

Everybody got the memo, Michael Myers man I'm mental  
Messy murder monumental mixed my mind  
Metamorphosis made it mainly my many maneuvers  
Missin' my malice malevolent mister N9ne!  
Mediocre motherfuckers my motive makin' minimum  
Maniacal makin' me mash my line  
MONSTER! Musical massacre  
Metaphysical minion may never match my grind  
When I'm bustin' you think of poppin' the E  
Hoppin' to Nina Boppin' need no stop and lockin' the B  
We droppin' off and a couple's talkin' to me  
But I flee, never see, Tecca Neez, I be, forever  
Look at the K.O.D. demolish, I'm polished  
I get dollars, I get more guala mixologist and many I sell  
You will never see the light of day right away  
You will die but I hide away, say goodbye, I'll see you in Hell  
True shots, a-who's got the crew's water?  
You soft, I move rocks, a Mustafa  
Boondock ya boo, Soo-Woo what a  
Two chakras, you lost the new nana  
Out with the weak and in with the raw  
Put you in deep and have your mama seekin' the law  
Freaking the beat, I get to peekin'  
Leavin' you off with the saw  
Ain't nobody beatin' me in the brawl  
Y'all got to know, I stop the show  
Pick you off of the pillar, you know I drop the fo'  
Sick and I this is sick as suckas, sock a ho  
Oh, you ain't even in my optical  
I shock ya though, I rock the flow  
Nah, not so low like burnin' optimo  
Wassup to Joe from my block, the MO  
I did it to death and my nigga I got to go!

It's a crisis and a murder whenever you see both of us in the booth  
It can be an interpretation of a catastrophic event of verbal annihilation i  
f you don't know the truth  
It's a crisis and a murder whenever you see both of us in a rage  
It can be any murder scene, making you have to evacuate the premises  
Killing the audience up on the stage  
We are an anomaly, coupling, coming stopping up in the gut  
You got to be loving the cut em or fucking em up  
Or probably busting em up  
Or vodka be up in the cup and drama be nothing to us  
A combination of some oddities, coming to crush  
And y'all won't be nothing to touch  
Ya body, we cutting em up  
Twista ready to bang, and Tech got his face painted  
Like he bout to go and do a robbery up in the truck

Whenever you recollect at me, a table taco  
Bitch I see it like Liam Neesen in Taken  
No Taken 2, better yet Tekken two  
Wrecking you like I was vehicle Eddie  
Or ready to reappear like I was Yoshimitsu  
From the darker side of the universe  
Universal predator is what you didn't know

And they will go and get you  
And I'm immediately about to punish ruin a invitational  
Whether I treat you like a bitch or hit you  
But Tech, me and you could speak on the evil type of terminology  
Em heard our music but didn't know we were an odyssey or an oddity  
It's a murder probably, if not then I bet you we cause a verbal lobotomy  
Tell them niggas to make a move that when they move I will abuse  
I'll show em they finna lose and I refuse to be a fool  
I kill em, I keep em cool but I'mma do what I'mma do  
Because I'm breaking the rules, let's go  
Bust you under lyrics, that's how I shoot this  
They so evil we gon f\*\*k'em while chunking up the deuces  
It's the goof, it's what a lyric proof, it's on the roof, it's  
I could leave your whole team skadooshis, it's a nuisance  
Ooh it's, somebody you don't really want to get into it with  
I'm mythical, difficult when I don't know if it'll be  
A wise thing for you to do as far as playing with the unusual  
Orien, and I am a scientifical  
Indivisibility within the infrastructure of the family that I created is inevitable  
Especially if we committed to getting money  
So f\*\*k the haters because it's the paper that you better get you  
Take a mental with the spatial, leave it alone  
My album dimension because I can get deep with a song  
But look of a fiend, I'mma put him asleep with the chrome  
Or lock a machine, f\*\*k him if he ain't breathing alone, die

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