

# Barbarians

Billy Woods

Just off the sound of the car doors closing  
I knew, I knew it was the D's, man  
I knew it was the D's

Mad men and cowards  
Mad shatter, no flowers  
The Mad Hatter askin' DJ Vlad, do words even matter?  
Elektra's bastards raised on step father black laughter  
Indentured but own his masters  
Yakov's ladder  
After after you might be surprised who clapped, who scattered  
Who survived, who captured  
With the Jew in the rafters  
Readin' history backwards  
Back mask Judas Priest black is black  
Black mass burning backwoods  
Might pay a rapper back taxes  
The Emperor at the gate  
On his throne, in a state  
Gold herringboned, elegant canes  
Don't mistake me for the hayseeds and rubes, if it's all the same  
Want the finest linens, gaudiest jewels, invisible chains  
The crowd roars, crowd rages  
The crowd's bored, open the cages  
For barbarian hoards, we waitin'  
I grew up around dogs thas racist  
Fathers took firing pins out guns, gave 'em to us to play with  
That's just the basics  
Basically they all had two faces  
Learned young what it take to stay in the king good graces

It's all very interesting but not very interesting at all  
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Show me your commandment  
Who the fuck are you?  
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Empire cycle, what a time to be sedated  
Narco haven  
The lower the wage, the bigger the gauge is  
With no regard to rising inflation  
Doublin' down on shackling multiple generations in cages  
Free every-God-damn-body  
Free every-God-damn-body  
Pimp C slumber melody  
Circle me on the mobile  
New Testament God seeming like a no-show  
Cross lowered from an icon to just a logo  
By the boat load, on a vessel named Jesus  
Suicide jump in slow-mo  
Water ripple like he skippin' stones  
Cast your wolves

Gone rogue  
Backwood to back of road  
When in Rome  
Watch the sky fall  
Overseer cyborg  
Terrorize the highscore  
Raised in the ghetto, a brown eyesore  
Locked door, no knob  
Off white, chop hard  
Slide, firearm out  
What you talkin' 'bout?  
White terror come in many form  
What you talkin' 'bout?  
Violent and or economic  
Fathered your every scars of our bondage  
Look how I hold on to them chains  
Look how I hold on to them chains

I don't want to be obtuse, right here wit you

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