

## Degree

### "Armageddon"

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[Intro]

Smoke sumthin'  
yeah nigga  
Kurupt Young Gotti  
Cypress Hill  
Westcoast  
From bouncing and banging  
Throw them hands up high  
And blast to the sky  
Blast on everything you see  
Cos we don't give a fuck  
And blast to the sky

This is more than warfare this is Armageddon  
Where the thoughts and intellect get threatened  
Where the hostile become hostages  
Wrapped and packed like sausages  
My vocals soothe the air like voices and throat  
lozengers  
Tucked in cottages, wondering where the cabbages  
Lavishes, sold to the worst of savages  
Fabulous, ilaverious, praises amazes  
Stuns and sparks, throats like arcs  
Lights the dark, brainwaves conveys  
So I know what u thinking  
You show what u thinking  
Add up the currents and volts  
Erase everything u thought u thought u thought  
Busters look just like me  
Mistake the launch quakes and get bust by me  
Push on nigga or get pushed over  
Subtle soldiers, sculptures, nigga we vultures  
Super ninjas hitting muthafuckas like supernovas  
Swift hands, little nigga with super shoulders  
I'ma Supersoak one of u set back niggaz  
So for the game's sake nigga GET BACK NIGGAZ  
Or get launched off on niggaz  
What you say Muggs? Man we don't love yall bitches

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