

Archie Bunker

La Coka Nostra

Glowing Grim Reaper eyes, bleeding skies, demons rise
Half the youth believe in lies how crucifying Jesus died
Walk amongst the snake charmers and bank robbers
That spray llama, slay drama, I hate problems
We the most precious resource
With treachery cause
Destiny calls when every king eventually falls
Scientifical THC density warped
Future primitive savage remove the head from your corpse
Throw your aura in a black glow energy warp
Bio-tech cyborgs without a shred of remorse
Another mutated life force of the deadliest sort
My shooter's a strike force remove your heads with a sword
Better yet a saw, get a straw, medicine galore
On that goon shit we be the most relevant of all
Brand you can bet your hand on
These other brands are tampons
With sand sores, but f*ck that bullshit cause ours bang hard

Now everybody saying Coka is back
But they ain't go nowhere they was rolling the stacks
Standing over the body watching smoke from the gat
We the illest in the game and you know it's a fact
BRRAATT!
Bang, bang motherf*cker
Hit your bitch raw dog, war motherf*cker
Put your shit back, you Lebron, motherf*cker
Haha, let's get on motherf*cker

Knocked 'em out with one punch that's a shitty fight
Getting money f*cking Gunther's that's the shitty life
I'm in your city, hype, f*cking big titty dykes
These f*cking bars will knock a hipster off his city bike
f*ck your life nigga, we so damn glorious
Coney Island hundred deep no it ain't the Warriors
It's the lifer gang, nigga get your wifey banged
It's pure dope, put in in the needle, spike your vein
I hit the booth grilling tracks with my true feelings
Then I hit the stage acapella they like "Ooh kill 'em"
I'm in the coop chilling, rag top, new ceiling
Bumping George Michael, cross dangling off my hoop earring
Eighties shit, get your lady hit with the crazy dick
Big guns like they on the deck of a Navy ship
You leave the crib I'm smoking weed with your baby sit
Hit her raw then wipe my nut on the baby bib

From the basketball diary, catholic team junkie
Cocaine kid on the path that seemed bumpy
Half the team locked in a casket seen monthly
Travelling in packs like a capuchin monkey
Sack of trees, chunky, my faculties funky
Rockets and packets get me out the lead jumpy
But I ain't had no vertical leap
This is phantom that I can spin into this vertical deep
Now the wrath on that path has a past between us
We killed your radio and smashed your zenith
The federales, yeah, they had subpoenas

Drones and satellite dishes lined half to Venus
But they can suck my flaccid penis
Once the kid's off the grid, while I got enough cash to lean us
Serial scratched off when we stash the niners
Live to shoot another day and make a classic remix