

# Monster

Twisted Insane

In the nighttime, I don't write rhymes I killa  
Niggas rapping thinking that shit is cool, but the fact is I do this for real  
la  
Don't be caught at the bus stop with no weapons  
Stuck if you gotta hit the fence real quick then fucked if a nigga bust in your section  
I'm from the west coast where you never know when's your death day  
Blood niggas, and Crip niggas, and eses with the wet thangs  
Little niggas thirteen years old taking knives to triple OGs and shit  
Everybody said "Fuck everybody" so now everybody put to sleepin' shit  
Take another mission, I will get offended if you do not make a trip with me  
I could be alone by myself where you do it for my health, but I still represent for the B  
All stay lit for the brainsick  
Oh yeah we got Crip niggas too  
Oh yeah we got eses too  
Oh yeah we got Pirus too  
Mexican Disciples and the Latin Kings, oh yeah we got Vice Lords too  
Indians and the motorcycle gangs, oh yeah we got bikers too  
Motherfuckas that'll get ready up to mack, and then hunt ya  
Niggas who ain't ever playing, but how can you play when all they ever say is:  
"Nigga you a monster"

Everybody said  
"Fuck everybody"  
So now everybody put to sleepin' shit

From under the bed  
Teeth up in your back

Everybody said  
"Fuck everybody"  
So now everybody put to sleepin' shit

Behind you in the dark  
Reaper to the max

Everybody said  
"Fuck everybody"  
So now everybody put to sleepin' shit

From under the bed  
Teeth up in your back

Everybody said  
"Fuck everybody"  
So now everybody put to sleepin' shit

(If flesh is best when bloody)  
Make a mess, and yes it's funny  
You are death the rest are running  
You a monster

Fuck, we ain't feeling tasty  
It's reloading and relocating  
Stay strap down with some shit that'll cave your face in

They try to knock me down, but I won't fall  
Catch your ass in traffic, and I bet your jaw get blown off  
They say you blessed, and you're here for a reason  
I say "yup, yeah I know that's to leave theses niggas bleedin'"  
Ain't no passes, just hundred round drums and caskets  
And amigos tattoos get burnt to ashes  
Block monster  
Baby hey whores and macks, and the baby cater thing with the Mickey Mouse trap  
Yeah I'm that double cinnamon rolls for you don't-knows  
Ain't no tapping out, this the life I chose  
That's why I'm every head busta favorite rap nigga  
Better ask the streets if I'm a motherfucking rap nigga  
And I put the wrap on the chicken, put some wings on that bitch  
Have my niggas that'll stay trill

Trill up they label me the accurate  
Cause where I be at Logan avenue it's crawling with goons with pap-bats  
It's scary walking to school where there's dudes with blue flags  
Come through and clack-  
clack at any nigga standing around when the shit bracks  
Soft he's dead ghost like the walking dead cause of the homeboys I'm here walking with  
But to get infected they will write you lead  
It's in your head with the cansted  
So inevitably I'm an LPB  
It's your destiny where you from around my street  
Get brainwashed by your double OGs by the time you turn twelve you a B-L-double O-D  
Rob Zombie like shit, Stephen King'll write this trip  
How I live, shave a niggas wig with the forty-six  
I was suppose to kick it back for my nigga kill out with his bitch  
Round here niggas can't flip that's a urban survival tip  
Labeled a terrorist since the gang put me on that list  
Can't get a job, can't leave the town, so a nigga's bound to risk  
Psychologically made me an animal, I even shoot at a bitch  
So to keep from being locked up, I lay low like the lochness  
Cause it's hard being around niggas that act like mar guai when they wet. triv