

Concerto del Muerto

Wax

I be like J3sus Chr3sto
Cats are not least though
Wax I speak so
Reminiscent of a freak show circus master
All these worthless basterds getting nervous faster than a village on the ve
rge of disaster
They need to cry me a river since rappers spit soft
I bring the grimy deliverance
No need to remind me to shiver since I spit the Siberian wilderness
Cold as it gets
Spit 'till I'm old as a bitch
Not necessarily the sole goal to get rich
But it'd be nice
Man fuck all of the phony talk
I been grinding for a while like Tony Hawk
If you don't believe me homie, walk in my shoes for a day
Listen to the music I play
I been doing this way too long to stop now
It's not that I wouldn't, I just forgot how

It's like the devil gave away his violin and he never needed it back
But a way to how someone cuts the strings up for the beats that he feeds to
Wax
The world ain't ready for people this intelligent, pristine in rap
And I'm an idiot, you never wanna worship or offer an extra seat in the clas
s
I ran for the student senate
To deliver this movement, this method and invented a new poetic weapon used
to diffuse my excessive amounts of depression
I sat in the back of the class, wearing a dunce cap, acting stupid until the
professor asked
"Can someone explain the elements of music?"
I looked around, everybody looked completely clueless
I put in this beat, that's when I seen everybody's head immediately moving
And bobbin', groovin' and poppin'
Like this was some sort of robotically musical eroticness
That evolved from the human consciousness
All the people looked like zombies from resident evil
Must've been the sick lyrics that I put on the record that effected the need
le
I cut the beat, they stood up and started applauding
The professor gave me an A+ and said "Man, dude that was awesome"

I stomp through the swamp of a motherfuckin' comp
Throw your kids to the aligators, watch 'em chomp 'till they armless, legles
s, fucked up really bad, torso floatin' like a motherfuckin' lilly pad (bitc
h!)

Rappers want to talk tongue and cheek? I'll staple your tongue to your mothe
rfuckin' cheek 'till you can't speak or eat
For a whole week
Then I'll throw your grandmother off fuckin' Pike's Peak
Fuck a tight beat, if it's hot I still hate it
Spit over the track and murder the dude who made it
Come out of the booth and stab the engineer
Cut off his ear to wear as a souvenir
Osama Bin Laden's my boy, I'll get him on the phone
Plan another 9/11 on your grandma's retirement home

BLAOW!

Bunch of dead senior citizens

Bobby Bloodbath

Watch your back EOM

Motherfucker

Bobby Bloodbath, stand the fuck up New York City

By the time you hear this track

All these other motherfuckers, Wax, Android, EOM be in the bottom of a river
somewhere

With concrete trapped to their fuckin' feet

With fuckin' photographs of their children all over their fuckin' bodies

Bobby Bloodbath motherfucker stand the fuck up!

East New York

Coney Island

Bitch ass motherfuckers!