

Anti-Pop Consortium

"Angular"

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

[Priest]

unto itself it's incomplete
but made complete by my connection
the effervescent vestige of descimation
the decimal point seven thousandth of a percent
possession with the intent to make bent
I break bread with tack heads
in flight unflawed, with sight unseen
strangely configured with fire inside of a womb the
size of an entire planet
born of fire

[Beans]

I'm so fly
you had no choice
love my torture
tailor denture fender
mauled by fur coats
unraveled like fabric
celebrate your failure
when the records spins your chance of wins is thin as
threads
in the grip of a cripple
not identified in a line up, no similarity or purpose
so save breath for retreat, shriek like a greiving widow
cause life hates you, just like I do
you boot licking maggot
sound like a frog with emphysema

[Priest]

I say this with emphasis
somebody play this, repeat this
somebody said I was a phony
the first trick from a one trick pony
a pretender to the throne, seat at the feet of the one
before me
I changed the story
obscured the space in which you occupy
I rock with my nuts exposed for you to swing on
klingsons kling on
bring on a cape and a scepter

connect the cathodes
my pathos goes back to crayons
on the track I extol
expose political figures with pictures and garters
and rock harder than your hardest track spitter

[Beans]

I love winter for all of the women i've kept warm
script gigolo systemic cataclysm
applies pressure at disposal
I picture dimension dismantle, if you try you will fail
none to shackle my anger
on the way up you on the way out, residence in text
intense interpretation
revert like an echo
the merit of your opinions must taken with a total grain
of nothing

[M. Sayyid]

hey yo my first step started with a sprint
then grew to a man spitting on tracks with a bottle and
a limp
a wrinkled map
a screaming throttle and two cent to dent amps and
fuck you cats up like a nymph
no sentiment is evident my embitterment and
the many metaphors I cash in
collapse mc's to the blacktop in the backspins with no
shirt while I am maxing
slapping asses in aspen
in a bubble bath laughing
your style: no dough like no ID at check cashing
leaving it alone
leave it to the man who's more bones
and walk the street with no chrome
I'm just like a phone out of zones before the stones
and the bodies that got blown for loans and shown with
a poem
and if you're quiet, in the wind you can hear the moans
if you're quiet, in the wind you can hear the moans...

Visit [Anti-Pop Consortium](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.