

I'mma blam blam this big bad Heckler and slide
And this is fulla allegory like it's Jekyll and Hyde
The Bugatti Veyron is a hell of a ride
He auto-asphyxiated with the Devil inside
See me? I'm a motherfucking savage in the street
I make in one hour what you average in a week
See the drums, this a bad bitch marriage to the beat
I'm the Bam Bam Bigelow damaging a beat
It's life, motherfucker, toe tippin' like a mouse
In a verse, come to worse, I'll just flip another house
We're just cookin' in a motherfucking kitchen and we're out
You can starve, but I'm eatin' in the middle of a drought
It's a homicide, whether you believe it or not
This Revolver hold six like I'm picking the dot
This is free, pa, you ain't gotta pay me to box
And my hands is bloody like somebody gave me the ox
Muerte!

I'm still a White Nigga, piece of shit, Christ killer
Caucasoid mutant from the mountains with the hype trigger
Question everything, piss everybody off
Guerilla war, I saw the top of the shotty off
Strawberry ball Jerseys, the young Paul Kersey
Superstitious like black cats on floor thirteen
Goons and pistols pop off clapping at your team
Youthful villains of war, banished, return kings
Phil Leotardo [?]
We make the metal talk like C-3PO
Like a viking that pray for death in the freezing cold
Like hearing happy bitches call on the prison phone
Professors now cook crack on the kitchen stoves
Satanic acid rituals, all systems go!
Hollow tips explode and whistle like a Piccolo
At your dome spinnin' like a hoe on a stripper pole
Ante-Up and scream squad vocals
[?] in the vicious supreme box logos!