

Yeah, yeah
What's goin down

S.O.M., where we at?

Alright
How we do, verse like

I ignite the microphone to a scorching ball of fire
Light up the sky with the olympic torch wire
tapped to the console, then I'm high rolling
with the diamond tipped drill lyrics, straight from Oakland
Don't get too comfortable your lungs will fill with fluid
cause I'm tunneling through your bulletproof, at the speed of l
ightning
Move right left, swing diagonal you still gets tagged so
acting on impulse results in disaster (yeah)
I'm like chance, I come unexpected
like a glance down the barrel of a AP-9, I'm mind blowin
Potent like crystal methane
It's insane to try me but still niggaz attempt
They body goes limp, then they brain starts trembling
Dissassembling they physical makeup and mental health
Gettin one step closer to oblivion your chest begins giving in
There's no avenging your death on the microphon