

Battleaxe

Madchild

Both middle fingers up, point 'em at the industry

Watch a misguided angel bust
Like I'm on red devil angel dust
Man I play off the pain
Bear witness to the chaos that reigns
Of course I'm insane
Of course I'm gonna course through your veins
I'm a beast, you can't get rid of my name
Spit lit propane
Dope fiends, this is cooked cocaine
While I'm tryin' to touch these kids like Kurt Cobain
I guess that's why I fuck with pills that could hurt your brain
Chop through the track
Talk like I walk with an axe
Confident rap, no argument, I conquer with that
King Kong stomp through the track
Armed to attack
Come see the concert, I'm a monster with that
Faceless one
Patience till it's done
Shine bright, Shane could change places with the sun
Little savage in the states, I'm gettin' gradually known
The poet king is finally back on his throne
I'm glad to be home

Man, we got this
Locked, kept under wraps
The best kept secret leakin' through the crack
Man, we so close
We stay lookin' for traps
And try to stay separate from these cats
It's Battleaxe
Man, we got this
Locked, kept under wraps
The best kept secret all across the map
Man, we so close
We stay lookin' for traps
And try to stay separate from these cats
It's Battleaxe

Yo, kids try to kick it like it's A.Y.S.O
I'm World Cup, Copa Mundial, so let's go
Catch me killin' clubs or rippin' shows al fresco
Right in front of the bar like Pablo Esco
I'm a narcotic fiends go for the dope
I learned to secure position then go for the choke
I used to have a handle on life but it broke
Now I'm ghostriding Amsterdam flights for the smoke
Still you know my work ethic is strictly 'get busy'
They think I'm a teddy bear until it gets grizzly/gristly
Rappers wantin' beef, leave 'em in a meat locker
Fly around the world, line around the block to see Raaka
Money talks, sings and raps
Dilated out for more titles, rings and plaques
Sounds classic, like Chuck D and Cadillacs
While my Vancouver cats keep swingin' a Battleaxe

Yeah, Battleaxe like Golden Axe
Gilius Thunderhead, dwarf competition
You're all hobbits to my optics
I'm talkin' microscopic, termite dandruff
And it's from my vantage
Better vanish 'fore I open fire with these cannons, somethin' mammoth
Flow like that Flying Dutchman
Best who did it, done it, do it
Nigga no need for discussion
Kick hits, split yo shit just like I was Zohan
You niggas bitch, pussy shit, stealin' shit so I guess that makes you Lohan
Get ate like ??, niggas you are not that poppin'
Slightly carbonated, pop your top, your fizz is quickly stoppin'
Parkinson's Disease in a Delorean, forever rockin'
And when I roll nigga, I lean so cool like Steve Hawkins (Battleaxe)
Nigga I got this like uh
I'mma pay the tab
I got this like, "Whoa, back up little homie, I'mma beat his ass"
Steppin' with my weapon, reppin' westside man
While real niggas don't fuck with 'Pac holograms

I sit alone in my four cornered room
Wick burnin' till the wax drips, torchin' a spoon
Feelin' nervous while The Clash spins
Joe Strummer fought the law pickin' at strings
And we'd rather bail/Bale then spread our Batwings
Dark Knight, off light, Corey Hart, seein' dark all night
Time to let my battleaxe swing
Despite all my rage, I'm a rat in a cage
With a plan to escape out the basement
Walk through the fog
Grapefruit balls in my drawers
I'm a Hobo With A Shotgun, whistling a 'Pac song
Shot a cop car with a flurry of Who Got The Props, get it?
Sick so, dope sick, no fix, no spit, so syringe inject slow
The king of rock OD'd
The king of pop OD'd
So what's God got in shop for little ol' me?