

Bloody Sunday

La Coka Nostra

Bloody Sunday, Black Sabbath
The pope's a pedophile with a drug habit
We're all clinically depressed, they got us all manic
We keep swallowing their pills so we don't fucking panic
Run for the hills, grab your automatic
Bring your big black boots and your fighting gloves
Psychorealm's in the house screaming out, "Fuck love!"
Sixth Side in the house screaming out, "Fuck love!"
Hey yo back from the dead, back at it again
It's the antique pistol with the antigen
Punk I'll take your pistol, give it back and then
You act up again you getting clapped, my friend
This coka familiar vibe alone'll kill ya
King Kong ain't got shit on this here gorilla
Classic off the wall like Mike from Thriller
A monster in a legend, hell this Godzilla

We got the heat for the streets
The bag for the drop
The kid body blow out your back with the pop
The move and the shake
The move and the wake
Welcome to Hell, the Devil's here to open the gate

They say hip hop's hanging from a noose like Saddam Hussein
Then LCN make you jump around like House of Pain
I take it back like purple rain envelopes
Crazy Eddy episodes, break and enter hoes
Every record sold's equivalent to coke, homie
Welcome to the Teradome, I'm inappropriate
Like Kramer with a megaphone
Black ? fire, and steel, my mind's ill
Got you on a mission like a crackhead to find krillz

I come from a place where the Apocalypse is now
Armageddon, Nostradamus called it, you are now with the raw
It's unwarming light, sun turned to God, God turned to sun
Murder one, no match, no blood and no gun
Fire and brimstones, stem cell clones
Minimicrophones implanted deep in your bones
They tapping the phones, snapping the home (Clapping the chrome!)
Ding-dong, click-clack, one in the back of the dome

~Slaine~
I'm a rebel poet, my words are treated like it's contraband
I'm unresponsive to taunts of critics and wants of fans
Angelic demonic chronic writer, a haunted man
Mongrel monster with the murderers on conquered land
I grew around some johns is junkies with bubkes scams
Bar brawls, broken bottles, banging, and launching hands
My shifty plans turn a risky chance to fifty grand
Double it, watch these sissies stand in your pissy pants
This game is getting me baptized, we bad guys
Choose sides and yous guys is enemies or allies
La Coka Nostra is a brand you can trust
To roll with a pack of animals with cannons to bust