

20 make a sinner blind, send a 9
To your spine from the mechanism of a paid shooter
Me, I call it an exorcism of any demonic intention
You throw at the kingdom of a great ruler
We are shockas with an army full of shottas who got choppas
Big enough to shoot propellers off of helicopters
Shit get ugly as Baraka, I don't wanna pop a
Motherfucker but I will if I gotta, just like

Fuck your favorite rapper, huh
Fuck your favorite, fuck your favorite
(Fuck your favorite rapper, I ain't fuckin' with that new shit)
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(Fuck 'em all, it ain't no peace, killin' enemies)
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I had it with haters, I'm blessin' 'em fakers, I'm livin' my life in immaculate favor, praisin' the most high
Lyrically me and the homie, you know it's Twisted Insane, we are the Alpha & Omega to go by
Gimme the gun, sippin' on Henny and rum, finna drop, plenty of bombs on you bum rappin' niggas in the industry
Suckers don't even know about motherfuckers who came before 'em, I'm Makaveli mode on my enemies
Who would ever think we see the day a rapper wear more makeup than the frickin' bitches that they layin' with?
That is not the culture that I represent, it's evident, you pussy motherfuckers really got a playa pissed
Show up at your residence with semi-automatic weaponry, I dare a homo thug rapper make a diss
Say the shit that you was kickin' in them interviews with your Twitter moves, I'ma blow the whole place to bits
Stabbin' the mask, that is your ass, fuckin' with me and my Area 51 niggas you soon to be catchin' a blast from the Mossberg
I ain't gotta divide and conquer, I'm [?] the ghetto, when I destroy 'em so take it as a boss' word
I am on this track to show, just the way a savage flow
Independent, paid in full, so, fuck your favorite rapper, ho
(Pop pop pop pop)

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Two deep, finna pull a heater, really let loose
I ain't fuckin' with you rappin' niggas
You ain't got enough for me to get juiced
Incredible, I will Abominate 'em
When I Hulk out, better get Bruce
Get this shit up out a nigga' whip, bitch
You better strap in for the jet boost
They don't know I don't wanna
Fuck around and talk about no rap shit
Every time you bringin' sum'n new
It's that doodoo wack shit
I don't wanna hear it, rather be up
On a bed of nails doin' backflips
You be in the club with the liquor really
Gettin' jiggy with it off of that shit, nigga?
I ain't fuckin' with you niggas, put it on my mama
Come with drama, I'ma give you what you really want
Blood, I keep it brackin', I'm attackin', I pull up at you
While you asleep and light you like a Philly Blunt
Sick of niggas wolfen' like they really with this shit
Until they pull up in a city really full of goons
Keep on talkin' like he really want a problem, I'ma
Pull up with a chopper and I make your whole head go boom
Dump on the bus, I be in front if anybody want it with us
Man I ain't got a problem with you niggas but you
Want it I will turn 'em all into dust
They don't wanna be up in the middle of a
Burner when the Sickopatamous bust

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I don't really give a rat's ass what you rap 'bout
I ain't really with the talkin', I would rather
Pull up on 'em with the strap out
I ain't give a nigga pass
Now they get to mumblin' I get the MAC out
One wrong move and it's all doom
We can turn around and get to blackout
Nigga

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