

Ronald McDonald

Esham

Shit, what the fuck? Get my motherfucker

Sitting back thinking to myself how fucked up this is
Last pick up the wife, first pick up the kids
Trying to set a tone, the kids ain't wrong
Take a long time to raise 'em up 'til they grown
But Daddy gets no respect, Daddy just a joke
They don't know about the nights Daddy made his gun smoke
Just to feed the family, a lot of casualties
Visions of them bloody bodies bleeding badly
Hate to say it, sadly, the story took a twist
I started spitting wicked shit, I tried to slit my wrist
Man, your girl will never date me 'cause I work at the McDonald
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She got my order wrong, so I put a hole in Ronald
Walked up out the restaurant without my hot fries
So I went back inside and shot two more guys
Grabbed two apple pies, made my order supersized
Don't get it wrong again, or everybody gonna die
I got back home with the happy meals
And these motherfuckers let the barbecue sauce spill
All over the bag, all over the mac
Dag, now I gotta go back
Donald McDonald dead at the Mickey D's
Pulled in the drive-through, oh, here come the police
Two all-beef patties, special sauce, sesame seed buns
And police was yelling freeze with they guns
I was just about to run, I was feeling confused
Said they had me on camera, put my face on the news
I was on TV like what did I do?
They said you killed Ronald McDonald, Grimace, and the Hamburglar too

I'm innocent

You

Yo, it was him right there, right there [?]

He started shooting talking about he want cheese on his burger,
[?] his fries, he forgot them, it was terrible