

Slayed

Overseer

It's time, it's time
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I declare war on stupidity
We're droppin' beats and a lyrical fluidity
An attack with pace and ferocity
Built on bass and velocity
I'm taking you and your crew on a mission
We're cutting rhymes with digital precision
Your music's messed up, old, outta shape and fat
So rewind, punch me in and lay it down to dat

I declare war on the fakers
The piss-takers and the sucker money-makers
I reflect and elect to reject
Well, what the fuck did you expect?
I'm hyped and I'm psyched
And I was put here to wreck the mic so
I grab a fistful of plastic, not the real deal
No steel but it feels fantastic

We'll bring the house down
We got the stack up, the beats are backed up
We'll bring the house down
Big boombastic beats are getting busy

We'll bring the house down
We got the stack up, the beats are backed up
We'll bring the house down
Big boombastic beats to make ya dizzy

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War on them all and all that they stand for
So step back 'cos I'm a fuckin' handful
Tearin' up the beats that we rocked on
And if you look into my eyes I'm gettin' locked on
Now you see I'm stoked up, you think I'm coked up
But you know I'm fired up, not because I'm wired up
You see we spreadin' rhymes like a virus
But I'm just playin' with the rhythms that reside inside us

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