

They after me
Yelling misanthropy cuz that's the way it has to be
Is it prophecy or blasphemy
To predict catastrophe
Feeling like the world ain't gon' last a week
If I die today then blast for me
Don't cry or pray I'll be on Mount Zion
With seven lions at the Master's feet
All the angels in heaven crying
While I'm sitting on the throne in massive peace
Your Majesty

They after me
After me, after me, after me
I said, yah, yah, yah, yah
Woo, woo, runnin'
I'ma leave 'em all in agony
Agony, agony, agony
I said, yah, yah, gunnin'
Paranoia
Said, woo, woo, gunnin'
Paranoia

They after me for lyrical homicide
And all the rhyme I committed
They wanna see me on my knees with tears in my eyes
Putting my pride aside I forbid it
I got one life to live and it's mine to live it
And I'ma get it right or die trying
Ride or die, eternally unforgiven
Until I'm on my deathbed
Getting last rites read
Put up my last fight, said
In the event of my demise don't put me in a casket
Or cremate the body, just divide the assets
Remake the body and incline the vastness
Meaning build my worth and decline the madness
In divinely fashion religiously speaking
With vigor we seeking
The illumination of hip-hop
Feel my bliss, feel my light
Ain't no room for hatin' in hip-hop
Flip-flop nefarious X-Raided vindicated
Vengeance Is Mine, witness, this is hatred
Heart full of acid about to get wasted
On the track, step back so it don't splash your faces
Return of The Unforgiven
With thunder in him
And lightning striking from the sky
I hit 'em
Try my shoes, denied, you can't fit 'em
Truthfully you'd be more wise to try Venom
From vipers who but me, Serpentor
You would need four Pied Pipers
To lead more sheep than he herds
Than he hoards
So kneel before your Lord 'til your knees hurt 'cause he's more...

Advanced
You don't stand a chance
Like Lincecum forced to pitch underhand
And then come death from 'pon high and land
Mortician come fix what's been done to them
Blaam!

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The N9n' bust caps, I clean up raps
Not as if I was applying a vinyl installation, I mean crush cats that bring
stuff back
Lot of whack writers denying the N9ne flow imitation
The fiends suck at the scheme brought back
They really do nothing but swing nut sacks
The King must brrap the teen sus crap
If you with me then #teamfuckthat!
It's not flattering, it's annoying
Get excited for my chattering, shit's enjoying
Be careful, the chop's splattering, it's deploying
Now they want me to stop battering Mr. Soy Bean, HaHa!
So spitty, the flow pretty, so giddy like he wanna grow titties, No Diddy
I eat up the beat, I'ma go piggy, not show pity
My followers spending more dough with me in your city
Some doubt my choppy but The Gun's styling thy mockeries
'Cause the skill is sharper than a Mach 3 so I'm the one housing like opry's
Never come wilding like Nazi's, you'll get your lungs out in biopsies
But the crazy shit, the people say he's sick and that's Munchausen by Proxy
No shit, who carries the torch, better abort 'cause it get too scary
Killing 'em with the flow spit, who dare me to flip the tongue in the lips,
your clit too hairy
Soft ass rapper, go squish blueberries and that'll be what I think of you, n
o hit, you spare me
Funny fuckers, your flow fit Drew Carey, when I rush, you'll die pooting, oh
bitch, you airy

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