

Icp**"Hollywood, I'm Coming"**

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Gunshots

(Jamie Madrox)
Festival of Samhein
What's that your holding?
Turn full circle, face to face with the Omen
When I split you open
I go for your heart
And spit on your soul and slash that weak shit apart
Competition means common and in the way
So all you common motherfuckers better watch what
you say
I ain't friendly bitch
And ain't no body asleep
You're only slept on cause your shit is played and weak
Then you slept with the enemy time and again
And now the only people coming to your shows is
friends
Of your sorry ass, I ain't sorry, I'm kinda glad
I admit I took your cd back and said it was scratched
Should've broke that shit in half
For your attempt to try and take me
For twenty dollars out of my pocket with no apology
Ordinary wanna-be, fly by night, high MC's
They call that one dude Daddy-X
Cause he's like fifty-three

(Chorus x2 - Violent J & Esham & Shaggy 2 Dope)
Burn, black smoke fills the sky
You bring the wicked out of me
Your killer is I
I love to watch you fall, but you're already gone
I love to watch you fall, but you're already gone

(Monoxide Child)
Quit taking up shelf space homie and just pass the
weed
And let the mainstream tell you when or when not to
breathe
Don't ever fucking diss me
Or my crew with our shit

Or we'll feed you to the same fucking pigs I see you
playing with
Come and get some
You really want to get your front piece rattled?
All over a rap battle
It's the fame game homie, and we don't play that
So if you diss me, I'mma find out where your folks stay
at
To say that, sparks they fly, but we don't die
And on the twenty-first day of July
You got your eye full
Get the fuck off the stage and make way
Like the legendary hoe, here today and gone the next
day
It ain't a setup, it's the truth and you can deal with it
All because you're sheltered by that Hollywood appeal
shit
It makes me sick, I wanna vomit
Cause the only thing that matters about your album
Is who else you got rapping on it

(Chorus x4 - Violent J & Esham & Shaggy 2 Dope &
Anybody Killa)

Burn, black smoke fills the sky
You bring the wicked out of me
Your killer is high
I love to watch you fall, but you're already gone
I love to watch you fall, but you're already gone

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