

I happen to believe in life after death  
But I don't think it's got a thing to do with reward and punishment  
Religion is always under control of business  
Uh...and that's something people don't really understand  
It's...it's in the guilt-producing control business  
(I have visions of my death  
Made true by the wrath of men who have the stench of 400 years asphyxiating  
every stranded poor  
The more hatred the more death  
The more die the more hate  
The great evil is upon us)  
And if you have Heaven as a place where you're rewarded for your goodness  
And Hell is a place where you're punished for your evil  
Then you sort of...have control over population  
And so they create this fiery place which has quite literally scared the hel  
l outta a lot of people throughout this industry  
And it's part of a control tactic  
But wait a minute, you're saying that Hell  
The idea of a place under the earth or somewhere where you're tormented for  
an eternity is a human invention of the church  
Yeah and the church fired its furnaces hotter than anybody else  
...  
The church doesn't like for people to grow up  
Because you can't control grownups

Middle of the night I hear somebody at the window and I'm wide awake  
Grab the heater out the closet moving down the hall and looking for my kids  
Woke 'em up and told 'em, "Do not make a sound. Somebody in the kitchen  
Daddy got a weapon, ain't nobody steppin' to you baby. Hurry up. I don't kno  
w who it is  
Get ya shit, then get to tippy-toeing down the staircase with a scared face  
And if anybody tries to come and get you, I'ma shoot 'em right up in the lun  
g  
Meet you bottom of the stairs." Nobody was there  
"Hide behind a chair. If anyone come or I don't make it back in a couple of  
minutes, go ahead and run."  
I begun  
Walking up into my kitchen looking for my sons  
Heard a click clack, turned around, that's when I saw the triv  
Some motherfucker with a mask on had my son tied up  
Laughing with a millimeter pointed at him  
"I'ma put the gun down. Let him live. Don't trip  
I got money, you can have it all  
Hop up in the whip, ride away and I won't say a motherfucking word to anothe  
r soul about this."  
The harder man'll roll. Take a nigga hollow. what you want? I got a rig I ai  
n't even be in. What you want you gotta come and get it. Take a nigga's whol  
e shit."  
I got...I got AK-47s in the freezer  
I ain't finna tell him 'bout the heaters or the millimeter in the speaker  
Looking in the hallway  
Knowing my daughter's still right there hiding behind a chair, all I really  
care is these motherfuckers don't see her  
I need her  
Get to walking up the stairs and my son's still  
In the kitchen with the masked man and his hand stands on the gun still  
Took 'em right up in the room, told a nigga wait, opened up the safe, I don'

t really give a shit about the money, but it won't be funny if a nigga son's  
killed  
Be frugal, gucci  
Snake a nigga like I'm Lucci  
Eat a nigga like he Dim Sum, full of Wing Chun like I'm Bruce Lee  
Someone gotta pinch a nigga, I don't know if shit is real  
Fuck a dollar bill, feeling like I'm in a nightmare, but I'm right there in  
a movie  
Yours truly  
Never underestimate a motherfucker like me  
I ain't got no kind of friends  
If I was in the pin then ain't nobody write me  
I ain't ever believe in Jesus, even if I did, what I'm about to do to these  
two motherfuckers in my house'll make the Lord come and strike me  
I'm...

(Because you can't control grownups)

I'm....Lucifer  
I'm the devil in the flesh  
Demons follow every time  
I'ma make it to your house

Pull up with a black mask, put 'em in the back, my niggas killer wicked, I'm  
Lucifer  
I'm the devil in the flesh  
Demons follow every time  
I'ma make it to your house

Pull up with a black mask, put 'em in the back, my niggas killer wicked, I'm

Ay, look you got what you came for man. Just let my son go man  
(Let me go!)

Just let my son go, man. He only seven years old. He ain't do shit man

Murder with a black mask, put 'em in the back, my niggas killer wicked, I'm

Okay it's alright. It's gon' be alright  
(Daddy, help me!)

Come on. Come on man. Just let him go

(No)

Let him go. He ain't got nothing to do with this. Just take me. I'm the one  
you want

Murder with a black mask, put 'em in the back, my niggas killer wicked, I'm

Now they got me in the bathroom  
Laughing at me like a baboon  
Thinking out I don't know these people (that's real)  
But they don't know me either  
Hid the millimeter in the speaker and these motherfuckers they just don't know  
how eager (that's real)  
I be when you cried me, I'm sickening  
I been known to mutilate the body and I'm on the chasin' for the gun  
My son run up out the room, hit him with a broom  
I'm a demon, nice to meet you but to beat you, what you want to do to make a  
nigga pull the trigger and be hellas done  
(ESSIE RUN!)

The pistol and the father tell you what the fuck he done  
You better pray to whoever the fuck you believe in to hit my kids  
Testin him for the gun, Hit em in the face, waste no time  
When the mirror breaks pick it up and then I gotta penetrate this shit up in  
his ribs I got

I got sick, why? Bitch I'm  
Not the one you wanna fuck around and come into a nigga house trippin?  
Oh what you thought I was gon let you come up into this mothafucka kill em a  
ll  
Nah nigga yo ass finna be the one with the blood drippin I got  
I got many blood stains on my floor boards  
I need more, need yours, evil like a nigga banged Mordor  
No mistake nigga this that shoot for the face shit  
Two 2-3's put em all to sleep then im in the bed dickin' in your whores (Get  
up)  
Didn't kill 'em right there got 'em up tied him  
In the kitchen right in front his homie and I cut up the foot and fried him  
I'm a little brainsick  
Sicker than most sick sick sick  
I keep mothafuckers in the freezer if a neighbor come through then try him I  
am  
I am so dope hanging by the rope and  
Nah fuck that give my son a loaded strap, I ain't jokin'  
Diss the motherfucker in the house and put the loaded gun up in your mouth a  
nd  
Shoot the motherfucker right in-between the eyes til he broken (Do it)  
Never underestimate a motherfucker like me  
I ain't got no kind of friends  
If I was in the pin then ain't nobody write me  
I ain't ever believe in Jesus, even if I did, what I'm about to do to these  
two motherfuckers in my house'll make the Lord come and strike me  
I'm... (aim... okay...breathe... kill em son)  
.....  
  
Kill em all [x12]  
And they will look down when the [x2]  
Bust in my door  
Bustin' in my door open in comes evil