Hellbound

Masta Ace

Welcome back to the stage of history

(Yo, Slim Shady!)

Yo, I'll fuckin', I'll... I'll puke, eat it, and freak you
Battle? I'm too weeded to speak to, The only key that I see to defeat you
Would be for me to remove these two Adidas and beat you
And force feed you 'em both, and on each feet is a cleat shoe
I'll lift you off your feet so fast with a roundhouse
You'll think I pulled the fucking ground out from underneath you
(Bitch!) I ain't no fucking G, I'm a cannibal
I ain't tryin' to shoot you, I'm tryin' to chop you into pieces and eat you
Wrap you in rope and plastic, stab you with broken glass
And have you with open gashes strapped to a soakin' mattress
Coke and acid, black magic, cloaks and daggers
Fuck the planet 'til it spins on a broken axis
I'm so bananas I'm showing up to your open casket
To fill it full of explosive gasses and close it back
With a lit match in it while I sit back and just hope it catches
Blow you to fragments, laugh, roll you, and smoke the ashes

I see the light at the end
But every time I take a step it gets dim
Tell me, is this Hell we're livin' in?
If so, Heaven's got to be better
But if we're hellbound, whatever, let's go down
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Am I the worst because I never go to church?
I run a red light then sideswipe a hearse
I'ma drink till my liver rot, see the doc leave the E.R
Then hit a bar for a liquor shot; fuck the liver spot!
One day we all gon' die
But when I die, I'ma be so high
That I'ma get up and walk, leaving the concrete bare
With the chalk outline still there
I smoke 'til I choke and I sex a lot
I got a cross on my chain, but it's just to rock
Now if I pray every night
Do I still have to hold my tre very tight?
You feel me, God? I done did so much shit while on Earth
I smoke, I drink, I curse, and to make matters worse
I bust my gun first, and then I chat with your corpse
Since way back, I was one to never like back-talk
See me at the pearly gates in line, wearing a North Face
Nickle 9 at my waist, God done lost faith
Angels greet me, but I don't reply back
Just show me to my quarters, and oh yeah, where's Thai at?

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Maxi was seriously wounded
But the soul still burns
Final battle, fight!

Analyze the strength of my game, like Lee Corso
Call me a lost soul, with a vest on my torso
And of course, yo, y'all know I'm no stranger to danger
Like Christ in a manger, feel a whole range of my anger
I breathe down shit so hard you can see sound
And beat down these rap clowns in like three rounds
My pen 'bout as sharp as a dagger, walk with a swagger
Tie your wife to the back of a black Jag and I drag her
Ten blocks, untie the bitch, and I still bag her
Give her a smack in the ass and a six pack of lager
My shit go as deep and as dark as a train tunnel
My flows spill, like using the wrong end of a funnel
Everyday I grow more older and more colder
Fly you to Colorado, roll you over with a boulder
I know you want to retaliate but you won't dare, 'cause you fucking with som
e niggas like this who just don't care

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Time's up! You lose!

Gotham!

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