

If I Try

Secret Service

Super-civil arrest blast your teflon vest bastards
Hyde distress terrorists, the methodists of death bitch
Incorrect politicly linguisticly I'm lethal
Yo check my history it ain't no mystery to people
The Governor of Brit will have your mother sucking dick
Fuckin rubbin on her clit until she's bludgeoned by a brick
Yo to hell with secret-service men my burners stay disturbing them
They turned into my servants when my urchins said to murder them
All anarchists are lovin it while stubborn Feds are buggin it
Your governments discorvered cut to pieces in my coven kid
I'll tarnish you with carnage now your seargant's paying homage
Got Bin Laden and Saddam wrapped in bondage in the garbage
My knife's out, so stand back the White house is ran sacked
Despite how the Anthrax choked life out your grand papps
Torture is imense torture crawlin out your vents
The gore Hyde that invents put dents in your defense

I'm like Malcom when he came back from Mecca--not a racist
But when they come to kill me at my speech I'll shoot 'em in they faces
I lived a life of aggrevation, contemped in laceration
So I'm exempt from assassination attempts
Attack you like airborne pilots, beat you like General Cornwallace
You cornballs are minimal adjust your eyelids private
Ending your squadron, run up on you like Benjamin Martin
With the Inidan Axe peelin your skin back for startin
I'll start a revolution with this rugged rhyme
But fuck your Source cover I want my face on the cover of Time
You Benedict Arnold's will be smokin crack like bridges
We're burning bridges So you can't cross 'em cause our militia's vicious
The 13 colonies bring it to you, get on the horse
We'll be ripping your chest while they're stitching your flesh like Betsy Ro
ss
Images of onslaught cadavers and bleeding
I'd give a shout out to the soldiers that fought so I could have freedom

After war, on the return trip, burning my psyche
Extractin the passion from the paws of Christ it's pricey
Nuclear frost California first to break off
Space cowboys 30 cc's ready for take off
Lieutenants tank holdin my rank we climb sky ports
Islamic amputees disguised as cyborgs
I was born to die the first martyr
Torn from a place with burnt buildings and no father
Raise the ediquite of warface torture to make
War to Kuwait grenades tossed I through the corpse in the lake it's more cak
e
Revolution 9 new york quake it's an emergency
Bridges for tunnels this underworld is a murder spree
Fuckin with G world trade in the cloud
Terror network I'm still smellin people downtown
Whipe some tear gas the ying and the yang dead in the fear
10 to 15 they watch the dent in heaven appear

They held me captive I was being bludgeoned and starved
Seeing stars half a day from introduction to God
Feel the scars on my flesh my whole mind was destroyed
Hardest test of my life, the kind I try to avoid

I heard voices in my sleep one night a visitor spoke
Quoting the art of war the voice had given me hope
Broke out a sweat grab the tech, shot away to freedom
Hundreds die for their lives and now I've got you beaten
I'm defeatin any enemy that comes in my path
Wether political or criminal I let the guns blast
Coming mass like Marcos and Brooklyn's my Chiapos
Rage a war against police they can't look me in the optics
Sabac is equivelant to the object of militance
Consider this your option with the lives of imbevelence
I'm commited and deligent, equipt with the killer shit
The opressors nightmare if I talk it I'm livin it

I robbed the Auschwitz I was tattood with numbers for labor
Kids, babies, and mothers were sent directly to gas chambers
Stepping out of freight cars sorted by age and profession
And whether or not you capable of working the slave labor
Children and elderly people were the first to be taken
To shower rooms and exterminated and burnt to creamation
The rest of us kept behind and electric fence shaved heads
Starvin and workin to death and perished by days end
Truthfully we were the lucky ones, the fortunate
I remember stories of ways the doctors mainly used to torture men
Children and pregnant women unspeakable horrors
6 million martyrs from the sheet of the surgery with no anesthesia
I'm a prisonor of war or religion
A prisonor of nazi Germany I'm caught in the system
With dreams of torturing Hitler with blow torches and pistols
For every jew that died I survived my story continues