

Switched On

Madchild

I'm on some terminated, kill shit
I'm on some terminator, aye

Fuck I'm bionic in my tennis shorts
Many more for short warped Dennis the Menace dwarf
Open up your mouth like I'm a dentist to my premises
Hairline as bad as genesis with better penmanship
In Venice eating venison
I miss Los Angeles, pissed off angry just, list off languages
Manhandle a damn prime rhyme rhinoceros
Up-close and personal like watching The Apocalypse
Wearin' binoculars, talking like I'm auctioning
Toxic oxygen, boxed in with ostriches
My cock monstrous, Pocahontas and moccasins
Hot as an iguana in a sauna to say the opposite
Voice hoarse like I need a box of lozenges
Go to grandma's, have a bowl of soup and polish sausages
You can't process it
Blooming like a million cherry blossoms on some awesome shit
White boy that has potential, last samurai
Camera shy, rhymes ramble longer than the camel rye
Petrify how I electrify, texting sexy fly
Bitches with my iphone, takin' pictures of my bone
Terminator flying through your country like a cyclone
Twenty shows, eighteen bitches, and then I'll fly home
Bad for being old as fucking Battle Star Galactica
Fuckin' spectacular, teeth sharper than Dracula
Respect the spectacle you bitch cause I'm immaculate
Top-five crackers cracking off, that's accurate

Archaic Angel with a flamethrower
Some rappers reach for the sky I guess I aim lower
Drake get twenty million, I get forty Gs
Him and forty, yo I had to run away from forty thieves
Conduct disorderly, more fucked when your bored of me
Distorted artistry, I blame it all on hieroglyphics
Why me, screaming standing on top of a pyramid
The joke's over, my life's an awful experiment
I'm the fucking last Mohican
And still I'll blast the weekend
I'm past the deep end
A deacon, inside I'm actually freaking
Older than ColecoVision, I'm still ego driven
Nighthawk, American eagle compared to feeble pigeons
Feeling groggy, my sleeping habits are terrible
Vision foggy, maybe I'm asking for miracles
Can't compare yourself to someone that just won the lottery
Unless you're Slaughterhouse no one gives the fuck if you slaughtering
Tried of being the guy that almost made it, still an unknown
King Kong, blow you to Kingdom Come and then come home
Write another hundred dumb poems
I'm done holmes