

Ken and Ryu's Massacre

Twisted Insane

Woke up in a good mood, but I got a phone call from blood
Telling me bullshit 'bout a nigga wanna get deep in the funk
How is this man, they get me pissed, when I only show love
That's the type of shit that make a nigga wanna pull that heat from the trunk
I am different type of nigga that be waiting for you in your living
Room bring you to your doom, motherfucker whom is you kiddin'?
They don't wanna go to war, put the niggas brain fragments on the ceiling
Don't take my life, tell my wife hide the children
Phony, niggas acting like a motherfucker really know me
Go to war, homie bring the 44 like it's Xbox on Sony
My sight got him with the red dot, aim right at they dome
Hit them with the chrome, I got more where that came from, that's on me
I'm a pistol poppin', poltergeist, puppet master, puffin' purple puff a puff
, bottles bustin', barely breathin'. Beat 'em, buck 'em, but I'm Boolin' back
and Brackin', motherfucker
Nuff of the talk time to match wits
Which one did I poison? Should I drink? Did he switch it?
Everytime I wanna go to war I really got him runnin like a motherfucker put
him up against it murder a nigga gon have to find tha body parts up in a ditch
187

Run up on 'em heavy with the fuckin MAC-11
Take a nigga heart, hopping in the middle killing what now
Dump dump for any rapper do you really wanna come get to flexing
Blood I'm built for this shit
Looking at everything a nigga done built brain I'd kill for this shit
Do we have a problem? Do we gotta put the millimeter to your noggin
Blow your memories out, then we leave out broad daylight joggin'
From you novice
[Turn a nigga 6 months old call it carpfish, melt em back?] as if they coming
heavy and we put em in a creek no Dawson
Quit talkin' bitch y'all is just targets, cause ruckus
The one who dat doesn't apply to, me make nothing
My dick please get off it, your bitch leaves it softened, I'm in it ISO so intricate
awesome
I don't have any sense left

I will put a bullet in ya chest

Leave a nigga like a bench press

Lookin' like you're wanting incest

Like Johnny my shit's in depth (Depp)

We 'bout to bubble like it's meth

Run up on him with the semtex

Really I'm not impressed

What you really wanna say the run will have a hero
When you're rapping to me in the parking lot have no interest

Hurry up I gotta get up in this fucking vehicle to get up in this
Lil pussy waiting for me with the 100 man that bitch is tremendous
I'm a-fucking-mazing, when it's coming to the racing
I be swimming through you niggas and I'm winning like I'm Michael Phelps in
Beijing
No chasing no niggas up in here it's on the roof and bitches aim steel

Pull up on a nigga that get at me hit em with it, let you niggas do the gay
thing

No faking

On the real shit like I'm artificial for the baking
Oops I mean bathsalts
I'm an asshole, shits I'm taking on anybody that be steady coming with the b
ullshit MJ Team I'm dope
Put him in a hole like an 8 ball, no MJG

WHAT'S BRACKIN'?

You don't wanna be the one to run up on a nightmare
Night time nah I'm finna push a nigga might fly with a MAC-10
Hop back in then be around the corner
With the clack-clack with the strap
Watchin' bains drip it's the brain sick, niggas ain't sick, matter fact when
I

Run up on him and I

Catch him in the parking lot, like: "What's up?"
Shit I'm sick, it'll be your worst day, you thought you had nuts

Niggas never really knew what he was dealing with like a nigga that deep cut
s homie now

Now what's about to be the last thing you see 'fore you cut blood you suck

In a sticky situation like a bitch and I'll be wooden penetrating and I don'
t really give a shit if niggas hating homie where the fuck are you insinuat
ing
Bet you niggas always tripping
Imma get to take the boobies suck and fuck I really don't know, pity tho:
Tripping on a bitch, end a nigga that quick video, just

End it
Different nigga wanna get defended, suspended

Like a whip out my nigga bounce out with the brand new suspension
Got tension, pull the Mac out, black out, leave no witness
When I get this like a pat down restaurant give you da business
Hey Twisted

Quit his brackin everybody slackin' ain't nobody rival like a revolution hom
ie you pollution
When I pull up on em bustin' with the MAC you better get you back up when I'
m at your back and they don't wanna come and see whats in my sack and them a
t niggas your back door with a 5/4 with a henni bottle on my lap I put you o
n a raincheck and that will be the little bit
Ain't nobody wanna say shit [?] I can run up to to the nigga, Muthafucka wan
na step up to the pain? They don't wanna piece of a hunter beast, undefeated
when I'm on the range
Ain't nobody wanna go against the best
Put me to the test and I'm always game, nigga that's brain