

Die Zillertaler

"Doomsday"

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[chorus: Holocaust]

This is doomsday, for MCs with hollow skills
Who talk about clothing articles and dollar bills
And fake ass fives that they dont even drive
Hip-hop is war and only strong MCs will survive
(2x)

[Holocaust]

Half dead platoon leader, but woken by enemy heaters
Juggernot, on the block, lash shots at armed retreaters
Why teach it to the utmost unified?
Fuck coast, conquered galaxies leaving the banner
ruthless cut throats
Brains explode, bloody spatters on the road
My thoughts unfold and strip away the nutrients of your
soul
Hearts cold, blast shots through your nosehole
Im hostile, the slugs ricochet through your nostril
Strike your tonsils
Black kid, creep between walls like an arachnid
Smash hits that open you like bullets wit glass tips
Kill braid, the black sea serpent who swallow ships
My fists become glocks and my knuckles hollow tips
P loopbart the dirt, and raise dead soldiers wit a curse
Bury thieves wit no headstones so they get back to the
earth
Still shinin, Im the sun, wars increase by the ton
Hands metamorph into axes, fuck guns, shot out your
lungs
Yo, yo

[chorus] (2x)

[P.R. Terrorist]

Yo, yo, yo
We may bomb this, we seem harmless, check the
calmest
My palm hits like a close fist, breakin jauntis
You crab ass try to think fast you slow down
All six got trey pounds, its thirty six rounds
The pristeen, unheard, unseen, the A team

Murder being provoked face the red beam
Street hop, excite bike triple my smoke screen
Sped fast, five hundred crabs have fled the crime
scene
Out of state, switch the plates, Canib on run dunn
Sped fast, rub on the gas, theyre comin fast
On they ninja bike, Kawasaki tights a two key prototype
Sure we still got height, then I made a right
Hit the brake, threw a head fake, last the clutch, Im out
of state
Full speed ahead never look back always escape

[chorus] (2x)

[Beretta 9]

Layin in the dark war trench
Covered in mud strong corpse stench
Monkey wrench, adjusting my mic, fatigues drenched
From soldiers insides, scriptures hidden up in my
archives
Dodge and throw knives hand to hand combat takin
lives
Many lost, many took it wit force
Some linger wit the disease
Born infection known as the bee stinger
Its doomsday you rap singers
Mockingbirds marking my words
This shit is war up in the terrorist arena

[chorus] (2x)

This is Doomsday

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