

Believers

¡Mayday!

(Believers)
(Yeah)

My brain is still rattled from the shock
When they leave it in the box
It's enough to call it medically opt
Stopwatch, get a lock when I rock
Let 'em all just hop the block (Ok)
Better save your neighbor (Neighbor?)
Let you kiddies all know
This Snake and Bat is code for Stranger danger

Man, stealing some paper
But they never call the cops
Ex-presidential with a plot
Strange bird never had my own flock
Miami where the bass here's drop
And the red lights blink
But you just don't stop
Gotta get that guap
Gotta raise them crops
She pop that top
And the cat is lazy!

Well this Rat Pack is quite flavored
Sammy Davis in a manger
Drinking a Guinness, killing the faith in her
Singing and slinging into her labia
Kick drums hum enslaving you
(Split crumbs up we're baking you)
See, this one's cut your steak in a
(Sick mix up of unstabler times, feeling the vibe
Gripping this steering wheel of this car that I drive)
They wanna see our demise
They've got the greenest of eyes
(Ignoring warnin' of foes
Like car alarms in the night)
Well, alright!

Even though they listen
They don't ever really hear us
Their condition is conditioned
Yeah, they love the smoke and mirrors
Watch 'em turning up their radios
And act like they don't need us
But eventually the fact is that
They all end up believers
Because even though they listen
They don't ever really hear us
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Can you dig? In a world full of pigs

Who's coming to pick up all of the kids
Wanna tell 'em don't live like this
Get an ax in the back
Of the ones with the 'taps
Who been stalking where you live
They gonna turn on a map
Then watch you stack
Everything that they want you to give

Maaan, they've been tuned in
But ain't got enough loot
They all scared of the movement
Greasy elbows, only way to break through
Even though we're the truth
America eats its youth
But don't fret, me and Wrek won't dip
Motherfucker got an ax to pick, how 'bout you?

About two crews came through to
Break through, lose the tunics
Veteran of cuckoo when you screw
Like two nudie eunuchs
Past life in a battle guard
Mad mics I done shattered y'all
Your dad's wife took her saddle off
To catapult my cattle prod!

It's true, dude, we bruise through
Them broke molds to fragments
We Tom Cruise that bitch
While they all turn to ashes
Ain't fucking with no samples
'Cause I can't clear these classics
No need we got that heat besides
We don't need these bastards

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