

M.M.W.T.B.S

Twisted Insane

Back with the Brain

Sick of havin' nigga writhin' in pain

Better hurry up and hide in the rain

Bitch you better stick and drive in yo' lane, shit

Better give a nigga leeway, you gon' die goin' 95 on the freeway

On feet to the city like when Diddy make 'em all walk for a cheesecake

GTA, nigga from the real Grove Street, no CJ

I'm about to give it to you motherfuckers live with no replay

(Brrr, brrr)

Ain't no other human on my level, better get the metal

Waitin' when it's settled? I begin to get 'em with the handle

Someone better tellin' me ain't ready from the get, I'm Freddy with the Eddy

, pull up in a Chevy

Lookin' for somebody in a cooler, pull up on a nigga mantle

John Rambo (You!) kill 'em all off from the rooftop

Had nobody on the lookout when I shoot 'em out they tubesocks

Givin' everybody whiplash like a big splash by [?]

Little nigga wanna ride by with the drive-by left two shot

(Whoo!) Brainsick to the casket

Tellin' people you are not past with a shotglass full of acid

Therapy never helped me, I'm a case with no basket

Try'na listen but it's all trash, get the best wrapped in plastic

Fuck around and hit the real park, Jurassic

I run all up in the game, better fill 'em with the pain with no love

Always comin' on the real with no fake, ain't no plastic

I love runnin' 'round in whips and that's on Bloods

Time to hit 'em with the West Coast

You ain't never live a type of life where niggas gangbang

Pull up on 'em in the night, what you all up in the set fo'?

Don't be tellin' me you ain't affiliated, what bracks? What you rep fo'?

Little homie in a nigga' helmet, try'na get souls for the death toll

Get yo', ass outta my face, ain't no peace

Bitch you dealin' with the Brainsick, I'm a pit with no leash

Take 'em down into the basement where Jason asleep

You don't wanna end up missin' for dissin', capiche?

Miss me with the bullshit

(Nigga, I made like thirteen million in France and shit)

Bitch, miss me with the bullshit

('Bout a hunnid of them niggas, it's only me, I'm killin' everything movin')

Just miss me with the bullshit

(You know that New Jack City? Nigga, they made that off me, I'm Nino Brown!)

Miss me with the bullshit

(I done made my, I made my first million when I was 15)

Bitch, miss me with the

Mmh, don't come around 'ere

Especially if bloke ain't from around 'ere

Body with the dope call top around 'ere

Lookin' for some help, no luck around 'ere

Better off home, dem bust around here

Real life Gs, no buster, brown ear

You don't wanna try to be tough around 'ere

Brainsick nigga, get the fuck around here

Back with the Sick

Shit that make 'em wanna go out and get

Anybody even say the wrong shit
They gon' really feel the steel when I hit
When this shit go *Bow, bow*
Everybody hit the ground
Don't nobody wanna feel the wrath from the 223 rounds
Tie them all up in the bathroom stall frozen, face down
Threw 'em in the trunk with the 15s, trust me, they pound
Wowzer! They don't want it with the Bowser
Get the kitchen knife from out the kitchen and I wait for you up in the shower
Didn't even want the bread, rather be up in the bed watching Power
Try'na figure out a nigga' next move, but the rent due by the hour
I will cut 'em all up into bitty pieces and I put the meat up in the batter
Listen, when they sizzle, put 'em on a griddle, figure out a way to butter,
when it matter
I be in the middle when the bullet whizzin', 'bout to make 'em fizzle, everybody scatter
They don't wanna come and get it, I be with it, fill 'em with the shit that
really make 'em splatter, on Brain
(Whoo!) Low pro' like an Ewok
Feelin' just like Mike, I might moonwalk with some Reeboks
Sick of niggas playin' tough too but I promise you he not
Twenty plus up in the game and stay droppin' these heat rocks
No cap, no word of mouth, say truth
Fuck it, I'ma go and turn shit into Beirut
When they pull up, better know ain't no talkin', they shoot
Puttin' one up in your dome just like when I, wait, oops
Oops, I don't wanna say too much, I do bust
Have a nigga pull around the corner from this song and shoot through us
Take it back to those days when I either passed out or threw up
When the Babylon wanna pull up, we stand there like, "Who, us?"
(Who, us?) Yeah nigga, better know who you're dealin' with
Little niggas from the park after dark out here killin' shit
Stay the fuck up in the house if you're coughin' and feelin' sick
How the fuck is that? I've been ill from beginnin', bitch

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Brainsick, motherfucker