

Here to kill the bass, spit the treble in your face
Put you in your place, I ain't scared to catch a case
Here to win the race, they can't keep up with the pace
I'm eatin' them for dinner and I slam 'em with the plates
Ain't gotta show no mercy for them
Straight magic, hit the pad with the pen
You need a killer verse, then count me in
'Cause my flow's like a prayer, got 'em saying Amen
If you think I threw some shots, take a shot
You'll be gettin' hella tipsy on the spot
But you probably won't, you ain't got the range
Still tryna see if my followers' bots
Look up my stats and that's facts
That's why I got so many contracts
I don't need to sell my soul to make a pact
Burn out? I'm never runnin' out of wax

When they try to make me out to be the bad guy
Manifests my anger, turn into the yōkai
Takin' names, spreadin' maim, kill 'em with my games
Such a shame 'cause I'm really just a dope guy
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Watch your mouth before I get a muzzle
My goon's blast, I never move a muscle
Why you stay hatin' my hustle?
Stop my bags? I'ma move a duffle
Hate to burst your bubble, but hatin' is a struggle
You so full of shit, but they thinkin' you humble
I'm a brand, so they call me Russell
These bitches stoned, Betty Rubble
[?] smoke and gets smoggy
They wanna brew like we up in Milwaukee
We can get it poppin' like a bottle of Ace
Crew will put the uzi-uzi right in your face

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Tryna be socially acceptable
It's makin' me so susceptible
To the pain and the lies
And the chains and the fights
And the names and the bites
That the yōkai have applied
I don't wanna fight no more
I think I need to grow more
Too many demons inside

These yōkai cannot hide
These yōkai cannot hide
I need these yōkai out of my life

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