

I'm genocidal on this 22, I'm Rwanda
I'm a dude both Hutus and Tutsis are not fond of
Lazy for days, work nights, Mary Jane Fonda
You're in a line-up doing lines, while I do the Conga
Want beef, burger flipper, get devoured like food
I'm a retarded evil genius, using powers for good
A sip of brew when I wake up, then a Xanax at noon
I'm on some Drizzy Drake shit, singing out of the blue
Means I sing in the rain
So goddamn it, Sam, play it, Frank, sing it again
When I was 17 I used to pour my seed down the drain
Creating sewage monsters, sorry Dufresne
You'll never make it through the damn canal
See I'm the fucking Heisenberg, and you brats a Hal
Your style is foul and a tad banal
I am a walking mystery, call me a femme fatale
The good and evil in me cancel out
A rough gentleman, I come into a damsel's mouth
I'm dangerous like sitting down in Chris Hansen's house
The new thing on the radio, I'm throwing Lazlow out
I'm checking in, sipping gin, plenty brew and plenty doubt
I gotta finish cause it's 22, I'm checking out

Gotta go back, man, fuck a convention
I vomit with all the stuff that you suckers mention
Yeah, yeah, typical message: "no enough attention"
Every rapper thinks he's Biggie, Slim, L, Hova and then some
Throw me in jail, leave in a cell for nights
I do not like your God's work. I'll go to hell with pride
Don't understand me, not the motherfucking Mensa type?
Your gun's heavy? Well my pencil's light. End of fight