

# The Chop Shop

Twisted Insane

Hey, what's up man?  
You wanna race?  
Yeah just a friendly race  
Lets say from here to the end of the beat  
On your marks, get set, go

Finna beat the instrumental like it was a denim  
I'll be in your mental, fill 'em on the middle  
Every time I sit and think about the Voodoo  
They be happy and I'm on 'em, wake up and  
I knew the mommy was a goner  
Papa never run away, now put the gun away  
Before a bullet's put up in your fruit loop  
With a deuce deuce I'mma put a bullet hole up  
In your brain the size of Bruce Bruce  
I'ma dominate it with abomination  
What you think it really doesn't matter?  
Put a body part up on a platter  
Someone better listen, 'fore you come up missing  
Put 'em in a kitchen bitchin' never get you nothing  
But a kitchen knife up in your bladder  
When I run up on 'em, put the gun up on 'em  
Nigga, feel the pressure when I meet him  
Beastin' with a demon knockin' at my do'  
Is anybody home, I'm outta my mind, I'm psycho  
Makin' it wicked and sick, I might go and I  
Finish ya, throwin' your head in a pit  
A murderer servin' up, put 'em in oven, I'm  
Loving to eat a bitch spine tonight  
I'm choppin' 'em up, are they ready for Jason and  
Freddy and turning your brain to spaghetti-  
Confetti to celebrate, nobody up on the level  
Not even the devil nigga  
Funny as I make a wish, you make a diss and  
See if anybody listen to you when I'm pissin  
On you and your face, put you in a grave  
Better get a shovel nigga  
Ain't no competition I don't really care  
Who it is, what his name is, how famous  
His anus is, I am just better!  
They don't want it with the dangerous  
Uncaged and untamed individual  
In your brain and put two through your sweater  
I be on a different level  
They don't wanna meddle with me in the ghetto  
Foot up on the pedal if you wanna settle  
With me, I will pull up on you in the drop top  
Blastin' 'em in that ass, put 'em in a bag  
Drug 'em though the grass, matter fact  
When I leave a motherfucker leakin'  
I'ma bring him up in the Chop Shop, yeah!

Choppin' everybody, ain't no competition

Welcome to the Chop Shop  
Nobody on it whenever they want it  
I hit 'em with double up triple quadruple

And nigga nobody can fuck with me

I keep on bussin', I hit you with choppas  
And chop you to bits  
Bust with the blammer, hit you with the rammer  
My hammer will spit  
Try we will light him up, somebody tie him up  
Fry him to grits  
Come if they want to, them run up on me, they will  
Die with this shit

Everybody wanna be a chopper, nigga, pop off  
I be animated, but I really wanna run and  
Spit the venom in they face  
I will barbecue a nigga, fuck around and try'na  
Step up to the plate  
Hope you got your runnin' shoe  
When I be gunnin', fool, won't be no close race  
I burn rubber, ain't no other mothafuckin' Sickopatamous  
Simple and plain, I'm really-really bad and can't nobody stand me  
Fuck around and get your noodle in a bowl!  
I challenge anybody, bring it to me if you want that shit  
I bring it to you in a minute and I will not finish  
Until I rip through your skull!  
It's obvious I make you nervous every time I come around you  
Ain't it funny because I been patient,  
Ain't no better sensation, nigga  
Won't you take a lesson from the monster!  
Puttin' everybody and they mama to the Matrix  
Don't say shit, just turn around and run the  
Fuck away before I hunt ya!  
I be on a different level  
They don't wanna meddle with me in the ghetto  
Foot up on the pedal if you wanna settle  
With me, I will pull up on you in the drop top  
Blastin' 'em in that ass, put 'em in a bag  
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Somebody wake me up outta my sleep  
Tell me I'm dreamin' they see me, they want me to be taken off of my feet  
They crazy, you peepin' so much I be wonderin' how in the fuck I'mma gonna be  
e up in the club with the heat try'na catch a nigga that wanna leap  
Put 'em all up in that Chop Shop  
Get cropped off in a drop top  
Nigga, this Insane runnin' 'fore they  
Comin' at you with the knock off  
-Knock-knock!  
-Who is it?  
-Orange!  
-Orange who?  
-Orange you glad a mothafucka like me's not  
Runnin' down your block with the pop-pop?  
They be lookin' at me like a mothafucka  
Second rate and I don't need you niggas

All up on me and all by my lonely  
You was only homies when I feed you niggas  
Choppin' people since, you know  
The fuckers was in middle school  
I be in it, front of class, I be on that ass  
Don't nobody laugh when I teach you niggas  
Blood stains on the floor board with a gore whore  
Kill a bitch up in the kitchen, nigga, quit your bitchin'  
Drag you to the four-door  
Poor whore, I hammer the pussy  
I bet you was feelin like Thor tore  
Gimme more-more of the horrorcore  
Nigga lookin' like he's straight from Mordor  
Drag a nigga through the shadows  
I'mma really take you (take you)  
Man off, even Gandalf can't save you (behave you)  
Little bit of brain might tame but won't save you  
Get my nigga Lynch to come up in this  
Mothafucka right now and bake you  
Take you into a different level, nigga, where the devil lurkin'  
Which bitch I wanna fuck, man, I don't know for certain  
Depends on which one of them got the best ass for twerkin'  
And I come back to the room, let me hit the womb through beef curtains!  
The Chop Shop!