

Hip Hop Dummy

Slaine

I'm too stupid to give a f**k
In a coupe or a tinted truck
With a nuclear bazooka
I'm puking the venom up
When your future is a nuisance
You tired of nuisances
Gruesome how I grew up
Screw up of how I abuse
Defined music, I ain't want it to cost me
Like a hallucinogen, Lucifer moved it to the building
My music's too ruthless, yeah I just have to do this
Blasting and blasting a tool of
Massacring of Massachusetts
Caption that, back flatted
That's who the bastard is who asked him to do this
Look what Afleck did when he took my ass out the sewer
Splash your doors, grab the ass of your whores
Keep the rap that I spit, I got a passion to do it
I'm irrational, I hit the gas and crash in the Buick
Drinking Captain and acting like an ass while I do it

There ain't nothing like hip-hop music
There ain't nothing like hip-hop dummy
There ain't nothing like hip-hop pussy
There ain't nothing like hip-hop money
You should know who I am at the stage of the motherf**king game, yup!
In his rib cage is the rage of a razor, brazed with dysplasia
Hold on to your cage and be afraid of your neighbor

There ain't nothing like hip-hop, stupid
Was raised in the sewage and putrid bodily fluids
I grew into a mutant like Turtles in Mutagen Ooze
I mutilate crews, leaving stupid humans confused
You're at home wearing tutus, jerking to Blue's Clues
While I'm on a booze cruise feeling up huge boobs
I been in a few feuds, and murdered a few dudes
I'm popping a few ludes, and listen to Rude Jude
I keep a TEC in the trunk, I listen to Juju
I'm miserable rapping, practicing mystical voodoo
These rappers is chewed food, I treat 'em like crude fuel
Old-school, new-school, shit 'em like loose stool
Got loose screws waving a deuce deuce on YouTube
Rap while I'm two moves from solving a rubix cube
Leave your bitch covered in the pool of pubics and lube
Puking up spoooge with both eyelids glued
Never get it misconstrued, I be pissing missile fuel
Mr. Cool get up in your bitch quicker than Zuul, yeah!

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Okay, raise your hands if you wanna die tonight

I have Jim Jones, punch, and bullets for the whole family!
Currently I'm turbulently ill
Controlling your mind of states
Since rappers all cancer patients on stage before I kill
Ether eat through you see through with a set of skill
When they sweeping your feet from beneath you like a ninja will
Call me too lethal, motion sickness, equal as Ezekiel
Repo souls, turn you pitbulls into beagles squeal
Hide inside this homicide, when we emerge
Sadomasochistic, masked with axes looking like the f**king Purge
Went from master to cow, either style I'll kill you pal
Meanwhile, all you rappers really f**king ruin us
So me and Slaine side-by-side killing like Korean warriors
Reminiscing from a distance that I could destroy you in an instant
Flys, let go in street mystic, real hip hop rock since I was an infant
Lift was gone through Arizona now I really miss it
That's why there ain't nothing like this hip-hop music, bitches!

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