

Akshon

Killer Mike

[Intro - Andre 3000] + (Killer Mike)
(Let's do this {shit})
Yeah! Killer keeps it honest
Cause reality is perception with a weak stomach
Bubbling uneasy like the bowels of {hell} (Boo!)
Enough to make a black ghost turn pale
(YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!)

[Killer Mike]
Ma-dden '04
This is the name that came, to alter the game
My quarterback fires, slangin' that thang
Two minute drill, we runnin' it mayne
DE-FENSE, DON'T SLACK!
Pushin' ya line, crackin ya quarterback
Laying that wood, he's flat on his back
Ya recievers is shook, missin they catch
My recievers a dog, run and they fetch
Ya runningbacks weak, left on his neck
MADDEN IS IT, YEAH!
No better feeling, then gripping the stick
Returning my punts, nailing my kicks
My runningbacks real, fakin' is sick
HALF-BACK, DON'T STOP!
Touchdown bound, Jeff, follow his block
My offensive line, locking the block
Fourth and inches, we can't be stopped
Third and long, we stretching the field
Chasin the corner, see if he chill
OF-FENSE, WON'T STOP, NO!
DE-FENSE, WON'T STOP, NO!
Yeah we braggin, and hitting and taggin
On Madden 2004, YEAH!

[Chorus - Killer Mike]
Madden 2004, (YEAH!)
It's grime time, let's go (YEAH!)
Bringin the pain, I'm laying the wood
Quarterback status, I'm throwing it good
Madden 2004, (YEAH!)
It's grime time, let's go (YEAH!)
Running and gunnin, and stuffin the hole
Nothing is realer, then 2004!

[Outro]
Nu-nu, that
Nu-nu
Nu-nu, for you-you
Nu-nu, for you-you
That, nu-nu
That, nu-nu
Nu-nu, for you-you
Nu-nu, for you-you
That, nu-nu
That, nu-nu
Nu-nu, for you-you
Nu-nu, for you-you

That, nu-nu
That, nu-nu
Nu-nu, for you-you
Nu-nu, for you-you