

# Terrorist's Cell

7L & Esoteric

Yo, ya-ya-yo-yo  
Cats ice grillin' me, fuck em' I buck 'em verbally  
Lookin' for a reason as I'm breezing by security  
With no one searching me, it's like I'm freezing their palm  
Taking with me my Koran and my belief in his law  
Storing a light tool, that's more than a knife fool  
And an aviation book from a Florida flight school  
But I could give a fuck about taking off or landing  
What I really need to know is how to hit this building  
How to kill American men, women, and children  
How to take the life of every innocent civilian  
Ready to fly, but am I ready to die?  
Am I promised everything that I want, on the other side?  
Eight of three in loop in terminal see, Logan airport where I'm supposed to be  
I see the man ripplin' mask port, checking passports  
"Have a nice flight sir"  
This is our chance, he never took a second glance  
Am I ready to advance, or live by in a trance  
The past thirty years of my life have been in camps  
Trained to kill, in Allah's name in will  
Livin' in this fountained up state paid the bill

Survival got me buggin' strugglin'  
Livin' in the world no different from a cell  
And I ask what's it worth  
Livin' in the world no different from a cell

Boarding the plane, my brains borderline insane  
Train of thought out of whack as I creep around the back of the jet  
My forehead's wet I keep praying  
Thinking to myself my next life brings wealth  
'Cause this one is nothing but a bump in the road  
And I'll be going to a better place when something explode  
As I look around the craft in the plane gets gone  
I lock eyes with my partners and know that it's on

Am I, ready to die for a God I've never seen? (No)  
Ready to die for an ideal or dream (Nah)  
And I'm looking at life through a wider scope  
Trying to cope, as my man slice the pilot's throat  
The plan takes effect and my heart fills with fright  
Plus these strippers last night had me thinking life is alright  
I take a look around and see all types of faces  
Men with suitcases, little girls with braces  
All kinds of races, panic end up once  
The plane change it's course, aimed at the source

We're a dangerous force, but did I really say we  
When I don't have the feeling that Allah is really with me  
I heard a Christian man state that he's afraid of death  
If he had faked left, he'd be waiting with beta breath kid  
Now I question my objective, 'cause I'm looking at it from a scientific perspective  
The same Christian man that was questioning himself  
Is telling me that I will burn in hell, I told him well that's very place  
That we dwell, besides the only thing burning is my shell

I rebel against the United States and Israel  
Killing citadels filled with different dells  
Time tell speaketh to this man I realize I'm pure evil  
Believing all the hideous lies the people feed to you  
In fact, I can feel my skin crack  
I'm fading to black 'cause I brace for impact