

If they thought rap was dead tell the heads shit is resurrected
Battle royale, you won't last a second
The rhyme gets injected like smack in your bloodstream
Dope D.O.D. is the code for the drugfiends
Grab the frontseat and witness the crispness
Six inch saringes turn innards to liquids
I'm like Keith Flint mixed with Sticky Fingers,
Or a cross between Jason, the Fly and the Riddler
This ain't horrorcore, it's a Stephen King thriller
I curse yo' ass worse than that fat dude in thinner
I'm tippin a stripper thats grippin my zipper
She whispers she never had sex with a killer
Life on the streets from the pimps to the drifters
Seven sin sickness, I spit David Finchers.
Get my hands dirty and chop of your fingers
For stickin ya nose in my business. S.V

Countdown, step into the cockpit. Take flight !
Duckdown, when you in the moshpit. Fist fight!
Sex, drugs, yeah we gonna rock it. Get hyped!
Blast off! Yeah we like a rocket

Yes, you best believe your shit ain't affecting me
Infectious I confess like STD, test me please if you wanna rest in peace
I'm semtex put your chest where your legs should be
Explosive, my skin is corrosive, the state of psychosis
With coke that I sniff I'm in the state of being hopeless
Hiphop hypnosis, my flow is so soapless
And so I'm the ghost of the north coast ocean
Harpoon topshotta stigmata on my body
Hear the devil say: Hakuna Matata
I'm a goon with a lot of pissed coons
And we got a lot of shrooms in our system
Yet I'm cool with my kala
Going up and down like sisyphus
Niggas here they must be kidding us
Cause once I start to bust I'm Darth Sidious
Hart serious, dark images the force of the darkside is limitless

Ghosttown bombsquad we dropping it
We the shit and you full of it
I'm a old dog new tricks laughing at the punks in the bizz
There's nothing left to do but reminisce
Still candy flipping got the booze in the mix
Britain's in my bloodline you out for six
Took your spot easily ya didn't even notice
Fuck all these politics this rapgame is bogus
We're coming at you ferocious the coldest hell freezes over
We got it all fixed figured out the system there's more then one glitch
Reaper, Vicious, Rotten here to change the script
Noisia's in the house making atoms split
You can leave it up to us cause we master this
Dope D.O.D. is here just to end your bliss
There's a lot more victims on the waiting list