

(MTM, hit 'em with the heat)  
(Cock my dick back, let it bust on a bitch)  
(Yeah, yeah, uh)  
(Yeah, yeah, uh)

Bitch, it's suicide  
If you test your luck with mine like a lucky strike  
You get smoked, it's do or die  
Bullets hit you like Destructo Disks  
Your flesh divide  
Shawty ride my dick like motorists  
Then get exiled

Ain't life a bitch? Oh well, don't fold  
Get your revenge, call a blitz  
Get down or lose your life and your limbs  
Name the pistol Zatch Bell  
'Cause thunder spark out its neck  
Bodies droppin'  
Lead showers  
keep fallin', subtracting heads

Okay, hot steel burn him like slicks  
Bitch, I'm feelin' like Umaga with my thumb in your bitch  
Okay, you flinch, like Mahito get stitched  
Transfiguring her belly when I'm in her uterus  
Okay, got green on me like a Celtic  
Okay, too much money coming, I'm a rich prick, okay  
My bitch thick, shawty vicious, okay  
My dog rolling with me like Finn, okay

Said my bitch pussy pink  
Like the fur coat on Killa Cam  
Saiga-12 rip through your tissue  
Hit your core like menstrual cramps  
Bitch, I'm twisted with that metal  
Dispose of you, then I laugh  
Heat blasting like Tennyson  
I disintegrate y'all to ash

Face to face with the razor blade like everyday  
And I don't wanna hold my tongue no more  
Lil' bitch, I'ma say what I say

When I get to sprayin', they prayin'  
Prayin' on my hesitation  
Nations will fall, generations wasted  
And bodies be put to the grave

Bitch, I be stuck in malevolent ways  
Fuck everybody, I move at my pace  
Fuck everybody, I'm getting my paper  
These pussies be talking, I get to the fade  
Running, running out of money  
How the fuck is you gonna hate?  
Rottie rippin' up his face  
Choppa kickin', make 'em race

Pop a 9 up in my brain  
And let me drift away, okay

Bitch want smoke  
Ain't nobody wanna test  
No, the kid won't fold  
Leave his body a mess  
And when the world go cold  
Watch a motherfucker rise up out the mud  
From mud to millionaire, I digress  
My Tec  
Put the barrel to his neck  
Pull the trigger, motherfucker  
Let me know what's next  
Lil' hoe  
It's that young Van Gogh  
Bitch, I'm painting with the head  
Everybody want a hand  
Like it's Left 4 Dead, okay

Bitch, I'm bustin' out the cage  
I leave 'em wasted, I'm wasted  
These motherfuckers think I got complacent  
I place 'em  
Up in the morgue  
And now they busy wastin'  
They tastin'  
That bitter taste  
Bitch, that be my name

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