

Celph Titled

"Eraserheads"

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[Verse 1:]

[Celph Titled:]

The sound of my [?] will make stab wounds
Father of the Universe leaving planets with half moons
I have assumed that those who choose to make rap
music

have no talent at music

So me and Vinnie came to grab your head and put a
gat to it

[Vinnie Paz:]

I bring the .45 Glock and the .38

AR-15 send their body to the pearly gates

Me and Celph ain't making happy music, this is truly
hate

Toby Hooper in this motherfucker cousin, saw his face

[Celph Titled:]

And when we're holding the Tec we'll put a hole in your
neck

Equipping you with a permanent T-Pain vocal effect

I ain't a flossy dude sipping 'Mo

But if I was I'd pop that cork off in your bitch's asshole
(Let 'em know)

[Vinnie Paz:]

That's how that ho get treated, she get the smut
treatment

Toss her out the whip, leave her on the rough cement

Celph and Vinnie will deliver an abrupt beating

And the Walther 9M will leave your guts leaking

[Celph Titled:]

Your video had the best special effects I seen

Had you in the projects using computer blue screens
(Know what I mean?)

[Vinnie Paz:]

You phony motherfuckers never held a ratchet ever

You was in the faggot bar with Kanye strapped in
leather

[Chorus]

[Scratching]

[Verse 2:]

[Celph Titled:]

I never thought I'd get a bitch pregnant ever
Until my main squeeze gave birth to a baby Beretta
The more gravy the better, don't holler just yell
It's like the night before Christmas, I can't wait to see
Hell

[Vinnie Paz:]

I can't wait to see Hell either
I'm a run up on the first motherfucker that I see with a
rusty cleaver
I ain't a sucker neither and no one fuck with Vinnie
Fat gut, wife-beater, pasta, I'm a fucking getter

[Celph Titled:]

I'll smash a mirror, I'll walk under a ladder
I'll let a black cat cross my path, it don't matter
Cause I ain't superstitious and I don't fear nothing
You're talking all that tough shit

[Vinnie Paz:]

But you's a queer fronting
And y'all are snitch but let me tell you something, you
ain't hear nothing
I like to refer to my trigger as the fear button
I don't fear nothing either, I just cock the pistol
I like the way the bullet burst and what it do to tissue

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

[Celph Titled:]

Yo we blazing son like gangbangs with laser guns
My rap verses are curses and scriptures spit with a
razor tongue
Nitwit I play ancient drums to conjure up demon spirits
that appear in smoke out of a pagan's lungs
I'm everything: hardcore, complex, original
Yeah that one test, the disciple of death
C-Titled is Christ-like, salmon at Red Lobster
And C-Titled's the best at blamming hammers at
imposters
Get your ass whooped with automatic [?]
You can't make tables turn, you got bad revolvers
Faulty guns that go [click] when you pull the trigger
Mine's go [blick blick], it's sick when I pull the trigger

[Chorus]

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