

## The D.O.C. "King Mob"

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King mob in a plastic iceberg,  
Smoking water damaged cigarettes,  
Observe as he works your wasteland,  
Pulling punches that you never met,  
Controlled in a listless airstream,  
Jets are breathing in his latex eyes,  
True to form he is scared to touch them,  
And your wasteland stays vandalized.

Success in a cut-glass wardrobe,  
All the clothes loose like shredded hair,  
Dream escapes to a closet class-war,  
King mob in a smashed wheel chair,  
Nerve gas for the walking wounded,  
Suffocating in a sadists' prayer,  
Flaming horses on a fading landscape,  
Break the surface but there is no air.

King mob as he vents his anger,  
Throws a brick through the city gates,  
Backfires on his wordless offspring,  
The population disintegrates,  
Cold stream plus a wash of carbon,  
Drives his mind like an engine room,  
Cogs turning like a flawed stage whisper,  
King mob sings a lifeless tune.

Surface  
Stop  
Pressure  
Drop  
King mob.

Faded wrists and the risks worth taking,  
Cleans his blade with dreams he froze,  
Metal moments fed on foreign textures,  
Breaks his mind with the things he knows,  
King mob at his withered console,  
Electric arcades run on secret oils,  
Flicks a switch and he's the god of anger,  
Pulls a handle and the wasteland spoils.

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