

C'mon  
Shit  
Pussy ass niggas...  
It's cool, just a couple flesh wounds  
I should be cool

Fuck what you heard like a pregnant deaf chick  
What a way to start off my CD, message  
MC's be, threatened  
I keep three, weapons  
To squeeze heat or retrieve me  
So we could eat, breakfast  
Serial killer, James Bond, who seen me, exit  
Black tux, mask plus silencers, PP7  
Believe me, I'm a legion, I leave G's headless  
Name a nigga out here that can beat me, question  
I view you rappers as a, free-me section  
Serve em like Cici's pizza, peep the selection  
Label me the king, he be the peasant  
Skeet skeet in your girl like feed me erection  
It's me, Mike and Breeze  
Keep the exception  
You other niggas lack bars, 3G connection  
Trust me, I'm not the one MC's need to mess with  
Beat the shit out of pussies, please think domestic  
Niggas talkin swag with a three week investment  
With a fat bitch who house smells like feces and wet fish  
In-house studio, needs me to bless it  
Rob you for your shit, you're like "Police please arrest him"  
Niggas keep cakin, when I need beats perfected  
Then hookin up with other cats when she seen me textin  
Imma come through unannounced with heat and leave you breathless  
Then upload the audio to teach G's a lesson

I know a lot of y'all niggas ain't wanna see this  
But I'm so tired of the fuckery  
So I'm making fun of these kids  
But the funny thing is  
I don't give a fuck  
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Niggas know that I'm the illest, I done figured it out  
My freestyle killing a written, it be trippin em out  
They throw a beat on but I'd rather text and sit on the couch  
And have your girl daydreaming bout me dicking her down  
You go to make a store run, I'd rather sit in the house  
You're like "Why not?" I'm like "Blood I feel like chilling for now"  
I'm in it lit and now your chick got me digging her out  
She stroke it with two hands, I made her get me a towel  
Know if I hit it from the back, she'd want to empty her bowels  
Remember you fronted on me bruh, lost everything now  
You get back and guffed a swisher then you fill it with loud  
And now your bitch upstairs, fixing me child

This is real shit homie, but niggas'll doubt  
So I'm making a statement, I bet you're listening now  
I'm on some Slim Shady shit, bet you remember me now  
So name a nigga more intricate when he's flipping the style  
It's still Snake House  
Can't wait till my nigga get out  
Niggas fakin like he only Brainsickin' for now  
When you see a couple commas then you'll figure it out  
I'm Brainsickin' nigga, so nigga bow down

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