

## E.M.A. '92

III Bill

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