

Amputated Saint (feat. B-Real)

DJ Muggs & Ill Bill

I'm like a Viking in a submarine
I'm a Spartan with guns and beams
Muggs and me is like
Giving hard drugs to fiends I be the cause of these prison riots
Spawn of the Israelites
Torture you with kitchen knives
Torch you in a pistol fight I saw brothers tore from the fist of Christ
Propaganda brainwashes us
To make us think their system's right I stick my finger in the dyke, plug the leak
While she suck the teeth
Look into the light, such is life
So when I hold the mic frightened day and night
Might catch a case, see you in my sights
Let my heater make you change your face
Make you change your ways
Wishing you could change your days The venom we spit cut your throat like a razor blade
They got hell to pay, me, I got hell to raise
Looked death in the eye, he said you get a stellar gaze
He went on his way but he got stuck in the maze
Without any way to get out of this purple haze Evacuate the place
Fallen angel, amputated saint
Trapped on the cannibal, planet of hate
Gang-related is their faith
Activate the tape, calculate the weight
Single-handed with the cannon in their face
Evacuate the place
Fallen angel, amputated saint
Trapped on the cannibal, planet of hate
Gang-related is their faith
Activate the tape, calculate the weight
Single-handed with the cannon in their face Abandon all hope, buy more weapons and more
coke
Build yourself a bunker under your house, it's all over
But before the C.I.A. come to take us away
Light up some OG, kush and take us out in a blaze Abandon all hope, buy more weapons and
more coke
Build yourself a bunker under your house, it's all over
But before the C.I.A. come to take us away
Light up some OG, kush and take us out in a blaze I ate some brownies last weekend, I've been
high for days
Should've known B-Real was the guy with the tray
Cheech and Chong spliff, twist up an entire eight

It won't freeze your nose, the shit'll set fire to your face
We get higher in the place, still my eyes
are clean
I'm the man in all black with the hashish sheen
So many bags of green candy caused the lean
Got a crew so thick, man, we causing a scene
You tried to hit it the very moment I lit it
You shitted your pants, coughing out your lungs, bitch, quit it
We got the greenery and the heavy machinery
And life don't mean a thing to me, bitch, enjoy the scenery
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Trapped on the cannibal, planet of hate
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Activate the tape, calculate the weight
Single-handed with the cannon in their face
Kya dekh rahe ho tum
Meri aankho mein
Kya dekh rahe ho tum
Meri aankho mein
Kya dekh rahe ho tum
Meri aankho mein
Kya dekh rahe ho tum
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