

Uh, this a dirty one I had to start, man  
Called up Pitfall, boy, I need a marksman  
Woo, big M4, let it spark, man  
I can't beef with you, you look like Eric Cartman  
Wow, fuck I look like? Smoking carts, man  
Pack of cigarettes, I'm fired up like it was arson  
Sharpened, P90 got him singing Kelly Clarkson  
Yeah, I'm not from this earth, bitch, I'm a martian

I'm trigger-happy, boy, you better watch your step  
I got hollows and they taking off his head  
Heard he a phony, yeah, he talking to the feds  
Full metal jacket and it's taking off his legs

Bitch, I'm zeroed in, know I need one shot  
Fifty BMG, it likes to carve, take his arm off  
I seek, see in clear into your room, bitch, I got buckshot  
Couple slugs inside the Saiga, catch a gunshot  
Two shots, roll a snake eyes, we gon' hit him in the lungs  
Bitch, I'm rich, I'm making money, counting fifties, these ain'  
t ones  
And no, you won't catch me outside of the crib without a gun  
G3, I keep it slung 7.6x51  
And I know that you uninformed  
On the dotted line, can you sign the form?  
You a pussy, all you do is sit and check the forums  
Yeah, you showing off a gun but the tip is orange  
Real gun? Bitch, I doubt that  
Tell me you got straps so go show me that you're 'bout that  
You claim you really know me but I doubt that  
I learned this by myself, bitch, I'm an outcast

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