

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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Murder you niggas
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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