

## Dead Kennedys

### "Contra"

Visit "[Contra](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Killasha]

The invincible huh? Yeah ya'll be seein it  
It is what it is indeed Stoupie  
Ya'll be knowin huh? Let 'em know

[Ikon the Hologram aka Vinnie Paz]

Hold the device tight, when it's time for a mic fight  
You're a pagan tryin to battle someone who's Christ-like  
The precise knight that smash you with a white pipe  
Left you bleeding into the ocean under the night's light  
Oh you hype right? Well meet the soul benders  
Cop that or get shot at like goaltenders  
You roll benches till playin fear was fair game  
Ya'll got fucked up like sex on an airplane  
That's why we can't change, we just ill  
We blow trees, sip Ole E's and spit real  
The clip's filled with the wraith that Cain saw  
Then I slash with a leather mask and chainsaw  
That's why the brain's raw, that's why your veins pour  
That's why you copped my shit nine times at the same  
store  
That's why you Entered the Dragon and got slashed  
And that's why the Hologram counting up cash. What!?

Hook 2x

\*scratches\*

"Lookin for rappers who wanna battle"  
"Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad"  
"The underground rapper who's wreckin"  
"Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like"

[Killasha]

Holocaust, rap javelin toss Killasha's the boss  
I take what's yours, pour poison in your pores  
I'm down for the cause my nigga, not "because"  
My soul wasn't made to be lost, stop for the pause  
I play 48 minutes hard without the calls  
Slicin elbows through ya jaw, need I say more?  
Facinating with 44s and foul whores  
Large gram cookups, and the ill drug scores

My captivating verses, that'll open all doors  
I soar like a condor ready for war, fuck the law!  
\*sample\*  
(distorted)...."raindrops on the ground"

Hook 1x

[Jus Allah]  
Ominous leave your brain matter painted on ya  
Stainmaster  
Game of Death motherfucker we draft ya, semi-  
autograph ya  
Keepin L's lit, sendin pellets through helmets  
Shells hit, you and the fag you share a cell with  
Takin niggas out thier element rhyme fighters  
Divine writers, time travellers, Sliders  
Pale niggas act jail lifers  
Who tell the active nail biters with the 12s in thier  
diapers  
Shoes never walk nor land, explore land  
I expose my scrolls and code it in Fortran  
Bullets graze ya wig kid, brushes with death  
I let the iron clutch grip the bones in ya flesh  
Playin on ya wrist like strings on a violin  
Dyin in a blood pool wrestlin Leviathan  
Fuckin wit Gods, Jedi Mind Tricks  
Ya'll suckas like niggas born without dicks

\*scratches till end\*

Visit [Dead Kennedys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.