

Space Junk

Arsonists

"Invasion by creatures from space confirmed
New York City may be the next objective"

It's the four season apparel stand guard double a triscar
Bi-charred inferno by far the weapon used to spar
Too many SQUADS to boil my temper's soul
Console my wretched side every time my lyrics' exposed
I lived the life of moles, underground in sync with Earth
The birth of my asylum exploit divert my excerpt
for what it's worth, I can't stand this ball of dirt
Insert flirt to rhythm jugs, booty bangin the word surf
Buji tanning berserk nerf, echo hollow the pocket hirsch
Nurse the purse from singin in thirst, searching the outskirts
The shit hurt when my tears burst for late rent, bent curse
It lurks turf, broke, ain't trying to get worst

Militant mercenary chief mechanic antics manage navigating falcons in the Y2
K

Han Solo toucher laugh it up dickface
Took ol' girl on a joy ride faded off Obi Won and crashed into the Death Sta
r's remains
Tapped the right side of my heart twice entering the faculties
State of the Art SS Enterprise coordinates North Star
Last wednesday Worf traded a communicator for a blaster laser
While palming the ass of you wife Leah talking dirty alpha-beta
Teamed up and double penetrated her, she called my Shlong Vader
Swallow for daddy baby I'm a proud father
Twisted her bubble yum flooded her gums with cum that dripped down to her ga
rter
Data filming from the closet made her come harder
Sold a million copies to Jabba
Discussing business over Java
Ended up moving each unit for 80 dollars
Drove off in a space Impala
Watching EPs of Buck Rogers
Chewbacca knocka rocks for the brolic hip-hoppas
Facin their dramas follow these orders

We on express trains to funk
Here something that you should bump
Space junk
I got ya ears crunk up (Makin 'em jump jump!)
Got ladies shaking they ass
My niggas gettin 'em drunk you brick game
We ASF, we shoot dunks (Makin 'em jump jump!)

I stand in the ring, archangels me and myself
Stealth vocal local legitimize word melt, the way that I felt
Shelf the agonizing bad half, you trash
Wrath taking over the world, but I'm glad
Sit back and laugh (haaah)
I bleed smoke through my nostril, rugged apostle
Make it impossible for you to return, rhymes are obstacles
I piss icicles, sub-zero blood in my veins
Raising caine sprinkled with novacaine heartaches and pains

I fried my brain smoking klingon strange with Worf and Bubba Fett

Engage in danger room sequence forty eight sparrin' in holodecks
When bored I download dirty holographic porn from the Internet
Dot com slippery when wet it's the biggest threat to real live sex
My cryptic axe left a bloody sketch on the walls of her vortex
Robo snatch chips attached emulate plasma splash
Tap that ass with a force of a backdraft so do the math
Rather be disease free chewy than loaded with ticks and fleas
Wookie please, I'm on jacks with C3PO's speaking Japanese
Moshie mosh travel talk, which galaxy smokes the best trees?
Between you and me, I could care less about wack MCs
Rather be part of dynasties, snatching titles of New York Kings

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(2x)