Dome Split

Twisted Insane

And even if you wanna bitch
Because I bomb em with' the switch
Lurk around the corner pumpin off a nigga for the fifty so don't snitch
My niggas prolly got a fuckin hidden mini mac could drug it steal the money put the dirty body all up in a ditch
First you say "Poppin' off the dome, make em with' the chrome" know too eat the bullet from the bear
Dontchu worry thick, and heres some money for the chrome
Cause individuals took it no body boutta be there
Gotchu runnin' from the nightmare, put the mic there, with' a light there, fight there, fly a kite there
But the pussy finna bite there, right there
But I'm knowin' that a muthafucka' never fight fair
For the dope in the dome
I'm finna pop it off in em' it misses so what we get too pimpin' come with' the automatic weapon to catch em'
I pack a pistol or tech and begin to wet em' and pappin' em' then get too stealin' or recommend and then I'm wreckin' em'
And if I can I know I never mention that I'm a hit em' now so he could take a bullet to the brain
Feelin' funny when I take your money, do you think you're yummy? Yea don't take me for a dummy I'm Twisted Insane
Unfortunate pain
Half of these bitches be off in the hood, rep with' no shame
Put em' in the ditch, hit the bitch with'the cane
You two bitches time too start washin' the stains
And it gotta be a problem when I get too solvin' get the revolver
The witch who cut it off feet, I'm comin' off deep if you fear me
On the d-low, wanna be in love
Nigga don't wanna gobble the bullet up in the gut because a nigga don't scare me
I'm a brain sick fiend
Poppin' the bottle like I'm a casting cream
Lurk around corners like I'm a basket dream
Peelin' the bodies like I'm a bad dick crane

You have turned them to be insane and you will get your DOME SPLIT
They put a bullet in your brain and you will get your DOME SPLIT
You have turned them to be insane and you will get your DOME SPLIT
They put a bullet in your brain (in your brain) and you will get your DOME SPLIT

Leave your body in the mud
Poppin' all off with the slug
Wrap our hands around a corner dropping off another bullet in the gut
My homies telling me to hurry up and get the party started we got honeys wanna take it get buttfucked
I had a body in the car I wanna be a murderous hider and seek another bitch
We was ready coming but I never let alone I always trippin' with a copper niggas better put it on with
Feeling corny cause I'm suffering and they hittin' my face, feelin' that blade, their knee to my face, I'm feelin' the pain
The blood up in my cyst it got me hungry when I get 'em and I take it to the pin and then I'm a have to throw a grenade
It's funny go bang
Like I was dumb and whatever part of pity for whatever is stuntin' but then the money it better get gone

And nigga ya' better get on
And ya' better get on
And nigga ya' hangin' on
I'm sick
And you get too fuckin' with' a nigga that'll get and back up off you with t
he dome, in the song, or the chrome
Found a muthafucka' layin on the ground
And you screamin' by the phone, it keeps on goin'

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