

Terrorist's Cell

7L & Esoteric

Yo, ya-ya-yo-yo
Cats ice grillin' me, fuck em' I buck 'em verbally
Lookin' for a reason as I'm breezing by security
With no one searching me, it's like I'm freezing their palm
Taking with me my Koran and my belief in his law
Storing a light tool, that's more than a knife fool
And an aviation book from a Florida flight school
But I could give a fuck about taking off or landing
What I really need to know is how to hit this building
How to kill American men, women, and children
How to take the life of every innocent civilian
Ready to fly, but am I ready to die?
Am I promised everything that I want, on the other side?
Eight of three in loop in terminal see, Logan airport where I'm supposed to be
I see the man ripplin' mask port, checking passports
"Have a nice flight sir"
This is our chance, he never took a second glance
Am I ready to advance, or live by in a trance
The past thirty years of my life have been in camps
Trained to kill, in Allah's name in will
Livin' in this fountained up state paid the bill

Survival got me buggin' strugglin'
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
And I ask what's it worth
Livin' in the world no different from a cell

Boarding the plane, my brains borderline insane
Train of thought out of whack as I creep around the back of the jet
My forehead's wet I keep praying
Thinking to myself my next life brings wealth
'Cause this one is nothing but a bump in the road
And I'll be going to a better place when something explode
As I look around the craft in the plane gets gone
I lock eyes with my partners and know that it's on

Am I, ready to die for a God I've never seen? (No)
Ready to die for an ideal or dream (Nah)
And I'm looking at life through a wider scope
Trying to cope, as my man slice the pilot's throat
The plan takes effect and my heart fills with fright
Plus these strippers last night had me thinking life is alright
I take a look around and see all types of faces
Men with suitcases, little girls with braces
All kinds of races, panic end up once
The plane change it's course, aimed at the source

We're a dangerous force, but did I really say we
When I don't have the feeling that Allah is really with me
I heard a Christian man state that he's afraid of death
If he had faked left, he'd be waiting with beta breath kid
Now I question my objective, 'cause I'm looking at it from a scientific perspective
The same Christian man that was questioning himself
Is telling me that I will burn in hell, I told him well that's very place
That we dwell, besides the only thing burning is my shell

I rebel against the United States and Israel
Killing citadels filled with different dells
Time tell speaketh to this man I realize I'm pure evil
Believing all the hideous lies the people feed to you
In fact, I can feel my skin crack
I'm fading to black 'cause I brace for impact