

## 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