

Brainstorm

Madchild

I'm the all-seen, high being creature of the North Star
Dark force, family Warsaw with war scars
Extraterrestrial, a short beast
War chief, now that I am home I'm causing more grief
Cannibal, I catch my prey and have a warm feast
From grotesque to obese, but then fucking cold freaks in gold sheets
I'm the fucking man, that's a state of mind
Get it then I spend it 'til I'm broke, the only way to grind
Can't help it, I'm self-destructive
When I rip myself apart that's when I'm self-productive
It's fucked up when I say I fucked up again
Falling on my face and I get back up again
Guess I'm addicted to the suffering
Pop six Bufferin and get back to hustling
I'm a beast, not a man. Sinister with love
I'm wise as a serpent but innocent as doves

Lyrically unloading, thoughts so hot they're exploding
Style so old it's corroding
Write like Capote high on peyote
Eyes popping out like I'm Wile E. Coyote
Not one iota, a one guy older, a one guy younger has the hunger that I'm holding
In my city on my side of the country, I am the greatest
That's it, point blank, flat out, no debating

I'm in the mood to work, not in the mood to play
I'm never putting off tomorrow what I can do today
And I ain't following no rules so there's no rules to break
I've got moves to make and all these fools are fake, aye
Lucifer's a liar setting fires all the time
Misguided angel, I'm inspiring your mind
The weekend it is here. The kids are doing drugs
In the clubs having fun while I'm busy spewing blood
I'd love to stick my cock into the mouths of all these girls
But I'm busy working on my plan of conquering the world
And I don't give a fuck about these dwarfs, they got short vision
My focus razor sharp, now the mountain lord's risen

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Hearts are for the joy, to get it will never end
While the kids are taking pills dancing in the Devil's den
Right now I'm at three trying to get to level ten
Other local rappers worried about their parties and their friends
That's why I'm alone, that's why I'm at home
That's why I ain't answering these texts on my phone
Half these messages they are from girls that want to bone
Eventually they'll quit, go out and look for other clones
And I will still be right here writing up a storm

When I'm ready to spit lightning I get Viking on the horn
I have finished writing, meet me at The Chamber
He'll ask me how it went, I'll say "rappers are in danger"

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