

Triple Threat

Madchild

I used to buzz around the studio here, just like a wild tyrant
Death defying, flying through the madness, so the higher I went
I would crash and burn, so when I woke up by the fire hydrant
I would have to learn I gotta stop! or I would die in violence
But my environments left me with the vicious drive to find
The witcher sippin' witches brew, diving into five vaginas
Everyday and sniffing two, they say what ever gets you through
This is true. In that case, then I will probably drive to China
Just for two. Back to Molly, Holly and her sister Sue
Listen boo, I've been on a mission and I'm pissin' through
Half a million dollars like it's yours, and I'm pissed at you
So when I throw the water for crystal and every dish at you
Don't be surprised I've been buggin' with the BaxWar
Swingin' my dick like Jim Duggan with his hacksaw
I turn my mental problems to a fuckin' rap tour
But they locked me out the game so I broke into the back door

Watch the stoner and the little monster, kill the concert
Break em' down, divide and conquer. Then move onward
Warriors we put em' on first. This is our turf
Fuck all these fake concepts, this is all work
(De, Slaine!) we kill the concert
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You not listenin'
Up late riddlin'
Here's the update, you puff fake, it's the end of em'
Better beat ten of them. Hell's where we sending them
Corners we be bending them. Maxed out the minimum
Bad bitch cinnamon. Coke blast, adrenaline
Road pass your whole ass. Need more cash than citizens
Rip shows. Kid goes like pistols and gauges
My previous engagements, slammin' bodies in the basement
Poor liquor on the pavement, family devastated
Keep it motivated, Smoke ventilated, let me demonstrate it
Niggas waiting to long to make moves
Now they don't make money, they may do
Ain't a take two, this the breakthrough
The crowd illuminates when the beat knocks
So let me see your fucking hands when this beat drops
I kill shit, ain't a kill switch till my heat rocks
Ain't a field trip, get killed quick then the pot walks

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If there's a problem with the warriors I'm jumping in head first
I spit a giant verse of fireworks until my head bursts
I sit alone, watchin' X-files and comedy

A reptile in exile projectile vomiting
Dark Disney, I'm throwing misery at em'
One day I'm moving back to Canada like Grizzly Adams
Living in the mountains, building a log cabin
With a hundred rescue dogs running around. I got odd habits
I'm reeling killing shit. I'm militant with ill intent
These puppets really ill as this when I am the ventriloquist
I had to get my thoughts together, I had to regroup
Now I'm ultraviolent, little Alex with his three droogs
Kids get excited when I'm writing my enlightening quotes
They hear the song and crank the volume like they're tightening bolts
With all these tats and gold teeth, I guess to folks I'm frightening
But lyrics that I spit light up the sky like bolts of lightning
Tell the marketer grind like a knife sharpener
Shots like a bartender, drop the hammer like a carpenter
You make it first? Yeah right, fuckin' fat chance
You grind like it's a lap dance, I grind like it's my last chance
(I'm not a midget, I'm a mellow dwarf that teleports)
With tats, a black BaxWar cape, and a pair of yellow shorts
Top five greatest white rappers on this whole planet
Don't panic, don't spit bars, I shoot whole cannons