

OC3 "Brainwashers"

Visit "[Brainwashers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1 st verse

You've got my glock to your heads motherfuckers
the last bullet that kills all motherfuckers
You think I sound like water off duck's motherfuckers
I light on my tacts on your damn track suckers
This is me, this is light.
I'll never change, i'll never lie
You on the top,I'll bring you down
To Shut you down , that's what i want
And i ain't gonna beat the bush
I ain't gonna pull a punch
Now we hussle for a lunch and called it credit crunch
But why the fuck , you giving us excuses for
If you think you God,then you'll never be liable for
These dirty hands are the ones that hold us all
Fuckin' brainwashers,your time is off

chorus

hey brainwashers
the game is over motherfuckers
am the host of late comers
your new world is out of order
fuckin' brainwashers

2nd verse

They ain't gonna
Brainwash me
I'm on This shit properly
expose all ur lies
Ima do it Yea watch me
I hear you on the radio
see u on the box
tryna say ur there
And care when ur not

new world order
I don't like the menu
dont eat up all the bullshit
That they try and send u

So I send it back
Put it on a track
label it brainwasher
motherfucka ,take that

I'm seeing mad turmoil
So that they can burn oil
got a heart of stone
Yea ur Rotten to the bone
Stealing from poor
When u dun know its wrong
tell me where's the cash gone
where I get the stash from

Place all your bets
When the dice gets thrown
I'll Take the microphone
Like My name's Alex jones
its the final milestone
Nose to the grindstone
When the time comes then
Ure gonna get ur mind blown

chorus

hey brainwashers
the game is over motherfuckers
am the host of late comers
your new world is out of order
fuckin' brainwashers

3rd verse

the end justifies the means brainwashers
it's time for the mess motherfuckers
divide and rule is your intention
putting a spanner in your stuff that s my ambition
from conspiracy to the primacy of your power
you're the fuckin' serial killa
trapped in a corner with your bullshit
i see the strings of your puppet

look am burnin'
your chocolate is meltin'
his face is bleechin'
you may dance the devil's jig
but i won't be your guinea pig

chorus

hey brainwashers

the game is over motherfuckers
am the host of late comers
your new world is out of order
fuckin' brainwashers

Visit [OC3](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.