

Who raised by wolves, trained by gorillas
Caged fighters, gangstas and killers,
Skateboard kids, successful drug dealers,
Pro snowboarders, and bikers they all feel us.
I guess it's the adrenaline rush that flows in us.
Run with my sons of death we all winners.
All got fight in our blood, we go-getters.
Something out there that we want, we won't let up.
Battle axe warriors, we armed to the teeth,
And I'm a little monster, a conquering beast.
White rabbit, black sabbath, bad habits.
My girl's in love with a thug, and a drug addict.
Slow evil, back to my high,
Til I poison the oceans, and blacken the sky.
No need being born, horns and wings,
Torn between good, and doing very bad things.
We the underground force protectors,
You don't want to fuck around with the corpse collectors.
My partner, Mr. Cloak'n'Dagger.
I'm the blazin' angel, known for raisin hell,
And we don't plan on changin'.

New breed, full blooded thoroughbreds.
Organized, don't kill without the go-ahead.
Wanna step to my crew? Go ahead.
Once it's on, won't stop til we know ya dead.
Street soldiers, you don't want to enter my circle,
There's hundreds of thunderous tempers.
New breed, full blooded thoroughbreds.
Once it's on, won't stop til we know ya dead.

Out the mouth of madness, come these truthful words,
Swollen Members will emerge, converge, and over take.
Approach those who make promises they don't intend to keep.
Inferno rise up, but my beliefs, the miracle on earth,
Some will experience, all will see.
I appear in locations, (where) carefully selected.
Prepare for our music as rare as Led Zepplin. (Right)
Were graceful as sharks, when we hunt our profession. (Let 'em know)
You get the bull if you mess with the horns.
You should told your homie, there's a lesson for em. (Tell ya boy)
Be impressed with my storm, it conform from the shoreline,
In wartime it gathers more strength, full of lust. (Yeah)
More like, my goal. Mine shines as bright as prophecy,
Fulfilled by my steel will, and iron fist of M.A.D.
The grand inquisitors, beyond all walls and perimeters
The laws of the land can't limit us. (naw)

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Organized, don't kill without the go-ahead.
Wanna step to my crew? Go ahead.
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Street soldiers, you don't want to enter my circle,
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My first spirit dance with the strength of a tribal chief,
Deeper than a dead mans chest, there is no rivalry.
We survive time, while we build our crew lethally.
We are the word on the street, yet sworn to secrecy.
Basements, nightclubs, fight clubs, alleyways,
Our people are well prepared, there all waiting for the day, (it's here)
Where they can proudly say "we fought for a reason".
Everyone in black bandannas pledging allegiance.