

The Strike

Dope D.O.D.

Lets go Nigga lets get it in,
I'm gonna get it in, shit gonna be craving.
Shit gonna get crate! Extra pills nigga.. extra pills
Uh-huh Word up... That fucking real.
EXTRA PILLS EXTRA PILLS MOTHERFUCKER!
Time to show these motherfuckers once
and for all. Ay, Yo, Reaper.

Of course I'm the big fat boss in this fuck rick ross,
I got the force of a rhinoceros,
I'm cautious with awesomeness. Niggas start horsing□ it,
MOTHER Fuck... Ima drag you to corcuses.
Our□ Power like The Parliment, power to the people!
To the cowards to the heart of men!
Arm and a leg is what it takes to be a part of this!
Arsonic arsenesist. Ima bout to start some shit like martin laurence did...
So, we waiting by your door step, in a Corvette.
I got a big buck knife and a sore head....
And I'm fuckin pissed! Cutting Niggas up,
with a limp and leave with a lisp, now we off the list....
Dump daddda... Body dumped in Navada... Bloody blue calla, Niggas say halla!
State of Nirvana. Only fuck with the Enlighted Ones,
we the Titan Sons, What you fear thats□ what I'll become!
Most definite I'm sicker than the lepresis,
well equipped devils kid... Exorcist! Sell a bitch!
Open up the gate step in to my hellish pit. Do it Reveren!
Aight.. Just for the hell of it!

So, your□ girlfriends pregnant? Get ready for abortion,
kicked her in the tummy. Now she's gonna say we lost em...
you think its tragic... BUT I SAY ITS AWESOME!
You can count on D.O.D, and me to get the job done.
Your the Lost One never to be found again?
Oh, your parents think now will this ever end...
The answers no, cuz I'm only here to torment!
Now your sons dead text message, I press Send!
Guess what into hell I will descend?
Just a meeting with□ my friends so, we are evil in the end.
Even Lethal with a pen, I be slaying Many Men.
And every now and then I make sure theres a dead end.

Any rapper out there who dare to compare,
well I kick some stairs. So, get STRIKED! MOTHERfucker!
Any half ass nigga with a plan to get
Bigga DOPE D.O.D did it. Cuz We Strike Motherfuckers!
We□ the punks getting drunk, getting High off the Skunk!
While We jump to the funk,,... Cuz we Strike MOTHERuckers!
Now we don't follloo no hype Motherfuckers!
Thats cuz, We Strike Motherfuckers!

You disappear with no trace in the cold days,
in a blanket of snow flakes. Sleep tight...
Theres a whole life after death a head o,f You..
When I Strike you go back to bed...

I reminisce on what my DAD once said.
If Word don't Effect em GO! Smash there heads!
Thats why I keep a crow bar, inside the SHED..
and Makes Sure I AiN't Caught. When my hands turn red...
It seems feels like We're the last Ones left..
That AiN't fucking sWag boy, FAGs! Yeah you heard me!
I took over rap and I Ain't half way 30!! Swallowing the Scene!
Like a half dead Kirby! gangsta..... Or nerdy?
There is no equivalent We struck the game with
a FORCE that is Militant I AiN't fly but, I spit fire
I might fly in a Spit Fire blast at you dick writers!
Choke you out with a thick wire! Oh Yeah!
Its time for the blow torch and pliers again Hit em with a STRIKE till the p
ass out,
then bail with the dough and return to the crack house.