Demonic Prophecies

Outerspace

I came across a cross on fire, threw it at the altar for hire
I be spitting so awkward I'm tired
I roll with shooters who's up in this bitch with the Rugers
I drip mic in the fluid, I'm the illest and truest
I move with my units, I'm unified with goons
We mobbing, I'm taking your life for the price of a car at the auction
Don't take much - yeah, times is hard, yo
Bill got the revolver poking out of the Volvo
Uh huh multiple heaters out the two-seaters
Riding 9 to 5 rallying hard for Mumia
I speak true ether, either you hate or love it
I break your face in half without breaking the budget
Fuck it - I'm as rugged as Brownsville, Badlands
Down by them Killadel, it's all real
Ya'll I'll to them niggas on your block posted
I can't tell, and it's not cause I'm not focused

We came from the days where you had to watch what you say
Respect the older gods or they had to wash you away
Tables turned, now we the ones to bury your body
Demanding respect, don't know? You better ask somebody

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Everybody gotta die, suicide, homicide
Everyone got heat - Bowling For Columbine
I swear I'm out my mind, out to shine, out for mine
Kill everyone if they insist on dropping dimes
Razorblade your eyelids, sleep on me now
Chill your voice box - you speaking like a fucking child
Y'all don't want it now, y'all don't want it never
Y'all don't want a war with us y'all niggas know better
We spot-rushers, whole team come crashing in
The block cover, that's how we trap em in
Lay it all on the table, this time we cashing in
You either love it or hate it we got em panicking
Don't make me tap your chin, black out, pass the Henn
Masked men, black tims, got your block collapsing in
You wanna come to where we at, sneak a ratchet in
I catch bodies all day - human trafficking

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Demonic prophecies, sci-fi odyssey
Motorcycle shootout drive-by's and robberies
Sheeps and wolves, creeps and goons, sleeps for?

Peep the sour dies and shrooms
Desert Eagle heat, Desert Storm fatigue, Heavy Metal Kings
On a private jet injecting heroin
Nawh homie let me chill, that's my uncle's habit
Rein in the TEC, don't make me pop the trunk for ratchets
I'll Bill & Outerspace calculate which route to take
With every single chess move we make mountains shake
Count the cake, a hundred thou apiece
It's a nice amount to make
I'm about to put it down payment on a house today
Never stop whether rhyme or crime, line for line
It's always prime time to shine
The cult leader with the chrome nina, I call it Lolita
I set the Lama on fire, you better call PETA

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