

# 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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