

Thee Critical Beatdown

Body Count

Done talkin' shit to your bitch-ass
Fuck all this back and forth
Pussy ass shit

You talk a lot of shit
Now it's time to back it up
Time to meet face to face
Text that Internet tough
You name the place I'm there
Don't even fuckin' care
I'll come to your fuckin' hood
And beat your ass good
No weapons
Since you're such a bad man
Bare knuckles in the street
Bang it out hand to hand
You can bring your whole crew
I'll roll with mine too
Full block gang fight
Hard body old school

I'm done with the bullshit
I ain't fuckin' 'round no more
And if you don't show up
I'm knockin' on your front door
I'm done with the bullshit
I ain't fuckin' 'round no more
And if you don't show up
I'm knockin' on your front door

It is time for thee critical beat down
It is time for thee critical beat down

I got your pussy
Text still talkin' mad shit
But you don't wanna meet
You're such a little bitch
But I'm past that point
I'm about to hunt you down
Pop up at your fuckin' job
And beat your head to the ground
Break your motha fuckin' back
Maybe break it all too
Put you in a wheelchair
Since I'm such a joke to you
Pray to God, fuckboy
I never catch you in the street
Bail out my fuckin' car
And stomp you through the concrete

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What's up mothafucka
Fuck you
Oh, so your bitch-ass showed up
Nigga, I ain't scared of you
Yeah mothafucka
What's up nigga
What's happenin'
Fuck off nigga
What's happenin' mothafucka
Let's go

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