

## Archie Bunker

## La Coka Nostra

Glowing Grim Reaper eyes, bleeding skies, demons rise  
Half the youth believe in lies how crucifying Jesus died  
Walk amongst the snake charmers and bank robbers  
That spray llama, slay drama, I hate problems  
We the most precious resource  
With treachery cause  
Destiny calls when every king eventually falls  
Scientifical THC density warped  
Future primitive savage remove the head from your corpse  
Throw your aura in a black glow energy warp  
Bio-tech cyborgs without a shred of remorse  
Another mutated life force of the deadliest sort  
My shooter's a strike force remove your heads with a sword  
Better yet a saw, get a straw, medicine galore  
On that goon shit we be the most relevant of all  
Brand you can bet your hand on  
These other brands are tampons  
With sand sores, but f\*ck that bullshit cause ours bang hard

Now everybody saying Coka is back  
But they ain't go nowhere they was rolling the stacks  
Standing over the body watching smoke from the gat  
We the illest in the game and you know it's a fact  
BRRAATT!  
Bang, bang motherf\*cker  
Hit your bitch raw dog, war motherf\*cker  
Put your shit back, you Lebron, motherf\*cker  
Haha, let's get on motherf\*cker

Knocked 'em out with one punch that's a shitty fight  
Getting money f\*cking Gunther's that's the shitty life  
I'm in your city, hype, f\*cking big titty dykes  
These f\*cking bars will knock a hipster off his city bike  
f\*ck your life nigga, we so damn glorious  
Coney Island hundred deep no it ain't the Warriors  
It's the lifer gang, nigga get your wifey banged  
It's pure dope, put in in the needle, spike your vein  
I hit the booth grilling tracks with my true feelings  
Then I hit the stage acapella they like "Ooh kill 'em"  
I'm in the coop chilling, rag top, new ceiling  
Bumping George Michael, cross dangling off my hoop earring  
Eighties shit, get your lady hit with the crazy dick  
Big guns like they on the deck of a Navy ship  
You leave the crib I'm smoking weed with your baby sit  
Hit her raw then wipe my nut on the baby bib

From the basketball diary, catholic team junkie  
Cocaine kid on the path that seemed bumpy  
Half the team locked in a casket seen monthly  
Travelling in packs like a capuchin monkey  
Sack of trees, chunky, my faculties funky  
Rockets and packets get me out the lead jumpy  
But I ain't had no vertical leap  
This is phantom that I can spin into this vertical deep  
Now the wrath on that path has a past between us  
We killed your radio and smashed your zenith  
The federales, yeah, they had subpoenas

Drones and satellite dishes lined half to Venus  
But they can suck my flaccid penis  
Once the kid's off the grid, while I got enough cash to lean us  
Serial scratched off when we stash the niners  
Live to shoot another day and make a classic remix