

Structural Damage

Madchild

I got mob ties
I'm on some gangster shit
But I got paste
I'm 'bout to cop a cause and Banksy print
This my third round
I am never done
"Stop being a bitch"
My response to everyone
All living on borrowed time
Time won't heal, you're all dead
Might as well say you're a blood
When I think of you, I see all red
I'm going for it, I'm going for it
In sixth gear, I'm in full force
Pull up right to the airport
Knock the bitch out of his Air Force
Couple of rappers at home talking shit
But they know, that don't mean shit to me
They're not respecting me
Soon as I'm home? They got no balls
Like they all had vasectomies
Shouldn't of pushed me and left me alone
Where they just glad to come for my throne
Now these demons are back in my dome
Don't think I won't set a fire to your home
Killed shit for so long
It get's to the point you hate fame
So I sat back for a few years
Let a bunch of fuck boys take the reigns
I don't wine, don't complain
I'm still insane but I'm focusing
Just have to rap and my competition starts
Shrugging their shoulders hopelessly
Got fucked up for like three years
And man put so much dope in me
Then took some time to recuperate
And still there's nobody as dope as me

I was a king, boy
Then I just vanished
Then I got hungry
Now I am famished
Now we gon' see it, boy
How much you can manage
I'm fuckin' you up, boy
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Hip-hop was gettin' dead to me
Was gettin' dead to me, was gettin' very tired
But now I'm back and I'm very hype
I'm spreadin' fast like a prairie fire
Look at all these rappers dressing bummy
Look at how they wear attire
I'm verified
This stupid dumb bitch ass needs a verifier
I said, "Well, there's a possibility to get that action"
And I told her, "Suck my dick until my head collapses"

They won't see me coming
I'm a patient beast
These dudes act tough but all homos like it's Ancient Greece
Demons, I gotta fight
A whole football team inside
I've learned how to just be chill
And I just smile, but I scream inside
Got nightmares
I scare myself so much at night, I got white hairs
I'll kick back while I act cool
And I plot to kill, I don't fight fair
One AK, two GLOCK-9s
One 38 and a knife here
Gave 'em all time to catch up
And I'm still ahead by lightyears

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