

# 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