

Brute Force 2

Outerspace

I put work in this game now I'm hurtin this game
Put a skirt on your dame, I'm a squirt up her frame
I'm a worsen the pain with a verse that's insane
I'm a evil seed so the curse still remains
Sip the henney fuck the rock, tricked Jenny from the block
With my dogs every day it's good and plenty on the block
Hittin heavy when we rock, aimin steady for the shot
We spaghetti up ya knot if you ain't ready call the cops
Guerilla warfare when we duct tape civilians
If the money's hard to earn then we must take they children
Take a shot in the air let ya gun scrape the ceiling
You can ask T dub how we lust hateful feelings
Don't pass mean mugs if you love to wake for livin
We some classy thugs with a grudge to make millions
We will smash ya mug, won't budge it take millions
On some band and brother shit with size we quake?

I wanna rock (come on)
Roll (come on)
Ya'll wanna set it on the block (come on)
Rock (come on)
Roll (come on)
Come one, come on
The End is near, you can taste the ground
We can smell your fear, as the army puts you down

I got two sons a wife and a whip
And I'll never fuck ya chick that's a trifling bitch
I rock New era fitted's and Timbs
And bring ya whole crew terror every time the record spins
Who wanna battle? I'm like an animal in the jungle
Double shots of henney humble still makin crew's crumble
Let's get it in, you fraudulent cats are still bitchin
You hate, I bang Jedi and eluded in one sittin
We from space to sun shape after one take
And I'm 100% and that was one of Puns greats
Too much you sweatin and bettin ya life one me
I'm trife homie, even worst with a knife on me, quite raunchy
Heavy weighters, that make it high for heavy papers
If it come hot, if not then fuck it... I ain't petty hater
Nigga we major, manufacture the wins often
You feel the breeze when I rap think it's the wind talking

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Test me once, I'll take you out
You'll see the truth as the Pharaohs put you down

Snake charmer, equal opportunity hate monger
I hold the weight in my straight left like H. Harver
Vinnie chop ya fuckin head cause his blade sharper
And every rhyme I fuckin spit is a grenade launcher
I'm an insane author, a nonhuman

Who studied the? test from John von Neumann
Something happens in my brain when the guitar strum
Bitin me would be insane cause it scars lungs
These all guns, and I can handle em
You mean as much to me as uncle Sam and them
So I choose not to abuse telepathy
Cause it's dangerous like the Soviets weaponry
Let's see whos next to me, burn at the fuckin stake
Then I can throw the faggot urn in the fuckin lake
Give me a fuckin break you know what this is
Pazienza, outerspace cousin metaphysics

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