

## OuterSpace f/ Abidiel, Psycho Realm

### "Anointing of the Sick"

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(Abidiel singing in Spanish) [Planetary] Yo, I called Sick Jacken and told that nigga I'm sick of rapping He told me to find all the hatahs plan and get the clapping I'm sick of yapping I told Cynic let's get the mashing We on the flight to LA squeaking in the ratchets Security on me like its 9/11, you betta find the Reverend Call your fam up and try to find a blessing No time for stressing only maculate versions You niggas bitching put your tampons back in your purses Shit, if Psycho betta buck down we matching the wages We collide wit the unit and put it back in your faces Nigga, back to the basics, I'm lacing my Chuck Taylors Who proposed to the game, now I'm getting my tux tailored I treat every stage like the Garden of Eden I'm the serpent in the trees that'll stop you from breathing The vocal, pato loco from Illadel to Acapulco The local is locked; time to lick a shot to rock the global [Sick Jacken] And I read the puto thru my recital it's suicidal Accu cycle banks so heavy that we ruin idols And I ain't fucking wit this new arrivals Man I been leaking off and on since the days of the unit rhinos You rival the pussy I'm cocky they push me I'm vynl who said, there ain't no future for minor whino I wanna leave shit stained in the rap game So I got a sick as clique wit the wrath of Kane You know the name Psycho's run it like its nutting mayne Where the million bald heads looking like fucking gangs Worldwide symphony killing spree wit a guillotine The shit is getting sick after clicking up wit the Philly team My heroin rap keeps stem going back for the trap I tap a vein, Jacks is the insane brain of the camp We run shit like when Hussein reigned It's the art of execution and we shoot you sane (Abidiel singing in Spanish) [Duke] Yeah, you can still catch me out in the streets, blazed up You know we deep and keep running them up I try to chill so we put the guns down But the streets got us by the balls Shit, it's hard not to gun out Police keep hunting us down, they after me Fucking swine, they ain't got nutting to offer me We pirates in all black, bagged wit big gats If they want some we can leave 'em rightfully stance So that's what the fucks up (What's that?) I keep wilding like I don't travel about the

world getting my cocked sucked I try to cool out, my  
goons go out, they repping that shit The SS gun and  
burn down the house, take ova the place We here for  
good, the shit could get scary Like 2012 we just ain't  
ready We all need to learn not sit around ready to die  
Fuck that, we gonna replenish the Earth [Crypt the  
Warchild] We spit a venomous verse your head will just  
burst From Pekoe to Puerto Rico we protecting our turf  
So be easy you're dealing wit Made-men Who do dirt  
dolo and lyrically spray gems Digital mayhem thru the  
G-5 and monitors Rhyme writ, hieroglyph you can't  
follow 'em Mind spit designed sick, I start marketing  
Mic booth set on fire, who let the arson in? Your man  
got a froggy feeling you betta talk to 'em Pipe bomb  
filled wit glass to leave 'em sparkling Right psalms  
build to last watch me inside of them Vomiting, street  
crash you faggots modeling You run way bitch, walk I  
keep 'em wobbling That gun play let you talk who keeps  
you swallowing Blood mugs filled to the top it don't  
belong to him That's why they're raising their arms  
singing the song wit him (Abidiel singing in Spanish)

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