

MAYHEM

Dave East

It's the final call
Shit is horrifying
Haunting

It's nothin' less than fifty clips when we hunt (Blatt)
And we can make a scene if that's what he want (Yeah)
Don't mean to intervene, pull up in his dream
Nightmares, then this shit'll get done (Yes)
Hit his mama with the tip of the gun (Baow)
'Cause there's no honor in the city I'm from
Pity we dumb 'cause we known to flip out in public
And that's no publicity stunt (Yeah)
Keep it real 'cause it's too risky to front (Front)
You feelin' frisky, then jump (Blaow)
Dirty hitters bury thirty niggas in the dirt
'Cause them niggas itchy to dump (Yes)
We are not comparin' Diddy to Trump (Nah)
Neighbors hearin' all the Biggie I bump (Uh)
Is he the one? (One)
With the reaper, playin' hide and seek, and find his kids in the trunk (Yeah)
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You are not men of respect, you can send your regrets
Don't pretend that you blessed, you'll get ten in your chest (Rrah)
Send them people at your friend, no arrest (Yeah)
You was reachin' when they sent you the sketch (I see)
Now you tweakin' when they mention the press (Damn)
We the reason for your tension and stress (Why?)
We ain't even 'til you bleedin' 'cause you know redemption is left
Yeah, yeah
I don't really pay attention to threats (Nah)
Dentin' your flesh (Yeah)
I don't gotta say another word when the sentence is death

Thirty in the blicky, can't conceal it, it's gon' stick out
Push the wrong button, now my shooters tryna flip out (Boom, boom)
Pull up, hit a opp and then go lay low at his bitch house
I'ma dig her ribs out for the low then blow his wig out (Boom, boom)
Kidnap a upper, we tryna hold that boy for ransom (Uh-huh)
Money and power, we sippin' D'ussé or the Branson (Power)
Bodies be droppin', my 'ooters be flockin'
Do drills in Versace, a blick at your posse, they hate, but they copy (Boom,
boom)
I done seen a snitch tryna talk 'bout Tekashi
Man down, broad day, caught him eatin' hibachi
Brooklyn, screamin', "R.I.P. to B.I.G."
My niggas be actin' like they don't know where I be (Boom, boom)
Headshot, they gon' need the fam' to come ID
All that dissin' on the 'net, we tryna kill him on IG
Probably go out with my blicky, keep it on me in my sleep
Paramedics better rush him, try to get him some IV (Boom, boom)
Spinnin' in the Trackhawk Jeep, three deep (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Caught him at the light, now he six feet sleep (Boom, boom)
Silencer attached, you won't even hear a peep (Pew)
Man down, flatline, shit won't even beep (Boom, boom)

Shit won't even beep
Flatline, man down, shit won't even beep (Brrt)

I'm the one, never the two, whatever the mood
I'm better than him and them, and I'm better than you
Whatever I do, gotta make a bet 'fore you shoot
A model is cool, I'm good with a regular boo (Chillin')
He ain't know how to swim, found him dead in the pool
Or left in the river with the heaviest shoe (Heavy)
Rappers be gettin' offended, I be very amused (Ha)
Just either stay out the way or end up dead on the news (Dead)
Tellin', nah, never, I was poppin' regular blues (Perkies)
Labels plantations, don't hang your head in that noose (Slave)
Any other area moves
Out of town money, feelin' like I never could lose (Never)
Pulled up, big truck, had the deli confused (Skrرت)
Like, where the fuck you get them wheels from? (Where?)
I ain't givin' nothin' out, but we could build somethin' (Build)
Barbra Streisand in the kitchen, bunch of bills comin' (Uh)
Why the fuck you think I had to touch a meal, cousin? (Why the fuck?)
I'm just tryna give 'em somethin' they could feel, cousin (Somethin' they could feel)
They compare to the greats like I'm Ant' Edwards (Ant')
From The Dirt on the way, whole king special (Rollie)
Gram special for the smokers on the graveyard (Uh)
If you ain't got that whole dime, give me eight, dog
Hold ya man for ransom with a .22 (Ah)
Bentley couple royal blue like a penny shoot (Ah)