

Armoured Core

Hacktivist

Stick to rapping see it all before it happens
As they gas all I see is hieroglyphic patterns
Just know my shoulders are too broad for collapsing
I'm still on my journey I've just been stuck in traffic
Some fucking pagans tried to stop us yea that's cool now we blank 'em
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger so for that I can thank 'em
I play this game like a champion, nah J isn't ramping
My lyrics paint a picture Milton Keynes out here tagging
We went away for a bit, but then the come back was savage
The way we handle biz most pricks couldn't manage
Alarm bells ringing and we don't even panic
It's magic, how I make a critic just vanish
A massacre I come away with scratches and bruises
I've got an armoured core these pussies they could never get through it
That's why we never feel threatened
We put our all into music so take note

You could disarm the alarm
Or break down that wall
But you can't harm us at all
We got an armoured core
Disarm the alarm
Or climb over the wall
You can't harm us at all
We got an armoured core

I could be blasting other bastards back with a faster track
But I'll attack switching up the speed till I've mastered that
After that I'll target certain areas of every scene
Letting swag emcees know I don't rate their laughable chat
Half the prophet of a new age, half a prat
Half a pride lion's rage, half a little cat
A paranoid mess with a lot on my chest
But I stay bloody deep and dark, a shark attack
Everywhere we play, they ask us back
Even when I think I acted up
I'm just proud of my Iron Man heart, gassed up
Nuked up in the gut that's what the power of the truth does
Keepin' it humble even if I blew up I ain't tryna be the king of anything
Adamantium frame, you could never break through cous'

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I'm coming back and I'm blasting through all your stereotypes
There he goes, giving no fucks and just cussing at parents bro
Savage compare to me many though that's just isn't necessary though
Here's a fucking heavy dose of why you never don't
Sharp as fuck with this shit man you know I sever throats
Half of you suck in this bitch and you know I never gloat
But what's the point of positions and spitting no truth in the booth

For some dudes in the suit when the root of your loot is dead approach

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You could disarm the alarm
Or break down that wall
But you can't harm us at all
We got an armoured core
No attack has ever floored us before
Not with this armoured core
Armoured core