

## OuterSpace f/ Celph Titled, Chief Kamachi "The Last Supper"

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[Crypt the Warchild] I ain't trying to win the battle I'ma win the war I don't dance in the club dawg I dance wit wolves Sip on the fine potion, enhance my thoughts Spit murder death kill, I can't get caught Been sick so long I think I need a clinic You got tons of guns, ok we get it I'ma true emcee see I don't need a gimmick Don't wanna build wit y'all unless you mean digits And I don't get invovled wit you weak bitches I keep my problem solved put 'em in deep ditches You'se internet hoe, you trying to network You make a few bucks at show, what is your net worth? Waiting on my downfall, don't hold your breath first And if your squad run deep I push a stretch hearse Y'all all welcomed to the jungle where the Vet lurk Where Kamach and Celph Titled I hope that vest work (Chorus) Planetary 2x There's nothing you can say to us Too many niggas hating us Its outta line, we outta time So start spraying them up Kamach laying in the cut We bread breaking it up AOTP!!! Ain't nobody greater then us [Celph Titled] I dash outta my bat cave, wit black shades A fresh fade and an Onyx mad face This is the deadliest rap you discovered We overflow storm drains bring it back to the gutta And no you couldn't match to my voice from speech course I talk raspy, I'ma animal, I speak horse My vocal chords is Tyrannosaurus And the coordinates from the signal in space went undistorted Says that I'm more Mormon, more then purpose abortion Amongst dead swordfish sort of corpse assortment Army swordsman, Pharaoh Marksmen We got canonist of carnage, barrels of arsine I'm heralded often as one of underground raps Wildest, illest, greatest, sickest and vengeance Of spitting image of a Satanic spawn Wit eight mechanic arms Make a fist in each one will bless you wit a cannon ball [Planetary] I don't write my freestyle that's some New York shit If it's written the composition cost a few more chips I'm Illadelph born, scorned by the Bush administration Hopefully Barack can help the children get some motivation I'ma punish every politician try to hurt my babies I hope McCain OD off cocaine wit his lady But anyway back to the rap dungeon circumference My comfort zone is attract to make

niggas wanted to throw punches You lunge then I'm  
leaping, you front I'm feasting You bumming I'm  
beasting, it ain't nuttin to beat 'em Till the blood is  
underneath 'em I bring the thunder even if the sun a  
hundred beaming Six million ways to die, here go a  
hundred keep 'em I'ma fucking demon, bitch nigga  
guzzle semen Like cheerleaders on the side, what's the  
fucking reason? Y'all niggas look like water boys on  
stage Type of niggas that I pray gets on the part wit the  
gauge (Chorus) Planetary 2x [Chief Kamachi] Yeah,  
African Priest, Dashiki's wit bullet holes Try to kill me I  
get in the casket befo bullet close My whole angle  
serpentine in the rainbow Spit voodoo rap, hear it in the  
Haitian-Congo Daily is the break dance, mind in the  
straight trance Old school murdah, arms crossed in a  
great stance '80s style dirty Louis Vuitton You talk Mob  
shit but I really flew them to Milan Between the Crypt  
and Planet Straight from the strip wit advantage But  
from the Heavens I'm banished Yeah! But the sevens  
will manage Cuz the sixes is bitches Five pointed stars  
on the stage, slitting their wrists Scorched by the  
beautiful eyes of the Pharaohs mistress Number 1 on  
the mythical hit list, I am this Just look at the way the  
gem glist Messiah Marley, keep some Solomon stems  
twist (Chorus) Planetary 2x (Outro) Chief Kamachi  
(Celph Titled) Ah (Rock-rock-on) Y'all know what it is (OS  
rock-rock-on) AOTP nigga (Rock-rock-on) Celph Titled  
(Rock-rock-on) OS (Rock-rock-on) Chief Kamachi (Rock-  
rock-on)

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