

Kill Em Pt. 2

Royce da 5'9"

"It's killin' me"

Please be clear. This is an invasion

Green Lantern in the lab

The invasion. The Bar Exam 2

"Green Lantern"

Last of the spitters

Hall of dope niggas from the past to present is sayin', "Next is Vishis"

I'm, one of the illest, the realest feel it

Competition isn't existence because I got venomous diction

You should toss your mic is my advice

You expect me to be scary cause you talkin' hype?

I'm like, how you gonna pump me up with no shottie then

How you gonna fist fight Floyd when you Gotti?

I'm the nice right hand Rueger specialist

Turn 'em into twins and I'll appear ambidextrous

Simultaneous, back and forth trigger movements

He bleedin' profusely

I've executed my execution

I got knowledge but I like violence and loot

Type to go to college

Not to learn, just to shoot a student

Kid Vishis

Nothin' fictitious

Talked your bitch into believin' my seed is nutritious

(Delicious ha ha ha)

Yep, then you went and kissed her like it don't matter

She went and swallowed my baby batter

You sick!

I know you been a bitch

I hate you worse than fans hate Joe D. for pickin' Darko Milicic

I got a killer spit

River current flow

I'm as vicious as a pit

You a reappearing hoe

Sho' nuff I gotta go

Bruce Leroy to these decoys

Deep speech, each beat I seek and destroy

D-Boy

The city's prince, I'm really convinced

I'm up

To being as sick as Two Girls In A Cup (yuck!)

I leave these wack MCs alone

They won't be in it long

They only got so much time like a minute phone

Bring your lyrics home

Find you with your spirit gone

Outlined and scribbled

My nine spiral period

Idiot

I'm on some Frank Nitty, big willie shit

Bout his bread

Bout he get you dead and I'm serious!

Delirious

Beats be the eeriest

Hand on my balls

The Boyz N The Hood know my style like Furious
I fight dirty
I'm Ike scurvy
I'll slap a bitch
It's obviously like blood on a white jersey
Don't go and have an accident
Christ Passion-ate
You little boys invite me to spaz
I'm right on your ass
I Mike-Jackson-it
My bitch Nina Ross constantly lookin' for pussy
You don't push me that pistol is dyke accurate
The lights flashin' in the night from the chain
Like it's lightening
Bitches suckin' up to me
My life is a Dyson
The chicken with me is a knockout like she a Tyson
But like she enticing
Bright like the ice in a brightlin
The Feds buggin' like I'm lice
Whenever we chop it up
Like I'm dice
And I gas like I'm nitrous
I'm on top like I'm icing
What you not nice is
The block price is higher than the rock pipe is
George Bush that button like the Iraq crisis
I'm Ted Diabiase
I cop it
It's not priceless
Insane in the membrane
I'm sittin' on top of "Sugar Hill" like AZ but I'm not Cypress
You got a light for the blunt?
Fire up
Call me Poppa Big Willie/pop a big wheely like the bike front tire up
Me and Vish nigga
We in tip top shape
Myspace
I stay in a bitch top eight
The only question I ask you bitch niggas is, "Why hate? "
The handle on the pistol is pearly like God's gate
Y'all niggas sound fishy but you're really squad bait
These Guccis, these ain't Chuckies/Chuckys but this is Child's Play