

## Fade

## Twisted Insane

I need your fade, nigga  
You better not close your eyes  
When it's time to die  
I need your motherfuckin' fade, nigga  
(fade, nigga, fade, nigga, fade, nigga)  
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Bitch nigga, come catch a fade!  
Bitch nigga, come catch a fade!  
Pussy nigga, come catch a fade!

My nigga, this trick is all up in my face  
Talkin' 'bout she never heard my motherfuckin' name  
I'm like 'you, you serious? You never heard Qiazz?'  
Same hoes quartered in my pussy every days  
Same hoes approachin' me when I get off the stage  
I don't really care how these bitches know my name  
Cause I'm killin' 'em anyways  
I do not fill up no bitch, unless it is a bitch I be whippin'  
When I take your bitch to the ditches  
And I take her spirit right outta her feelings  
You layin' and shiverin', I stomp her chin and that's  
How I make bitches witness my wickedness  
I do not care, I am aware  
These bitches is scared, these niggas is dead  
We the new brand, Brainsick, nigga  
Where is my head?

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Pullin' out the liquor that I drink and a ganja  
But I'm never wolfen', you could be what you wanna  
Ridin' with the heater, I mean he's in a sauna  
Smokin' like the presidential green to Obama  
Sick of the niggas who wanna be comin' at me with the drama  
I don't be givin' a fuck about anyone, please, you're a goner  
Take the body parts are ID's ?said the donor?  
But I really want the fade like black jeans in a washer  
The dream that'll haunt ya, if anybody try me though  
Cause I be on the type of zone that's ratchet hoes and microphones  
You talkin' till your life is gone and pop a bunch of Ibuprofen  
I don't know if I could go another day ?with rappers loaded?

Jesus, homie, I just quoted, I don't know what happened  
Slap a nigga, people told me I was only rappin'  
Caught him by the show and had to whop him, he was yappin'  
Blood all over me and don't nobody know what happened  
Ghost Town Gangsta if anybody askin'  
Ride around dolo in a bucket with a ratchet  
Fake fuckboy like a dick that's plastic  
He ain't been seen in a while, ?Geoffrey Jenkins?  
Take your bitch and eat the pussy good, messy napkin  
See me with a bitch and take a hit, you better ask him  
Sick of niggas trippin' on a bitch, that's some wack shit  
She be gettin' flipped like a ship with them fractions  
Sick of niggas wolfin' on the internet  
Go dumb on a nigga, no intellect  
Put him in a box like a cigarette  
Your bitch wanna chew me like some Winterfresh  
Fuck you rappin' ass niggas, blood, I been a vet  
Hold up, pussy nigga, I ain't finished yet  
Brainsick, nigga, and we been the best  
Come and meet the devil, nigga, in the flesh  
Nigga, catch a fade, nigga...

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Pull up on 'em with the heater up in the apartment  
I don't wanna be the one to pull it, if I gotta do it, I'mma use the hands  
Take 'em all up in the back and beat 'em one on one and get ?off in they pants?  
I can pull the pistol on 'em but I rather put 'em on the  
Ground like a man  
Get up in the van, been around the corner  
Everybody lookin' for an ass whoopin'  
Take a minute for a nigga ?find about? I got the  
Right and left hook  
And you shook when I hop up with nothin' but hands and you book  
And I'm knockin' motherfuckers blocks off  
These rocks hot and cookin'  
Lookin' ass niggas and bitches never get up and say shit  
Always on wolfin' disrespect but never with the Brainsick  
Combination makin' everybody hit the ground, no AK shit  
Just take 'em in the backyard when they act hard and I slay shit  
Face it, ain't nobody superman, nigga, that's real shit  
They run up on a nigga like me, they best have grenades  
I don't wanna hear another motherfuckin' word about  
How you got straps and you clack, that's bull  
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