

III Smith

Twisted Insane

Born and raised in California the city of the stoner
Pushin' a whip up on a bitch and when I hop in I be on her
And they blow my phone up, never really did when I was a bum
Now I become hot as Arizona
Post up in a bucket all night saying "Fuck it!" 'cause I really got nowhere
to go, and I was broke and homeless
That's way too many then, see, I was penny-pinching
I could not afford to pull up in a Honda Accord with the chrome ones
Mixin' the women with the wicked and the alcohol
Fuck it, you could spend it homie, we about to ball
Sick of all these rappers that be actin' like they rapping tight
But really half them people wasn't saying shit at all
Go ahead mothafucka, talk about your ice
You in Lamborghinis, we don't even got a ride
Sick of the ones that always talk a lot about the shit they got
When other niggas come around they often run and hide
You can probably find me somewhere in the alley gettin' high
Drinkin' all my life away as time passes by
I could've been in medicine
I could've been a president
I wanna ask the Lord but shit why, ask why?
Four racks in my pocket from the Mayweather fight
I made a grip, and finna bet nobody smacking a homie
Bought a Honda, weed and gang of swisha sweets
Some new Chuck Tees, a couple T's, and a slice of Bologna
God Damn! Never really couldn't manage myself
They say I'm schizophrenic, man, I really need help
I told you it's the voices that be talking to me, giving me subliminals
That's how you make your faces all melt
Little nigga wanna trip, I will unbuckle my belt
And get to whooping on 'I'm in front of his girl, I'm a devil
Rippin' mothafuckers into pieces, now the nigga pray to Jesus
Really ain't no other rapper on my level

I'll Smith, fuck a Fresh Prince
Murder every rapper in the game and left prints
Homie, let's dance
Being fresh put me on, I felt like it's my last chance of making a haters wa
nna hide the dues and be friends
Let's hide all my cynical
A product unidentical; rappers talking a lot
They biting but they bite is just miniature
To me you don't resemble a G but you keep on talking lot
I'll stomp you out and put a Nike emblem print on you
Anyone messing with my crew might get pushed to finish you
And end your career
I've been loose but I'm winnin' this year
A lot of suckas' actin' like a bunch of women they scared
They swear they hard but start to tremble when the pistol appear
I'm [?] I'm writing, eating Xanax, Atlantis, a lot of strippers
I bet you wish you was here
85 pound drunks out here pissing their pants
Turn on the radio and it's this the right station, it's weird
I hear rappers singing RnB [?]
While I'm in my Cut Supreme with some green
Sucker free, on the weed
I got in anything you need

Give a scream down the street
Speakers beat like I put you under meat mallet
While the beat riding I got the blow and got the bars
Close to overdose and I just hope I see tomorrow
Nobody really cared when I was broke and 'bout to starve
So why should I give a fuck what's up with Khloé and Lamar!?
'Cause they got a grand problem
Nerds on the internet be talking mad blogging, I'm bout to snap on em
I'm fixing to bust his head and there'll be a black coffin
This rapping shit don't work, I'm in a black mask robbing
Mock it, think the spittin' shit's lame
Johny, stop! No crossing over, can't get in this lane
Two of the best that ever did it Rittz and Twisted Insane
Taking over this game, so remember his name: ILL Smith
Bitch, yuh-uh-yeah