

Bodies In The River

Twisted Insane

Grab a nigga pistol off the mantle
So you ain't gotta wait for me to pull it
Barricade the door and hit the corner of the room
Get the ammunition, wait for them to come in with that bullshit
And it was nice to meet you, I'mma greet you with the burner and the mood'll
make your noodle go menoodle in this bitch
On the mobile talkin' tough but when you're meeting face to face
I pull the pistol from the waist and drop a doodoo on this bitch
Goddamn, nobody know you was a motherfuckin' bitch though
Draggin' the body right behind me, tie him to my 6-4
Yeah, man, I'm a nympho, fuckin' a bitch and hit the block and stand upon the
corner with the [?] hit fo'
Still I'm seein' death up in my visions
Never know when he will come to meet me
Sit up in the room with the pistol right behind the couch and
Wait for them to try to come up in the door and beat me

That is when I heard them at the door and it was comin'
So I'm duckin' just in case and get to buckin' when they come in
Got the gun and when I hit the kitchen I'mma get to hummin'
Get the Ouija board and ask your mama to protect her stomach
Wanna murder everybody but I STOP!
Maybe cut 'em up and dump 'em in the trash
Called the homie and I told him bring the truck
Gotta get 'em outta here and I mean gotta do it fast
Put the body in the...

Murder-redrum when I come with the heat (Bodies in the river)
Murder-redrum when I go with the heat
I go Murder-redrum, I go Murder-redrum, (Bodies in the river)
I go Murder-redrum, I go Murder-redrum

Rappers get [?] at the river [?]
I dispose of the body in a river or a lake

I put another brain upon the platter
I told you I'mma do it every weekend
Niggas think it's cool until they get up in the boot and come to
Find they should've never stepped a foot up in the deep end
Somebody gotta show you I'mma [?] I'm the truth
And I don't give a shit what niggas wanna say about it
I can read you like you was a book and when I look at you
I never see a nigga who was with it, get your body bodied
I be on a mission with the soulless
People ready to greet you with the
Shit that make you bitches wanna piss your pants
Are you gettin' ready for a war? Oh well, here you go
No more gettin' ready, toe to toe, my nigga, this the dance
Hit 'em with a hundred round two hundred round three hundred rounds
I rip a nigga brain, at best they'll land up on the underground
Might fuck around and listen to the radio [?too poor that?]
I'm the only one in here, the type of shit that make your speaker pound!
When I'm on that pro-tool, know you
Ain't fuckin' with a regular, you're dealin' with the general
I was so invincible they had to rearrange a nigga name and
Nowadays everybody call me Invinci-Flow!
I be in the belly of the beast, just

Waitin' for competition to meet me
Sitting in a room, lookin' at the door, waiting for the devil
To come up in here and motherfuckin' beat me

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