

Gorilla Stranglehold

iMayday!

Yeah, I told ya'll mothafuckas I had a time machine...
Yeah, Big ups to the gods

? pit-picture say want high art
Brow to the sky pockets emptied out
Tryna make me wash my mouth out
With a gin and stout
But I need some hard liquor just to wash it all down
Now and then I know this crazy
Figure 88s
But I stalled the side
Ya'll just want to see the cake
You see I'm bona fide when I'm on my own chip
Fuck the hate
Gears on the grind till I got my own dough to bake
Fakes to the "waste" side, career suicide
By the time I hit my prime
And it's all by design
I'mma fable for your dented table storyline
Told drunk I've wine...
Drink up!

Gorilla in a stranglehold
Holding on with all my force
I'mma squeeze him till he hits the floor
Gotta gorilla in a stranglehold

My name is Ben... And I have problems
Hey, is there more coffee and donuts back there?
I'm watching life options through a four foot window
And hearing blood boil to a sick with it's tempo
Been feeling kind of out of it
Well maybe I'm bored
I should wander round the streets of Miami
Wavin' a sword
Here's the punchline
I won't be the only fuckin asshole
Waiting for the 21st to take away my damn soul
Blue pin red shirt
Fox News network
Either side you chose it's only true till someone gets hurt
Here I am stuck in the middle with you
My steel is wheelin mass appealing
I've been riddled with glue
Shit I stick to the crew
Better be quickly move the whiskey barrels
Before the scavengers arrive with the click it cameras
This all we need
Another false prophet
Another general with genitals in all sockets
Mari Mayan's ease stock it full of doomsday
Pour my Number 7
I could give a fuck what you say!
Bitch

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This is your red alert, tomorrow's Black Friday
Not the one you shop on
The one you see the sky shake
I'll be in my own world DMT's what I lace
Rollin' round with George Romero
Lookin' for primates
Ya'll know me, Skeptical Weaponry
In the world full of secondary
Rap, Its had it's vasectomy
Got a sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Waitin' for the zombies to slump and then grunt
So if you see the walking dead
Grab a fucking shovel smack 'em right upside the head
Tell 'em they will not be takin' life away instead
You'll be putting them inside a muddy fucking bed
With a body full of led
People ask me how it feels to make it
Well I ain't made shit
I'm still chasin' all my placements
Tryna keep suits from taking all I think is sacred
And be the last real muthafucka on your playlist
Man, Fuck Famous!

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