Yo, stomp down killers forever Webby, what up? Windex, I see you Let's go

Lately I been feeling like there ain't no one as ill as I First I make the music, then I made that shit an enterprise This is dope money, you could say me name is Escobar Killing all these rappers just became part of my repertoire Doggy, I'm a python, you'll never compare Y'all are feminine, it's evident I'll end your career (yeah) I put the smoke in the air tonight like I'm Phil Collins I got the shakes like I'm withdrawing from pills often And everywhere I go the sticks on me like I'm Sid Crosby I got more Heat that Miami, I'll fucking Chris Bosh 'em I'm psychopathic, I'm doing acid and driving backwards Every track that I'm rapping on is a fire hazard So light the matches, ignite the gasses, the final chapter Merk, Windex and Chris Webby are just some hired assassins A kamikaze with a loaded gun, wasted Smoking dust naked in a pickup truck faded Let's go

Seen 'em all bluffing but they ain't say nothing Cause these motherfuckers not like me
Yeah they seen their name buzzing
Now they wanna start something
That is not likely
We don't need no introduction
(Motherfucker)
Better leave me be
Shut the fuck up when you talking to me
Shut the fuck up when you talking to me

I don't vacation (nope) I be in a lab on a free date Chicken fingers, LSD tab and a V8 Rolling up the grass, puff pass like a relay Ever since I used to say phat, with a P-H Mario and Bowser combined A cold blooded Italian and I'm out of my mind And listen, half of the time I'm so high Can't believe my words actually rhyme It's autopilot, sitting back in recline When I get a Grammy I'ma only credit the squad Cause we been working too hard to share the credit with God Shit's a hell of a job, spit flows and show dominance Pro novelist, no stopping this Drag 'em under like a hippopotamus and Botswana this Rap god is sick, Poseidon with the water drip Out the underground like I was found by archaeologists All we do is mother fucking body shit

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Every so often I get carried away Yo what's this motherfuckers problem, why he staring at me? I swear to God that I'ma drop him, right there in his place And toss his body in the coffin, he'll get buried today And Merk comes over, he's like, "Windex chill I think you're off your rocker, you forget your pills? Cause you ain't been acting proper and you can't sit still" Man fuck you, just pass the vodka, it ain't no big deal I'm ruthless, I'll smash your woman and then I'll smash your sister And replace your dad's spot in every family picture I'm standing outside the AA while I'm slamming liquor I piss people off just to ask them if they're triggered Are you triggered? Well I don't give a shit, really If a groupie wanna fuck then she can get the big willy If somebody want that smoke I'll tell them where the bitch killed me But don't tell me to stop being a prick, 'cause I still will be

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2003 shit CT to Canada shit Shut the fuck up when you talking to me Yeah