

Flashback, checks in my pocket gotta cash that
Scratch that, can't somebody tell me where that acid at?
Woods in my backpack, trees up in my snapback
Bought another pack of [?], don't let me take a drag of that
Think I got a bad batch
Bummin' and I can't relax
Smoking on that Osama bin Laden, don't know where we at
Now [?] watch you bleed like this was [?]
Cut you with the motherfucking saw, never had a gat
Bitches like to talk that shit but watch me, I'ma handle that
I don't even think, I just find out where the hatchet at
Swing into your neck, bullets sweat down your fuckin' back
Get rid of yo head, bitches dead after I attack
Grippin' the pistol, go point it right at me
You think that you hard 'cause you startin' a tragedy
But I'm a ghost, don't try to [?] me
Bullets go through me, that shit doesn't matter, see
[?] that acid take over my system and paints my soul black
And I'm dreaming of ways to take all that shit back
When I think of the past, my brain start to blast
On that Jimmy Neutron shit, my mind is Nickelodeon
Watchin' all that, drinkin' green tea, rollin' spliffs
[?] and hold it in
Grab the gun and load the shit
Point it at my face and let it blow, it don't ever end

PTSD in my soul, lost all of my friends
To the outside, how to die
Get a lesson in
Killin' bloody murder 101 what I call this shit
This ain't fuckin' rap, man, it's that fucking holocaustic shit
Bitch