

Evil World

D12

This is a evil world, hahahahaha
And right now
I've got nothing to be happy about

My bitch is from Texas
I eat brains for breakfast
Don't be asking no questions
You'll be dead in a second
The Adderall phase, callin' all Jays
Going both ways, killing all gays
Psycho killer, known drug dealer
Be-be quiet, or get shot nigga
Run in your house, rape your spouse
Kill everybody, save the mouse
It's hard to talk, it's hard to talk
Gun in your mouth, gun in your mouth
Damn, I miss my mamma
She looked like Michelle Obama
I'm Norman Bates, 38, hit the ground, levitate
She getting raped, only 8, she love the taste of chocolate cake
Don't be asking no questions, I got an erection
Love and affection, I got an obsession
Ass for breakfast, she got a C-section

Don't ask no questions, just enjoy the session
I was raised with a hell of a lot of issues, nigga
And I'ma take it out on anybody, I don't give a
Fuck where you live at
I could walk around your neighborhood with a strap
Hollering, "where that bitch at?"
With a bullet impact, push a nigga wig back
I'm a insane nigga with a sick pass
I could fuck up your present, it ain't no future in frontin'
You know you ain't a threat, light as a feather
I could go to jail, get my ass out, beat a nigga down on a tether
Lightning strikes, I bring bad weather whenever I'm in the zone
I'ma reign forever
And they ain't ever gonna mistake me for a nigga
That would back down, I invented vendettas
Leaving evidence from the shelves (I did it)
His dome looking like he caught a bad case of testis
If you want a medal I'ma slap this metal
Leave him open like animals in the jungle
Eatin' the flesh, this beast from the west out of Seven Mile
Niggas out of town know better
If you want to visit better pick up the hitter
And dial the seven digits, ever spoke to a killer?
You fucking with the realest, the one who ever did it
I'm pointing horizontal, you shooting at the ceiling

Ceiling! Nigga, we back in the building
Get your wife, grab your money and your children
We don't give a fuck if you were sitting on a couple of millions
We'll pop you like a everyday civilian
Ain't nothing sweet this way nigga
We're grown men, we don't play nigga
You thinking about some metaphors

My nigga been dead 9 years
Still I think about him everyday nigga
This ain't purple pills
Bitch we ain't smiling
We ain't had an album out in 11 years
Runyan Ave ready to start back wildin'
Show us your favorite rapper's head
We will sever his
Pick a side, I'm ready to go to war
We just came back from selling out a tour
Get our name right or get it on the floor
Written in your own blood
Then we smear it on the door
Life is Biblical, nigga worried about being lyrical
Forgot how to actually be a real individual
To be able to walk in a room
And stare a man in the face
And put fear in his heart without a pistol
My phone stop ringing like it use to
Shit is back to what I'm use to
Now I can go back to having me holidays in peace
And riding out all alone with my deuce deuce, bang!