Dropped down a man-hole, I rap ammo
Blows out your candle, have Wu-Tang tagged up on
your tombstone by Jandel
Release the info, 4-4 increase your heart tempo
Scared your ass, you jumped through a closed window
To a hundred beats per a second, my mic's secret
weapon
Infertiate your style to that of Led Zeplin
Encyclopedia Britannica, Hanna Barbera, world of
superest incher
Couldn't give a proper word on the scripture of my
manner
You're just a flicker to my inferno, we burn for eternal
Jot us in your journal, we hot like a thermal
MC's delight - popcorn, we poppin every curnel
nuclear explosion, under my control of your country
My technique, he vocabulary freak
Recite for state, my divine is like Dante's Peak
At most, you'll be trapped off in PatMoss
Get smacked in the back of your neck with the black
toast
King Cobra, back blew back and bare foot
Poppin like Orville Redd'n Bocker or Betty Crocker
On the roof dusted out, waitin for carriers
The pop secret is the forty-five glock popper
Control men like rats that's controlled by Ben or Willis
American Express privelages, blood spillage
We got more balls then village
Star-spangled banner, soldier stand up
Thirty shot banana clip, full-loaded, radar scanners get
decoded
Cobra commander, stop the propoganda
Nexus floated, poison darts quoted
Digital warfare torments your head, eye's bloated
American eagle stingin up blue Beetle Bailey
on the wine mixed with Hennessey daily
Keep thee scaly, Israeli niggaz from the clan
We bide the omish that'll harness the promised land

[Dr. Doom]

Yo, yo, yo, you can't escape from the Dr. of Doom
My lyrics bloom on bafoons and take flight like witches
brooms
That full moon on all you dumb-dumbs
Watch your filthy rise away like soap scum

The war-lord swingin flamin swords just like a shogun
of the darkness, my scriptures cause arches like flamin
archmen

My killer bee sting remains accurate like a marksman
Corner of the market, by usin digital strategies
So, tape with caution, we attack like black martians
Reefer sparks my acid battery, yall niggaz flatter me
With all that tough talk, I drop bombs like Mookie
Blaylock

>From the outside or the inside, create intense rides
For talkin shit, lyrics always strike throughout my
dungeon pit

When my pen glides all MC's will get they heads flied
Killer bees must reign supreme throughout the
continent

We conquered it, mother fuckers
[Ghostface Killah]

Eh yo, the beat terminal, exquisite young coolie high
production

Caught up in the hollow-head suction

Diet coke meetin's with the rich

Ten pogo sticks, two black-belts that break bricks

I'm faithfully married to rap

We've been engaged for twelve years

Tyson bite Holyfield ear

We love the sport, look out your window

Now see, pull up to say, yall be amazed me

Tony Starks, spaceship, ran by a daughter's cellar

Dick swingin like shit went well

Only man out, walked through hell

Call it the mighty Joe Young

Double-swirl slush, Wonder Woman, sapphire shit with
the pearls

It looked real nice, yo, heavy on the gravy

Third, bag a secretary in the glaze, he tagged eighty
words

From Whirl-winds to whirl-pools, see wise watch the
earth spin

Sunny-dance with the serpent, who shot JJ and it's my
bone

The same nigga ridin the train, same nigga with his
name on the jacket

Switch to chaseable, inhaled the bad bag of that Jason
Straight up and down, yall Fell out twice in the
basement

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