

Master Of The Flying Guillotine

Jumpsteady

Attack the barricade with my bloody double blades
As soldiers stand dismayed at a warrior unafraid
Cause I'm fortified to do or die on the battlefield
How ya feel when five of steel is revealed
Death, the final price to pay for those who try to run
Away
Ya wanna win best begin tryin' to be my protege
While the sun sets the souls slip away to where they're
Kept
The ground is where the bodies slept while their
Mothers wept
Ninjas on a deadly creep tryin to kill me in my sleep
Got a trophy shelf upon which their hooded heads I keep
Master of the deadly styles put ya body in a pile
Ain't been seen in awhile but you family's in denial
Eighteen Buddha attack better watch your crooked back
Cause a counterattack ya just kinda lack the knack for
That
Only one shall remain upon the others death will claim
Feel the pain as clothes are stained by the bloody rain

Guillotine master, chop (slice sound) clean
(Don't get hit by my flying guillotine)
Guillotine master, chop (slice sound) clean
(Don't get hit by my flying guillotine)
I sharpen my blades up
(Get your neck cut I'm the master, yup!)
I sharpen my blades up
(Get your neck cut I'm the master, yup!)

Master of the flyin' guillotine makin' em scream
When my tiger palm shreds their bodies to smithereens
Pop goes the weasel when the weasel goes pop
Then from up top ya see your headless body flip flop
36th chamber of death will try to steal ya breath
But I pass every step as I face the deadly test
Meditate for five years on my blade in a cave
To calm my inner rage that's filled many graves
Upon the crows curse I lay my opponents in a hearse
As I immerse in this verse causin you to hit reverse
Your life's a crap shoot and look whose holdin' loaded

Dice
You ready to battle me within this burning paradise
The battlescape is ablaze as you're standin there
Amazed
Of a lone figure emerin from the smoke where you gaze
Ya feel a wave of dread hit you like a karmic ride
Cause Mr. Hyde ain't even come close to my dark side

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A warrior never hesitate when openin the soul gate
There's really no debate when it comes to your fate
I got five deadly venoms but I need only one
To send any pawn in my octagon to oblivion
I'm like Bruce Lee when flowin' on the loose leaf
Slap ya head so hard that your brother starts to weep
Never in your life should you approach with anger
Or you'll leave lookin' just like a crippled avenger
Feel the force of the Jet Li triple kick blow
Jumpin from the high trees to pounce upon my foes
If you're a martial artist you can call me a master
My hands and feet flow and there is no one faster
When the bloody battle field finally quites down
And souls begin their journey homebound without a sound
I turn around with my deadly blades as I walk away
The fog envelops me like a myth as I slowly fade

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