

Catch a throatful  
From the fire vocaled  
Ash and molten glass like  
Eyjafjallajökull  
The volcano out of Iceland  
He'll conquer and destroy the rap world like the white men  
Learnt from a pro as a mentor  
Started with a bird nest and burnt it to a cinder  
That'll get the party kicking  
Plus your little charred body is smoldered like chicken  
As the dollar continues to lose momentum  
He need land from murdered indians that represent 'em  
Gold is up, urging all thugs  
Trade your chains for cash and splurge it on drugs  
Or a more secure investment:  
Food or water  
A couple of gallons for your cutest daughter  
And thank him as a Yankee fellow southerner  
Don't forget the general rank, 'ello guv'nor

Vocals spill over like the rolling hills of Dover  
Or the Gulf Oil Disaster if preferred you're after  
Depends on your status or your stature  
Whether you benefit from the prior or the later-er  
Get the fatter check split  
How much for 100,000 tons of correct shit  
Sell a Chinese half-priced seafood  
Price is like a real nice street dude  
Who can knock the most dead birds out the sky  
And then spread a lie  
And then say he know why  
I bet  
Get the machine, blame it on the fireworks  
Cleanup, y'all know when to send the wire, jerks!  
Black teeth still snack on sweets  
And get stacks with the qui mon qui  
They use to sell CD's  
Now they got fake weed  
Seeds burning trees like potpourri  
Buyer beware  
Had to tell this one liar "sire be fair"  
At least untie her hair from the chair while I'm there  
I hate playing loving her, JJ for Governor