Uhh, yeah, my conference calls with Los and Kino consists of (Nigga, tone it down, there's way too much killin') Of course I ignore 'em, a poor man talk I don't give a fuck if I throw my poor fans off Pathetic war done entered my brain And permanently changed me now I'm angry So fuck a metaphor, fuck hip hop, hip hop sucks You got, niggaz on top swingin' from 2Pac's nuts It's like, I could go in the lab and try to write Somethin' that's nice or bright But I will be holdin' back my scripture's in the dark Deep rooted soldier inside my soul Uncontrollable temper like The Hulk's My wife don't like my album, it's way too dark for women She say it sound like I hold grudges She rather listen to Joe Budden's, no disrespect aight? But fuck a party now and everybody like (What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin') (Every rhyme you spit is violently put) Lethal but I have no problem With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you (Something's wrong with him) (Just like his pops he don't give a fuck) (If you like him or not, he's a major problem) I will slap yo' ass in church And apologize to Jesus later, punk Why am I hot and you not and why is you rich? And why I ain't got shit in my pocket but lint? This ain't rap no mo', this not a flow This is beef, there's a couple street niggaz that got to go My name is Nickel, I'm from the suburbs (Yeah) It's only a ten minute drive to come and get you (Yeah) Tired of you hoes, I will slap snot side ways Outta ya nose, partnah (Partnah) I know we got drama but I will still show up At your funeral and hug yo' ugly ass momma Everybody wanna know why the flow is so bad (Why is you so mad?) Everybody askin' (What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin') (Every rhyme you spit is violently put) Lethal but I have no problem With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you (Something's wrong with him) I'm a natural since I wrote Black Girl I hope that you don't think that I won't smack yo' bitch 'Cause I will clap her if she happen to be witchu When I kill you You can get ideas, nobody compares you thugs I will put out the bub on top of yo' head

This .22 rifle, be shootin' them bouncin' bullets The enter into your head and exit out yo' foot Ride off as soon as my clip turns, you click And them choppers is lookin' for eyeballs (Yeah) You could bring yo' roughest, toughest thug That's jealous, just tell him to touch me, I will fuck him up I will knock his ass out And if I can't beat him I will grab my heater and pop his ass Fuck yo' life, stripes I will shock yo' hood And I ain't never dyin', knock on wood, whattup 'Los? (What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin') (Every rhyme you spit is violently put) Lethal but I have no problem With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you (Something's wrong with him)