

Pistol supersonic
Walking with the souls that haunted
Hearing voices I'm neurotic
Dancin with the deadly posse
You don't wanna play the double R mane
Lookin like a bitch made pussy ass stain
Make ya disappear like I'm David Blaine
Sendin these shots right up into ya brain

Runnin yo pockets and fuckin yo bitch
Offa da brain tuckin a blick
Pressin a prophet im makin em sick
Wit da way I sway wen I talk my shit
We witcho bitch n we off dat shit
Up down left right wen I hit dat shit
Yo fuck this rock lemme hit dat spliff
Volcano brain widda pistol grip

Wit a pistol grip Imma end yo shit
Imma make it quick Betta up that stick
Wit a demon clique Cross em off the list
Lemme pop my shit Boy best not slip
2 2 3s into ya quarters might just shoot ya for my quota
Stackin bodies like a hoarder dump you off right past the border

Keep sayin Reid be outta line he might say you right
Fuck around and manifest a nine creepin up from behind
We on da brink of something greater than u eva seen
Bow down before da ovalord a demon summoning

These bitches funny
They say they love me I'm no dummy
She drank my honey
Waitin for me got nose all runny
Im ready for war
They beggin for more
This shit like a walk in the park
Don't fuck with the lord I'm pulling the cord
I'm tearing they whole life apart

Come n catch dis fade
Undead double R widda devilish gaze
Betta count yo days
Ima puttem inna box if they disobey
Take yo peso
Wont see my face tho
Give it all just cuz I say so
No halo
Dynamite onna mic blowin up like waco

Don't you feel it? His presence?
He's right down there, right beneath your feet!
We are on the cusp!
No longer shall we look to the skies for answers
We must look below. From now until the end of our days
Come now. We are only a few pages away form paradise
His sacred path awaits