

I.D.F.A.

Terror Reid

The brutal styles and relentless wordplay you have experienced in this manifesto will be forever imprinted into your psyche
His words will live in the back of your head
Like a fuckin' parasite
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Bitch, that's right
What it do
It's REID
Goin in, what it do
Uh

It's time to meet the menace, a criminal defendant
'Cause when this track is finished I'mma need a life sentence
Dabblin' in vengeance, I've had it with pretendin'
Now I'mma need a pension and a palace that's tremendous
Don't try and mend this, I think he gone gonzo
Gimme a tank and a cheeky freak blonde hoe
Hard to speak with my dick up in her tonsil
When I'm gone she gone need some Palo Santo
Deflectin' bullets like I'm made of titanium
Hit ya damn cranium, knock ya out the stadium
Swollen eyes like I'm hittin' a serrated blunt
Number one hated one, nuclear uranium
Awfully blunted, got a bone to pick with life itself
So far gone I feel like hangin' myself
I think it's aimless to help, I think I'm under a spell
The underground overlord come and take 'em to hell
Ignorin' the fakes, y'all got horrible taste
My pockets so fat they gettin' orbital traits
This playa raisin' the stakes, he burnin' faces like mace
And sendin' jaws into space, yo, I keep my shit laced

When I come around bitches turn around
They hear the sound and they look me up and down
When it come to da fellas
I don't know what to tell ya
So all I'm 'onna say is that I don't fuck around
Ya keep runnin' that mouth, that's another round
Pound for pound, I'mma put 'em in the ground
Ya comin' with that fuck shit
I'm blowin' up the function
Got nothin' else to say, bitch, I don't fuck around
I don't fuck around

Never believe the malevolent force
Rippin' the head off a corpse
I told 'em not to press me, it's a dangerous sport
I'm full of rage of a sort, because I hate you, of course
Too many birds a-flockin' like I'm fuckin' Fisherman's Wharf
Ayo enough with the pitch, I got somethin' to itch
And this Cialis means I'll fuck it if it look like a bitch
I'm slashin' both of ya wrists, come back and open the stitch
I never miss, comin' atcha with the wickedest fist
It's the one you can't run from
My style so dumb dumb, collecting a lump sum, plat
Steerin' the chariot, citizens staring, he known as the scariest cat
A mack fo' a fact, you ain't ready fo' dat

He windin' it back just to tackle a rat
And all that remains is the mangled remains of yo' cap
I'm takin' yo' brain, never givin' it back, lil' bitch

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