

Face

clipping.

Tree hugging the wall-ass bitches fuck with a baller
Hard as a wrecking ball, crush your walls and fuck up your karma
Honor roll on your daughter, leave a puddle of water
That's hot as your son's man, tell him not to step on the daughter's
Melodica minus the mellows, dick with a A suck it
No K but this shit's busting, no spray on a bitch cousin
Don't play when an itch coming, just pray for the kiss of cunnilingus
And the gun barrel he ain't gonna be missed there, just tell him to

Fuck shit up bitch break your
Face (dick in your) face (dick in your) face (dick in your) face (dick in yo
ur)
Fuck shit up bitch break your
Face (clit in your) face (clit in your) face (clit in your) face (clit in yo
ur)
Fuck shit up bitch break your
Face (gun in your) face (gun in your) face (gun in your) face (gun in your)

You remember that shit?
Aye, aye
Is he paying attention?

In a minute the walls will be bleeding, no trigger
The wash of the rest of the semen
They missed
But step off before you get red on your dress
Head from the best
Let it digress
Degrade, debase, the shade, the race
The ride, the crime that's paid for face
And time is funny, ain't it with a gun
Can paint it the color, but reverends have run
This town, this fucking club
Foot on the neckbone, in the gut
Tired of the 'trone, the heem, the belly, the lean
The Louie, the crown, the sound the scene
The cut, trying to cut
Lay in the cut, blood from the cut
Look at me they cuttin' the neck and exposing the guts
So get in there shit, let them bitch if you ready to

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I don't even know what the fuck he was talking about...
Hey you... hey you see that shit when he did that?

Fire all over the ceiling, in the fucking building
The plaster is peeling
They willing to let a give, live a shit
Feelings could have a way out

Break shit
Killers ain't dripping off burning
They burn for the burners to have a reason
To come out to the corner
To find a lesson or to learn em' a thing
Or three hundred and twenty one son of a gun
Of a runner of Uzi that's weighing a ton
Or toner a tuner or lunatic
Moving these units like glue, how they do it
And sticking that, clicking that
Click and they clack
'Cause that's sound of a MAC in the trunk full of hooligans
Into the back of the Acura, accurate
Adequate at it again they'll come back for this winning
They left you uncertain, you ready to...

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