

Much Love

Twisted Insane

I used to sleep up on a bench at the park inflation, it was late and shit
And everyday these bitches would laugh at a drunk guy who's sleeping up on the
front line, so I'm on "fuck relationships"
Just trying to get one to suck on my cock-a-doodle
No boodles, just a noodle to find your pussy like Google
I know coo-coos that'll shoot you, and voodoo like Shaka Zulu
Don't trust niggas, that's probably why I always approach with caution
And often I'm always off in my own thoughts
Facing a bottle and living my life like a dome shot
If around the corner waiting for me, right now time I don't got
But maybe I'm tripping, maybe I'm not, maybe it's this bottle I'm sipping
Maybe I'm sick of this motherfucking life all day living
Piss in a bucket in the fucking corner, nigga never had no Thanksgiving
But you, you grew up differently nigga
If you ever get on this shit on the street, don't mention me nigga
End notations, I be patiently waiting baking and lacing Jason quotations
In the Matrix, we don't play with [?] no chasin'
It's real in the killing fields nigga
Really? Then how you askin' your drunk ass "Deal or no deal?" nigga
More deal with ya, my AK'll leave your dome split fo-realla, so go-
rilla, mark my words, nigga
You could be ducking me like Daffy, bugging me like Bunny, a million ratchet
s be at me
I'm renovating your house and I'm 'bout to get in your catty
And a bitch with big ol' titties and booty calling me daddy
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There's nothing like me I'm likely to stuff your Nikes
Perturb the jerk for sure when I serve the verbs and ignite beats
To white meat, any MC can leave in that light piece
I reap, and we Medusa, producers looking to sight-see

Hennessey, Sprite, maneuver through spite like I'm hoopin', I'm nice
You know what the fuck I'm doing tonight, B
I be sipping with hooligans, steady scheming
And all of these ratchets with no attachments, who getting semen
Serve her like I'm a murderer with the knife, nothing nice
When I'm sniping her curvature with the pipe, no device
And the way that I kill it is something vicious
Bet she quick to rub my back, make a snack, and cover the dishes
Then I'm out - back into the lab and packin' a big bag of that sick
The aftermath at the attack I land an inhabitable, quick
Then we gon slap with the backhand, no half ass with the plan for no shit
But we know you stand for nothing when you took that apple she picked, homie
Now as I get off in my Twisted Insane, flow
See we be so critical with it, inhibit the flame, pro
Like everyone else on the roster who been in the game
Ain't no tellin what we been through, but with a pen and pencil we deliver t
hat pain
And wage war on pretenders, rocking suspenders, walking in britches that's t
oo big and bumpin' that lip, we popping indentures
It's Ender's game when I call the initiate
Start laying waste to the planet and askin' who finna save it?
None of you, nothing new, it's just regular
Procedure when I reaper the speakers, just making sure
You industry niggas know the Brain is sick and holistic
Leave you paranoid like Terry deployed on Winter Olympics

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