

Taskforce

"Music From The Corner"

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[Farma Giles]

Operatic strangler, old English torpedo
Phantom of the street, ghost in the cathedral
Don't say you saw, no one will believe you
I creep to the sea too, rest on the shore now
I'm more lethal than a Poison Ivy French kiss or
Being next on the Reaper's list, you cease to exist
From the unseen kiss of death
Underground rappers, no more, no less
Farmacide, aside left on the stones as the waves roll in
And crash down on the unknown
Shadow, frowning at me howling at the moon
Paro, depressed by the sight of my crew
I'm the caped chameleon, watching from my hideout
There ain't nothing I can't find out, catch you out
And then it's wipeout, surfing on a pea soup tidal
With Eiffel tower vision that's stifling your mission
Suffocate your rhythm with McBane wisdom
And when you reincarnate, let's hope you stop dissing
Kill vampires sliding down your church spire
Hunchback in the choir, downfall of your empire
Admire the firework finale display,
And watch yourself decay into a place where you fade
away
Admire the firework finale and look up in the sky
.....and watch yourself die!

[Chorus]

We're MCs that terrorise tracks and put the pressure on
So whoever wants a battle better make sure they can
run
There's no mercy from the Brothers once it's timed on
So go and seek refuge or be overcome
In the mad house rap crews crumble to the bad news
McBane battle mode blows your fuse
You choose the way to go, take a walk on the wildside
And venture to the world where we dark up mics

[Chester P Hackenbush]

You're about to feel Death's kiss
And get your name on God's guest list
Cos I'm wretched, my breath

It smells like rotten flesh
Gatekeeper of Death
From the creche to the grave
To the clouds or the flames
Be you God or Satan's slave
I drive a stake through your heart
The prince of darkness
Master witchcraft
Two newts and a carcass
The city's Blair Witch
Stalks the night with a killer's itch
Dark side lyricist
The horrors are unlimited
Sleepy Hollow horse man
Nightmares on wax
I climax on terror so don't never look back
Cos the next time you do,
It might be me that you see
Looking grim in the shadows
Reaping Death's seeds
In this field full of life
I'm the start of the end
I'm the dark in the light and
The fear in most men
Is your heart beating?
Then shall I make it stop?
Drain your batteries
Let's battle till you drop
I'm an organ merchant
And once I've set your spirit free
I sell the NHS your heart and kidneys
On the dark side
Chasing E&J down with cyanide
Messing with the farenheits
You pussies getting burned tonight
To challenge me
Means you challenge life
So you grab a mic and battle, blood....and watch
yourself die

[Chorus]

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