

FGE shit man, you already know what time it is
Gonna air this bitch out
BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAA

Bitch I'm the terminator, antisocial, word to my neighbors
I heard that they heard I made it, done cut off they circulation
I remember pushing packs up in restaurants serving waiters
I've been 300 so long that even the Persians hate us
It's food for thought when I spit, I ain't talking regurgitation
All my features hellas hot like they purchased the verse from Satan
No matter how hard life gets, I'm a put in that work today
When I come up I praise the lord like I live in the church's basement
I'll purge on the world and take it, then pick up the earth and shake it
Now you fixing to get killed like the person that's nursing Jason
Come get you, I'll find a way
On your ass, like no time to waste
I'll get to dropping, start blowing my pistols, like bombs away
Fuck 12, they won't find a trace
Closed casket, they'll hide your face
God is good, God is great, bitch I'm rare, I'm like God's mistake
If God is fake like April fools, well I guess someone lied to me
No matter how much truth I find, I will always find time to pray
Like NBA it's safe to say that I've been blessed with the mic
These other rappers turn em up, but they not blessing em right
I spit the truth, that shit that might just change a reverend's life
Bitch I'm so fly that I can tell yo ass what heaven looks like
Lil bitch I'm Barry Bonds mixed with Pharacon
Runnin' shit like a marathon
Flyin' with the bag like a carry-on
I'm a fuckin' don like I'm Perignon
And I'm Megatron with this ak, and my autobots stay ready
I'm a nightmare, no Freddy, you don't really want smoke like Reggie
Feel this from what I've been through, God's strong and influential
I'll shorten up your circuit, don't make me disassemble
Body is the temple, fire in the church
I will take life from you pussies like you was givin' birth
Now all eyes on me like the stovetop
I'm a sex machine and bitches wanna do the robot
Thinkin' they gon' get in real good but don't know the doors locked
That's when I turn them bitches around, just like a road block
I never been the jealous type, that shit weak like 7 Nikes
Designer and a pair of Mike's, you ain't fly like you scared of heights
Turnin' down deals left and right, I'm shinin' bright as heavens light
There might not be a second life, that's why I count my blessings twice
They'd rather shoot instead of fight, that's why I clench my weapon tight
I'm blowin' first, I'll shoot the crap out em just like a pair of dice
Y'all ain't hit no nothin' like pitchers that's throwin' hellas strikes
And I pray to the same God you do, that's who gave the devil life
Thank God a nigga finally made it off of his block
Don't beef with me cause I'm too smart, bitch I'm the ultimate opp
Like janitors walk with the mop, you keep on talkin', get popped
Caution, I'm hot off with his top, inside that coffin you'll rot
Bang!