

Mental

Twisted Insane

Yeah, burn a body with the gun, fool
Pull up on you in the parking lot, my nigga, ain't nowhere that you can run to
turnin' up a Honda Kawasaki, hit the body if a nigga want to
Hit 'em with a hundred rounds, I put 'em in the ground and comin' back is what you won't do
(What bracks?) I don't give a shit where you from, this Dago
Horchata with the cornier side of torta el fuego
From the Southeast where ain't nobody in this bitch wear no halo
I need red [?] and the green sauce 'fore this shit get too fatal
(Okay!) always keep it on the real, steal your cable
All I see up in a nigga dreamin' when I wake up it's redrum
I'm in the middle, they get sentimental when I fuck around and get your head spun
Adios, ain't nowhere to go to get your lifeline when the lead come
The hardest, motherfucker that you ever heard
Comin' all up in your front door with some real Crips and Bloods
Flag on a nigga face when the homies all came through bustin'
What you wanna shake hands for? You already know what it was, motherfucker

Damn, it's a riddle
I be shootin' bullets at the man in the middle
So high almost put the can on the griddle
[?] the burner with the ham, god damn I am mental
[?] take my dope with the coincidentals
I'm about to go bozo in the rental
Brazy, Blood, might throw blows with the devil
Then I go get the shovel

(Bitch, what's hatnin')
Damn I am mental
Da-da-damn I am mental
(Bitch, what's hatnin')
Damn I am mental
Da-da-damn I am mental
(Bitch, what's hatnin')
Throw blows with the devil
Throw blows with the devil
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I'm no kinda beginner
I will never lose, no doubt, better roll out with the winner
Shit is hella funny watchin' everybody roll out when I enter
I don't pay attention, they don't get no mention, blown out on the pinner
They be tellin' people stay away, don't wanna go down with a sinner
Niggas actin' like a motherfucker when I throw down with the blender
I will go 'round all on yo' town with a four pound for the splitter
Then I'm back up on the juice on the loose with a fat deuce for my shitter
Doodoo on you niggas, I ain't runnin' from nobody when the fuckin' funk pop
Matter fact I'm waitin' for you when you wanna come around and get the trunk popped
When I dump shots you gon' come and get it or you try'na run away or whatnot
They don't want it with the wicked, I be eatin' motherfuckers like kumquats
(Lil' nigga) I be in the minivan backseat scopin'
Is he gonna come pop out the house? Oh geez, please, I'm hopin'

Pull up on 'em, it is lunchtime, it's crunch time, he's chokin'
Ain't no way I'll ever run away and feel defeat, what you smokin'?
Must've been that really good shit, tellin' all my enemies keep that
Same energy, don't be comin' at me with the "it's all good" shit
If you said it then, better say it now, then I put your body in a wood chip
Don't be try'na act big and bad, 'member who you playin' all hood with
I'm the definition of a little nigga really down to put the work in
13, standin' on the corner [?] fuckin' trigger finger squirtin'
Hurtin' anybody, wanna go against someone who turnin' men to burnt meat
Shout out all the homies in the pen with the pull ups and the burpies, nigga

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