

Midnight Marauder

Ramirez

Top down up in the Chevy
Let me teach you how to whip the grain
Inside peanut butter, outside with the candy frame
Swerving corners in this jet
I'm on a quest to touch a hunnid more before I lay myself to rest
Sittin' on the Glock, I turn the beam on
A savage, I'm the fuckin' one
The Unabomber
Wreakin' havoc, singin' sad songs
Red rum, murder, and greatness 'side of my mind
Pull up to your funeral and kill everybody in sight
I can load and bust a hammer
Hit the nail and crucify
Tie your body up in the dungeon and make your soul mine
Death note got a page with your name on it
Bullets flyin' to your head like a fuckin' comet

Steppin' out the coffin with that golden drip, slit wrist
Purp smoke, gun clips
Shootin' from the fuckin' hip
Walking out the catacombs, a chip all on my shoulder
Grip the chopper like a boulder
Ain't nobody fuckin' colder
Speak in tongues when I spit this on the mic
Strapped up like a dyke
Your bitch want the pipe
It's alright, I'mma hit tonight
I'mma end your life by the knife
You gonna pay the price
I'mma dim your fuckin' lights and leave you hangin' by the tide
Telegraph inside your mailbox
It reads that you a bitch
Body baggin' motherfuckers that be thinkin' that they slick
*59 'till the death of me, I never shall repent
Hollow tips right to your cranium, I hit another lick