

# New World Disorder

## Biohazard

Hey, yo fuck it. I'm rollin in a 4-barrel Camaro, toward the Tribore, eyes narrow East River flow with marrow, along side the bridge zombies pushing bodies in wheel barrels, bitches sterile follow on crutches of rusted arrows try to breath through esophagus stuffed with sparrows, the imperial, terrarembrium, the spherical, I turn the steering wheel and pull into a 7-Eleven, met up with Billy, Danny, Rob and Evan from the fucking Bio, yo we down for survival with acid raindrenched skin infested by termites, hermaphrodites on bikes swing spikes, think twice as I try to pacify the pariah beside the driver and Shotgun kelly flips the visor, time to devise a plan to reverse the demise of man before he's met by the lastset of the sun, armageddon, no question to answer, disaster results from behavior patterns. Earth lay raped, escape to saturn in a capsule, thirteen days of travel. Upon arrival plans unravel, imbalance of chemical pheromones, clones with no genitals surround us, we can't fuck them, no means of reproduction. I hear a scream and turn in that direction, 33-23-33, I see seven, coming toward us, to reward us...

Disorder, enter the Millenium, time gets shorter  
Disorder, behold a pale horse, new world disorder

[Lord Humongous]

Armageddon, a new death is dawnin', I like the smell of napalm in the morning, four riders of the apocalypse descend from the north, a fear in my eye, I behold a pale horse. Armageddon, no time to cry we all die as the sky turns red, the missiles start to fly. Factionstake action, eleven families rule, millenium approaches, survival of the roaches. Body armor will make you feel calmer or safe from the drama, deploew stealth military bombers, ass out, get down on your knees and pray; illuminati takes your soul on the eve of judgement day as the armies of darkness irradiate life and we all go to hell and satan fucks your wife. Strife, terror without a minute to pray, human beings at odds, peace becomes disarray, I'm humongous from Mad Max, Lord of the Wasteland with crazy ill troops all at my command, don't you ever fall victim to my master plan, I'm the dealer of death and here's your motherfuckin' hand.

[D-Lux]

I'm ready to take back whatever they sold ya cuz the scheme is a secret so nobody ever told ya, an underground illuminated tribe of radicals ready to take forth and feast like cannibals, animals, huffing the fumes of rotting flesh exhumed from the corpses of presidents, dissents and fools with a one way ticket from the temple of doom, dark sides of moons and ill atomic booms leave the earth all shakin and full of wounds from Krakatoa east of Java to Camaroon, and coming soon to a theater near you, the end of everything that we once knew.

[Billy]

The grand finale strap my body with TNT, take the president and his bitch with me tearing down the walls of this conspiracy, fuck skull and bones and illuminati. Irradiation of the land of the free but I'm the brave, ain't going out like a motherfuckin' slave, neobarbaric post-apocalyptic war, ground zero brooklyn, the world at war.

[Sticky Fingaz]

I woke up, bar codes on my forehead, it's a living nightmare, my families all dead. I gotta call Fred but no dail tone, I'm out for self cuz I'm gonna die alone, this is madness I'm drooling with the lock jaw, my elevator don't go to the top floor, I hold my breath cuz the O2 killed, I'm suffocating, I can't pay my oxigen bill. There's no tomorrow, I wish a nigga murder me, the president declared a state of emergency. The coast guard bangin' at my front door, I got homemade bombs if they want war. There's no sun, they put a fucking chip in me, I'm a clone, mat-ta fact it's a different me. I'm high tech kid, you get a bomb in the mail, so  
if you die today then I'll see you in hell, I'll see you in hell, see you in hell.