

# Night Chronicles

Twisted Insane

I am the Brainsick heathen  
Some will call me different cause I do believe in demons  
And they all end up screamin'  
They all do it different when they suck up on my semen  
You can find me in the night, posted in the alley with a bunch of fucking we  
irdos  
Sick individuals that bite, Tyson motherfuckers when they chewing on these e  
arlobes  
Coming around the corner drunk, with the incredible pump, ready to dump, slu  
mp and the bump on some screen humps  
I told him "I am not no punk," cut him into chunks, then I left his body in  
the forest when I'm kind of Gump  
Brainsick little nigga  
Been that way ever since to get little niggas  
Catch a fade, or you be a bitch little nigga  
You gon' get what the fuck you get little nigga  
Even a machete to your skull, niggas that get hit up with all type of differ  
ent weapons  
Even if the blade is dull, kitchen utensils used to my discretion  
I'm the Monster in the Dark bark if you are gonna bite either that or be sil  
ent  
You get ate up like a shark in the middle of the ocean with nothing but viol  
ence  
Practicing black magic, you silly rabbit grab it, like I was an addict I got  
ta have it like a bad habit  
Go ahead and have at it, they all end up with a disease, begging "please," f  
or every nigga took a stab at it  
No one can hear you for miles  
You could even be like real real loud  
Go ahead scream and shout  
Anything can happen when the full moon is out  
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Look around the corner what they do serving you niggas

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B-B-B-B-

Back from the dead, trigger finger itching with the strap full of lead

S-S-S-S-

Sack for the bread, is the reason they want me in the 'lac giving head

On my ding-dong, beat it on my chest just like a nigga King Kong

P-P-Polishing me bone, all you motherfuckers wonder "is he on?"

Y-Y-

Yes bitch we on, shutting down this game for these squares and these clones

T-T-Till I have or I don't, and I kept my checks clean cause they always on  
the don't

T-T-To the top of the throne, and if they disrespect that, get the black of  
the chrome

Yak and it's on, from the city by the water niggas shooting for the dome  
But to get back his own

But that don't really matter when you stay up on the chrome

Always keep a weapon, if these niggas disrespectin', I will happily deflect  
them when their brains get blown

Hit these motherfuckers with the strychnine times outta ten I get up in the  
whip high

Aiming for the bitch eye, why try to miss when niggas will come back and put  
a bullet in my fish fry

Putting one in your lung, I'm doing it all for fun, I hit them without a gun  
when I come like a real one

Did it without the homies on my side, by myself up in the ride

I done been up in some I'll ones

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