

Tin Machine

"Rumble"

Visit "[Rumble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[U-God]

Countdown...

Are you ready? Are you mad inside?

Got you strapped down to your seats

Outta the doorway, bullets ripped, full clip

God speed, approach follow my lead

Firewinds gust, empire crush

Full thrust, fall in the hole, roll wit the rush

Untouchable chunk of earwax and soul

Soundwaves slay out the back, ?cave? smoke

My belly-full prance dance, avalanche quote

Down slope, elegant as Fantasia

Killer whale tale inhale, black male from Asia

All out the wood works, hood shirts and wizards

No match, unhatch, the rap is rigid

In the shaft, shotty cop, hip hop to the limit

Nightwatch, pad mark

Sparks spin a quake nuclear blast, heavy on the cash

Gimmie what it takes NOW!!

Chorus [U-God] 2x

RAGE ROCK ROLL FIGHT

BRAWL FALL RUMBLLLLLLLEEE!!!

[Letha Face]

The diabolic witty, dialect's darker than Gotham City

Wit the possibility to stop your walkin ability

God forgive me, spark enemies wit pistol grips

The missile tip's impact hit you so hard, you shit
through your dick

Official scripts strikes when physical hits

You physical bitch, watch for the imperial blitz, serious
shit

Submit, subject to the wreck wartone, and thought
poems

Liver than WWF Warzone

Walk upon ? tracks, bodies collapse

Rap for lottery stacks, shatter like when pottery cracks

Logical facts from the terror dome

Spill from the guts, trail to you ?puss? from where you
bust

In God you now entrust
Dog you like hound and mutts, Pound Pups get sound
struck
Clown what? You'll get drowned in the cut
While crowd round up

Chorus 2x

[Inspectah Deck]

Aiyyo yo
I spit bars
Travellin tremendous speed measurin far
Been bustin satellites circlin Mars
Verbal onslaught, bring forth physical force
Of a hundred wild niggas piled in a Trojan Horse
Thought method, set it on generic mic ethic
Professional neck shit, left foes beheaded
This music, is mind control like computer chips
Been doin this for numerous years, refuse to lose it
Wit turbo tactics, maneuver like a trained soldier
Hall of Fame flame thrower, take game, it's game over
Ayatollah, high roller nine totter
Mind controller, 2009 time folder
My coalition, bring the demolition
Wu-blade decision, slate the competition, wit no
intermission
Spittin hazardous darts, up front like Rosa Parks
Makin million men march

Chorus 2x

[Method Man]

Yo, who got next? Meth got next
I chin check, all these MC's line em up god, I go ? hard
Declare holy war, it be hard to dip and dodge
Police squads tryin to bogard, we rip and rob
The boulevard ain't safe for your kids, that's how it is
In the ghetto, we ain't scared to death, but scared to
live
So Goldy, mosey to the spot, get that moldy
Rusty-ass .38 Special, niggas owe me
Slowly I turn, face the one and only
Naughty By Nature, I Do My Dirt All By My Lonely
Ask Pretty Tony, when I got a bitch I keeps a bitch
36 Chambers, Enter at your own risk
Take that watch off and tuck your necklace
City never sleeps, streets is restless
Rap style'll slave you, when you least expect it
Pull the plug on your respirator, leave you breathless
Wu-Tang forever and a day, better warn your boys
I deploy battleship rap, seek and destroy

Chorus 2x

Visit [Tin Machine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.