Taking Off

clipping.

Ski mask on with a burner cell phone
Desert Eagle 50 cal. imprint on the backbone
This one is not to be tested
Unless you got Smith and Wesson
Quick at your disposal if not
Better to head back home
This is the business, the uniform isn't unusual if you make killing a job
Money is good when it's coming from behind prison walls for someone who need to get off
Plus it probably beat a nine to five and there is time to be outside instead of sitting at a desk and making calls
And for anyone to stay alive up in the jungle you should figure out a way to carry no remorse at all
All day long it is bombs over Baghdad
Right in the backyard no service no draft
No reason to go out
But it's no reason to stay in
When the roaches are all raiding
And your neighbors bumping Black Flag
Tired of living like this but not ready to die
Cause he isn't notorious yet
Everyone wants to be somebody known for doing something people call glorious, yes
So he keep it pushing through the blood and all the gunning down of people that he knew and loved who just ran out of time
And the mantra that is bumping on the Walkman in the pocket probably something that's synonymous to money on the mind

This action
No time for your planning
The lifespan like this fuse is too short
That rocket is taking off
Taking off, taking off, it's taking off
Party in the sky
Thug mansion was real as it turns out
These gangstas ride rockets
They taking off, taking off, taking off, they taking off

What is in the mind of a motherfucking killer when he chillin' on the porch with his daughter in his lap, peace
That man just doing his job fam
No demons for the damned
Meaning if they live in hell
They can't bring it to you, you see?
What's a goon to a goblin?
Essentially, living in the ghetto cause the rent is cheap
And the cost of living is the life you living
And the life you living is the nicest given that you ice the living
There they cry for more of that good poison
That hood oil
That cash cow need cash now
Just add water and back off of what momma taught ya
Parents just don't understand, apparently always talking to Jesus, please
The only God here is the Jesus piece they rocking like hipsters rock Jeezy tees, ironic
Don't you think? Or don't you think about it?
Stop all the thinking, instincts is how you kill a giant

They might be stalking up rappers and robbing prisons for taxes
Death and that shit
Everyone trying to be the king of this landfill
Probably get us just a hill of bodies, you stand still, you cancelled
So no settling down, they hit the pedal
Depending upon your metal
You're drowned in exhaustion
And lost in the smoke is a chokin'
Unspoken, inhuman an urge, unprovoked
It's all good; with professional pot-stirrers
A thought murders a motherfucker quicker than not

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Meet up in the parking lot
Taking off, spark it up
Do that shit again
Meet up in the parking lot
Take it off, sparking up
Pass it to a friend
Got the spaceship in the parking lot
Spark a lot
Take it off
Do that shit again
Always chill up in the parking lot
When the block is hot
Taking off, yup

Get fly, baby, they die regular
Don't want to just deteriorate on a cellular level
The devil's a meddling motherfucker
There be no medals for all these fucking guns you been bustin'
Now uncles and nieces and cousins are going to war
Blowing the score
Pedaling pellets for more guns than a Scorsese blockbuster
Bust the block, show stop
Mustard to mayonnaise
Make the cars hop scotch
Soda, pop, cap
Dozens with the cousin, get a partner who can rap
And a partner who can ball, and the rest of y'all
Welcome to the trap, get ready for war
Welcome to the hood go and cover your head
For the patron saint Trayvon and bring out your dead
Ring the alarm although the sound is drowning
And the beat is banging so hard that you can't hear the shouting

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