

# 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  
(Bitch, what's hatnin')  
Throw blows with the devil  
Throw blows with the devil

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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