

Drama

Madchild

Let's continue the saga

Mad drama

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This is pure Afghan war and terror dope
People watch me like staring through a periscope
I didn't end up paying cup
Three more years, throw the L.A. hands up
Fuck man, you startled us
Shit, how the fuck did he come back like Spartacus
Love my fans and I like he's a part of us
Bax War fam saying "Fuck man, you started us"
People's nose in my business like Snoopy
Like "how old's the chick that he fucked?" it's a groupie
The reaching, it got me skeptical as shit
Playboy, I'm the new Hugh Hefner in this bitch
I'm a hustler
Full of poison like I'm packing smoke
Kids are fake, not really animals, they're jackalopes

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Dia de Muertos, a day of the dead
Instead of harnessing the carnival inside of my head
Yeah, now the adrenaline's kicked in
Hell up in and now replenish me, developing thick skin
Assembling words, I'm prevalent
Penalties for taking advantage of my benevolence
See the glim to my dark eyes, malevolent
Tremble from new energy, revel in new developments
Werewolf, pain bloom in the autumn night
Black skies, full moon, slaughter when I write
God almighty oddity that isn't thought of lightly
Frightening God of thunder riding down a rod of lightning
Still a stay low key and hang with OGs
Rappers see me in top form and they're like "oh geez"
Old beast, keep writing 'til I'm obese
'Cause when you've been through hell and back you don't get cold feet

You can't take the drama

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