

Das Auge Gottes

"Blam!"

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Old school Twiztid found in the rubble of Earth's
remains

You don't know how we do things shut the dog fuckin'
say shit.

I'm gonna get fuckin fresh, I'm gonna crack this fuckin'
kid in the skull

Listen here motherfucker you don't know how we do
things

Shut the fuck up, look some motherfuckers don't play
that shit

I'm one of those motherfuckers don't fuck with me

I'm warnin' you, what the?? Don't fuck with me you cock
sucker

[Jamie Maddrox]

I transcend and continue to bring rhymes

Rappers a dime a dozen like the card trading times

This is the shit I'm not the ordinary cracker hollerin'

Step back Jack, to conive a two fist

Blam to your chin Blam! to your soul

Now tell me who the player with the biggest balls

Rhymes hittin' like planet Rio, press ski like a mosquito

Tough like scarface so call me Al Pacino

Wishing my skito to meet the Beatles

Eatin' some fritos a cool cat daddy like Chester Cheeto

Chantin' like the santa domingo

Loc's mortuary, livin' close to the cemetery

Met a girl named Carrie, she told me she loved me,
kinda scary

Like Chuck Berry with straight funky guitars

Swoopin' on brothers like we were ball betters

See, caps get peeled, raps get keiled and dealt

12 bitches keep runnin' turntables with felt

Now give a little bust chip that's enough

Cause I represent a style that we tough enough

Like a tonka truck because I take abuse and keep goin'

Survival of the fittest, corse rule for the strong

Down the by the bay not the biso, but I drink Cisco

When I go to Honna's I order me a frisco

Combo meal, \$2.95 oh what a deal

Would you like that super sized for extra 5 cents? For real
Ok go 'head, just don't go haukin' on my bread
Can I substitute my drink with a milk shake instead?
Yes sir, your total comes to 14.88
Who am I tryin' to feed Michigan State can I relate?

(CHORUS)(2x)

Blam! is very very difficult to fuck with
Blam is blam is comin' from motown
Blam! is very very difficult to fuck with
You don't wanna fuck with me

Clap on clap off like the clapper, I'm such a hot stepper
Drinkin' some Dr. Pepper with my nigga Jed on the record
Microphone check 1,2 1,2
Now tell me mothefucker what you came to do
I came to bring the skills and try to pay the phone bills
I saw Jack and Jill doin' the nasty at the top of the hill
Comic books and bitches is the shit I did
I don't wanna grow up 'cause I'm a Toys R Us kid
I get lost in space, like real Robinson danger
Callin' the dragons off cause I'm a mighty morphin' power ranger
Hangin' on the ceilin' with karate kicks
OD and O Sugar with their picks and sticks
And big ol' fat glass of grape kool-aid
Chillin' with senior citizens enjoyin the shade
Stayin' paid countin' the whole round of cash
Gettin' on the scene like jumpin' jack flash and crash
Pepper I chew it made me sneeze
Always itchin' my balls like I got some type a fleas so baby please
What you sees, is what you get
A goofball with long hair growin' round like a chia pet
We just met and you know I'm a come across when I enforce
Ready on the day as I see all the other time lost
Enforce on the lyricist 'cause I'm the fast
Puttin' up my titles and watch until your career crash

(CHORUS)

Hickory dickory dock, tell them fools they better stay off my cock
'Cause I pose with a bag of lunatics down the block
Bag a lions, big giants house of krayzees runnin' shit
For the 9-6 and then some
Representin' mad skills, pay the bills
Got they back plus the ends on the dub sack

Now tell man, who got the ill rhymes
Got your toes tappin' like Gregory Hines
Runnin' shit like a marathon, I'm stronger than tephlon
And use my liquid thunder to get my trick on
Well I'm slangin' faster than the average nig got it
I start to intrude when I'm rude disrespect me and I'll
snatch your wig
Nick Nick patty wack, my name is Mr. Bones
Slam Dunkin' lyrics like the man Eddie Jones
You better give it up for the original individual
In the skies so open your eyes surprise
I fade 'em all like Jamal
I'm standin' tall with my back to the wall
A bad brother like Lou Rawls
I'll foldya, I thought I told ya gun in the holster
I thought patterns left behind in the rhymes, cause I'm
older
Bang, thang, wang, this ain't no play, gettin' paid
Goin' on and paintin' chicks wait, cannot relate

(CHORUS)(Repeat till end)

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