

Uh uh uh uh X a few times

Push it back, kid
Step the fuck back, kill the drama
I be rippin' niggas like my name was Jeff Dahmer
I'm the mad bomber, droppin dead babies off the roof
Splat flat upon the street, crazy hard like a reef
With a loop and the rhyme I design to cripple punks
Parapalegic, I get strategic with the funk
I process my stress then react on impact
Flip the fuckin bigga [?] like the blunt that I pack
With pot, got all types, domestic and exotic
Big words, the mother fuckin pimp with narcotics
The drug head thug pulls the plug on ya brain
Then activates the shit that hits like a freight train
So many rappers hate me cause I'm a sick fuck, dude
I'll blow up but you won't and that's tough luck
So let me kick back and smoke my hash
And all the non-believers, you can eat my ass

Up ya fuckin nose with the mother fuckin hose
Big words, you motherfuckin nerds like Pete Rose
I make mad hits just like a cannabis fix I flow
Tick tock just like a bomb about to go off
Body parts and limbs, I lick shots and blood clots
Of so-called friends but [?]
Behind my back, they're talking trash
Cause I cash large cheques and they get vexed when I flex
The complex compulsive, dead celebrity rap repulsive
And so the dead-up result is
They gettin' jealous cause I got the cash
But all the backstabbers you can eat my ass

Phat like a gat like a gun nigga run
Yo my brain's like an uzi and my uzi weighs a ton
Twist your fist around the mic if you wanna
But if you step to me you're goin' out like [?]
Smearin' feces, I increase the deceased
The body count peaks you're dealin' with the dead freak
[?] yo I came to talk business
The snakes are crawlin' out the grass with the quickness
Talkin' crazy shit like I should change my style
But fuck that bullshit, I'd rather stay foul
I know I'm gonna have the last laugh
So all you fuckin' fakes you can eat my ass