

# ON SIGHT!

Terror Reid

Look who it is, it's the man with the finest hits  
You fuck around and catch iron fists  
I got a giant list, so motherfucker, who want it?  
Poppin' out the graveyard, better start runnin'  
It's gonna be a doozy, I'm playin' with an Uzi  
A couple hundred milligrams, feelin' hella woozy  
Birdie on the sack like I'm Banjo-Kazooie  
Y'all can see me on the screen, TV and a movie  
Vein cutter, the .45 tucker  
Sour like a Warhead, make your lips pucker  
A blood sucker, y'know, the Molotov chucker  
I'm coming up from under, makin' noise like thunder  
It's the mystic, better go ballistic  
Front row ticket, don't think you wanna miss it  
You wanna feature? I'mma need a lung  
You should've swung  
Fuckin' around and get yo' dumbass stung

When it come to crooks, I wrote the book  
Hoes stop and look, hella fellas shook  
So I'mma hold the mic like I'm takin' a bite  
And if I see you tonight, it's on sight  
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So I'mma hold the mic like I'm takin' a bite  
And if see you tonight, it's on sight, bitch

Like burnin' rubber, I'm a real stone thrower  
Foamin' out the mouth, and I've never been sober  
Stone cold, behold: The sucka soul snatcha  
Catchin' bullets just to throw 'em right back at ya  
Hit the deck and catch the full effect  
I'm runnin' with a temper and comin' for your neck  
A stimulant user, microphone bruiser  
The supa-dupa supreme mood reducer  
One, two, three and the four  
I got a rare sickness, need no antidote  
I pop another witness, flow forever mo'  
'Bout to get 'em from a distance; a killer in a cloak  
Better be ready 'cause I'm goin' out swingin'  
You bitches ain't shit, quit fuckin' with the demon  
It's on tonight, I think you're better off bleedin'  
And when it's all gone (What you believe in?)

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