

Studio Freestyle 01

clipping.

Uh, yeah, wassup wassup
Alright, new shit, uh, yeah, uh

Who really tryin' to fuck with destiny
Kitchen full of chefs without a recipe
Kitchen full of knives and scared of weaponry
Kitchen full of naps, ain't never sleepin'
Up to slaughter motherfuckas in the evening
Top of the morning
Out there, morning with a casket full of coffee
Sprinkled over pure Colombian
Kept your training, hope they don't go dumb again
Catch a flame and watch them all go numb, amen
The pastor do with Hail Mary the gun again, unh

I am the son of sin, the son of Sam, iambic
Then board the plane to Belgium for the lambic
Board the plane for Pakistan for panic
Pour to drain the packet in the jewel case in the jacket
Jack attacks refund and smack it
With a bar code on a bitch throat
Go hard though on a bitch though
When a bitch go where a bitch go
Where the bitches at, where the dicks go
Where the raw low, where the new tec
Where the mil [?] or don't shoot yet
But do bet will make a crew wet
Will make a grown ass motherfucka two-step

Steppin' out on everything
Step up, step up, step on over to the fuckin' rain
Get your weight up, wait a minute, motherfucka sang
Canary yellow diamonds redefine the kind of bling
Every time they come around you say to kill 'em all
Kill the noise, kill the beat, assassinate the bar
Barbarian, no hesitation, fuck it, lay 'em all
Down for the night
Tell 'em the sandman said suck it right
Fuck your dream up like a...

Huh, yeah, get that new album