

Taking Back Sunday

"Tragedy of War"

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Mr. Len cuts and scratches the phrase "Jus' style is infinite"

[Bigg Jus]

Yo, yo, it stink like dead rappers, check it
The re-birth, type of warfare biological
Delve into my Waterworld, overcome any obstacle
In your bodyframe we're aimin for the jugular
Kids take my styles like D.A. to drug smugglers
Jus the acquisite a prize, the lyrical Charmin
You ridin fat, hoochies tryin to glimpse the summit
In the wintertime yo I be killin Storm Troopers
Cluein your crew in to exactly who done it
Bigg Jus mind invention the king battle of epic proportions
Lyrical intrigue, the master of contortion
Optimized computerization virus
Paradoxical acoustic sound bombing
My complexity weaves fourth-dimensional in your mind
Check the index under ego smashin
Propaganda bashin, meetin the merciless
Pry apart your bourgeoise industry functions
Smoke the rhymes to give the microphone lung cancer
You crabs is straight slummin
A good investment, a high-yield earning
Your high anxiety burning off the fumes from my burners
My evil memoirs interleave intrigue
to get more niggaz high than Kilimanjaro
Indelible confrontation be way out your league
So say goodbye, to tomorrow like Key
Otherwise or the king of action
Packed like a liquor store auto when check cashin

Never before, have you been able to witness
so much cruelty, live and in color
In the privacy, of your own home

Mr. Len cuts and scratches "painful"

Mr. Len cuts and scratches "El P is here to spark it"

[E1-P]
Alright bring that down though
One two..
When I walk I stomp out messages
MC's with they holiday hollow chocolate mics appear
thespian
Forbidden got a stomach full of pop rocks and
thumbtacks ingested
Deaded, similar to cold war Asians as a law can cost
effective
This mister wizard blitzed by the kilometer don't resist
Shit alternative fuel combat conglomerates
I'm on it like shit is in a bag via colostomy
Hostile macho stuck tryin to get his buck in a lottery
I'm not dead pilot a cropduster ahead of resevoir
bound
Drop the payload, cargo packed by the Dow Jones'
Got your holed up in a marble chest and rebels leak
urine
Your basic components of a mechanized style modular
Fury has no pattern like the gain enslaves the shifty
Quite simply for both king of panic, implode
Bureacratic backers provoke my frantic rantings
Fuck with up and comers like in my school is senseless
We all felt pain arranged from migraines to chronic
jaundice
Stepped into the country bar flippin strictly ebonics
Fell upon a M*A*S*H unit wounded
I practically froze and felt stony, vision I suppose
Memo track that's just trapped in Japanime and
molested
And can't recall the glance of the action was
comfortable express
shots from the tachyon synchronized
I settled directly down to it and studied for your demise
Skeletal frames proceed to safe tree that was splashed
The Jackson Pollack effect
Without directly coordinating men it's jump Watership
Down
Dissension, to kill the pig and pay the rent invention

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