

Somebody about to be punished
Rest in peace to my nigga Izzy
Rest in peace to my nigga J Dilla
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Love y'all niggas man
Watch what I do when honoring y'all name
Streets feel me!

I'm nice with the lead peel your edges like slices of bread
Precise, become a poltergeist, stickin knives inside of your head
What's the issue, on a roll, like a roll of toilet tissue[?]
I continue to expose you niggas that's so superficial
I script you your obituary then blow like a missile
Once I blow the whistle, motherfuck may the forces be with you
Come with a style, I'm wildin', pile up my money so kosher
Then call up the sofa fuckin' bitches in back of the rover
Then bounce with the coca, bag up bitches outside of the Costa Rica
Area level, my features and carry my posters
Unprecedented, I cemented, you changing your flow up
While helping you grow up, niggas know you for sounding so tore up
Challenging niggas, better hold on to your bannister niggas
Fuck around I'll stuff your body parts into cannisters niggas
Like you don't know the half, I'll bust your motherfuckin ass
Busta buss, cass, and papoose is fuckin psychopaths

Making niggas wanna get hype yo I'm psycho...

My nigga beside me with triggers and niggas get bodied
I lock a strip and chop a brick like I'm Mr. Miyagi
But this ain't karate, I been sick since I pissed in a potty
I probably been proper since my papa put dick in my mommy
I'm a cannon man
Holdin' the hammer man
For the loot niggas shoot niggas like a camera man
Snappin' a picture, you get stuck like the back of a sticker
I got bars like the factory manufacturing snickers
And I do crimes for the bread like croutons
With two nines I be layin' clowns down like futon's
With the bullets in the rocket, my pocket's is full of cream
I'm blowin' steam, keep the steel in my hands like wolverine
Poppin' the metal, you niggas is not on my level
I'm locking the kettle man, I'm hot like a pot and a kettle
On the mic I spaz, who get as hype as cass
And my nigga busta, we some muthafucking psychopath's

Making niggas wanna get hype yo I'm psycho...

I'm an iceberg trapped in a fire I won't melt
I'm a fetus that survived an abortion, I won't be killed
I'm the heart of Brooklyn, New York, I'm bedstuy
I'm a christian woman's hand on the bible I won't lie
I'm the code of silence in the Gotti crew
I'm an empty mag right after a shootout, I just bodied you
Got something sup? shotgun pump, shot at you
Like kamikaze through, your baby mom's feel the wop cock back
Cause she was sittin' on my lap

I stay with the oowop strap
I put your baby daddy in a body bag
When I squeeze and let the wop clap
I Baghdad like Iraq...
This is my era, you niggas is losers
I'm the new error like a mistake on your computer
Got the infrared dot, bustin' you gullible suckers too
Put a dot on your ass like www

Making niggas wanna get hype yo I'm psycho...