

## Swiss Cheese

Twisted Insane

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And I'm in the bedroom with the ghost  
Tryna get a little head room  
That was fed to at the most  
Go ahead but you'll be dead soon  
When the lead boom, comatose  
I be into different shit that you ain't into  
When I'm fins' to hit you with the Moss  
It's black magic, your curse  
Put 'em in a four-door hearse  
I be rappin' 'bout my life, never did I  
Think it was a fuckin' horrorcore verse  
Spend a day up in my shoes, you will pro'bly  
Think you livin' in a Mordor Earth  
It's the feelin' bodies hangin' from the ceiling  
Ain't no squealin', nigga, your chores first  
Serpent, find me sleepin' with the ratchet  
Told me all about the fade, come and get this gauge  
Hop up in this black whip  
Hit the corner, makin' sure they all are front and faded  
Drunk and then we backflip, shit, blood and guts, nigga  
I ain't one you muh'fuckas wanna rap with  
Hurry, get down on your knees  
Everybody yellin' "please  
I don't wanna die" (-Why?)  
"Got a couple kids, 5 and a 3" (-And?)  
"I don't wanna have my mama  
Hear about her son die in the street"  
You should'a thought about it 'fore you  
Came up into my house on the beat

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Bloody body turn to Swiss cheese, it's scary  
Now the mystery's still alive when you buried  
I'm very entertained but my brain hangs in the barracks  
Of hatred, it's magic, if you gon' play, get sacred  
Never been in my favor, huh  
Bet you waitin' on the savior, huh  
Ain't nobody finna come and help you  
I can hear you screamin' for the neighbors, huh  
Searchin' for the cycle breaker, huh  
You don't wanna meet your maker, huh  
Didn't wanna be the one to have to come and  
Put you in a situation, bruh  
But I'm off the medication  
Fuck a civil conversation  
I get little with the pistol  
After poppin' opposition murder station  
Round table litigation  
Whoever down, I'm waitin'  
You the one with the runnin' tongue  
Tellin' everyone you was hatin'  
This a brazen demonstration  
Down the middle when I wake 'em up  
Sicker than the sickest nigga you could ever  
Think of, you ain't even sick enough  
We can take it to another level  
I'm the devil, ain't a demon quick enough  
Pedal to the metal, hit the [?]  
Good fellow, paramedic pick 'em up

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