

Warmachines

Billy Woods

Missiles, close enough to see model and make
Haters gon' hate
Watch my city like The Blind Sheikh
Handle snakes at the wake
You can tell he went to hell, just look at his face

Looking like the one that got away
Survivor's guilt like runaway slave
Dad's coffin in the house for two days
Lenin lying in state
Grab the gats, had a fucking parade
Ticker tape on the graves

Smoke like grease fire
For a pittance, the guns was hired
Good riddance
Road blocked with burning tires, the plot thickens
Delivered to hissing mob, appeal to distant God
The sun flat and hard

Captain Queeg Caine mutinous
Black rain luminous, exhale sour cumulus
Clench teeth hold cigars freshly rolled
Stories told, lies all
Cold call collect

Silent auction
His soul went unsold
Not for lack of trying
High horse rode hard, metal is iron
Precious as blood from tyrants, built to spill
Instill men with the will to kill
Your last meal served cold, now it's really real
Mountain ranges capped with snow
Where time's Guantanamo slow
Mud hamlets in the valley below
Dirt, stones, bony goats
At night, the whisper of ghosts
Satellite phones, whirring drones
My nigga grip the toast

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