

It's the Mr. Unholy sinister  
Man I murdered your minister  
Murder mo' niggas talkin' jive than Jeff Fenster  
Witness the prime minister  
Grand dragon, body baggin'  
The 44 mag still got my pants saggin'  
Niggas on the bandwagon  
Say they suicide driven  
For the unforgiven  
These dead flowers ain't livin'  
Pyscho, like no  
Other muthafucka so  
Go upside your cranium dome  
With the chrome  
I'm sick of all these suckas  
My mind spinning in swirls  
Impregnate your body with slugs  
And murdered the world  
Therapeutic they connected from bullets ejected  
They concluded wasn't expected for my ass to shoot it  
I'm a son of a gun  
I swallow bullets for fun  
My daddy with the gun powder  
Shit, call me hollow tip  
Little slug hate life  
Living ain't love giving  
Fool, ya paranoid  
So I'm suicide driven, man

I know you hate this suicidalist  
The animal, rhyme cannibalistic  
Realistic  
Bad luck, ain't no heart in my body  
So I'm quick to pull the shotty  
John Gotti and murder ya body  
Foul, stack a body pile  
Momma I murdered ya child  
In the midnight hour  
Smoking on dead flowerz  
My Glock stay so hot, it spit fire  
Infrared beam  
Make ya scream like Michael Myers  
Retire, your life just expired  
I'm repossessin'  
Got caught with the intent to deliver a drug possession  
No question  
I'm playing true confession  
I'm ill with the steel  
I showed the chrome to let them know I'm gone  
Psychotic, Reel Life product  
We play for keeps  
Symptoms I'm insane  
Murder yo ass in yo sleep  
No therapy so I'm out to murder all of y'all  
Mental migraine  
Still gone off Tylenol  
So now I'm out to destroy

Any nigga who wanna annoy me  
Cuz I'm down with Dead Boy

Carbon-copy ass muthafuckin' ass niggas  
Back the fuck up, bitches!  
Comin' through this bitch  
Ye, what up, niggas  
Got this muthafuckin' steel dick for yo ass  
Put it in yo muthafuckin mouth, bitch!  
Bite this

I don't really wanna feel like I feel  
But the steel be calling my name  
And it's a shame  
Bloody butcher knife  
Still buried in my backyard  
Mental flashbacks of how my knuckles got scarred  
Niggas be smiling in my face and back stabbin'  
Even though they know  
I'm bullet bussin' and gun grabbin'  
Die, die, die U-N-H-O-L-Y  
Toe tag to body bag  
Your mama cry  
Born into this life  
No escape from playa hates  
Down to stack papes  
Going psycho like Norman Bates  
Ill like Reel Life  
Yelling, police rebellin'  
Still talking broke English and drug sellin'  
O Z choppin, hip-hoppin'  
Nigga with a death wish  
Money and the power  
Pissin' on dead flowerz