

# Knuckle Up

Prozak

Stand Up, boss Up, fist Up, fuck it up, Bitch!  
Stand Up, boss Up, fist Up, fuck it up, Bitch!  
Stand Up, boss Up, fist Up, fuck it up, Bitch!  
Stand Up, boss Up, fist Up, fuck it up, Bitch!

I'm raw like Jigsaw, dismemberin' your skeletal  
Breakin' apart your jaw while stompin' all across your genitals  
You wanted a war, you got it, now come and face me  
You must be crazy trying to escape the Rosemary's baby  
I was born to defeat deceitful people, relieve them of the lies of evil  
With knives that are lethal, while leaving them Rest in Peaceful  
I'm a full blown psychopath! Full grown maniac!  
Known to get the last laugh, and you don't want to fuck with that!  
My mental pain is conveyed with rage and anguish  
With a hatred I can't contain to explain to this English language  
So why must I insist to persist to inflict damage  
When we come face-to-face you'll be draped with Ace Bandages

Now if you're with me (Stand up!)  
If you're fed up, (Boss up!)  
Put your fuckin' (Fist up!)  
Knuckle up, fuck it up bitch!

(These hoes)  
No more sleep niggas!  
(My zone)  
Give me fifty feet niggas!  
(No clone)  
Fist to your cheek niggas!  
(Cracked bone)  
Yeah I'm a beast nigga

Cry for more, ride to war, beat my chest like King Kong  
Life is more, not we saw, demons in this fucking song  
You can't survive, we thrive like cockroaches  
No way, but I'm stomping that bitch til ain't no motion  
It's open, that door, lean forward, your body snatch a sun goes down  
This shoe stick pinches and cactus  
Pursues your arms, legs, your bones  
Broke in the dome like Mike Jack, closed case  
I flip then I ain't coming right

Now if you're with me (Stand up!)  
If you're fed up, (Boss up!)  
Put your fuckin' (Fist up!)  
Knuckle up, fuck it up bitch!

Better get a fuckin knife if you're thinkin you can kill me  
Instead of a scratch I'm gonna cut deep inside you, you are ill B  
I set em on fire, let em expire, let em e-fuckin-xplode  
My gasoline - my pride, my grind - it never done slow  
Hit em in the fangs, seekin them dead in the flesh of the track wa wa  
I pillage and hustle the circuit never to pause, took it from the back  
Maniacal rapper divided  
Insane and the flesh can't fight it

Bloody the knuckles are anger provided  
Iller the most of the pack yea  
I'm rappin this hallucination  
Don't you fuckin change that station  
We have neglected to give you and earful  
To stabbing your earholes  
Sicker than all of the demons combined  
Sicker than most psychotic of minds  
Sicker than hell itself, that be my steal

Now if you're with me (Stand up!)  
If you're fed up, (Boss up!)  
Put your fuckin' (Fist up!)  
Knuckle up, fuck it up bitch!