

I don't fuck with people I know that I can't trust
Last time that I did it it sucked like a bang bus
Thought that we were family like brothers and play cuz
Really it was nothin but haters who ain't nothin more than the fake love
They spread like rumors and Vegas
I feel like we live in a world that's so consumed by the fakest
I leave em hangin like a curl when I'm in the face of the fake ness
You ain't the king of the underground cuz you live in a basement
Face it
You took my style copied and paste it
I realized backspaced and erased it
I feel eyes replicate the hatred
From their minds straight to all their faces
I covered all of my bases so they don't bite my shit
Cuz they can't entertain us if they ain't got Twiztid
Tell me how could you blame us if you're the one who missed it
When We told you a hunnid times but you wouldn't listen
Plain and simple like the pimples on ya bitches booty
I ain't gotta ask she just give it to me
Sometimes I feel like I'm livin in a movie
I know we should give a fuck but do we

Reach for the stars like Lucas on stilts
You can tell me how a legacy's built
I'm the industry's scary Terry
Get your dreams killed
Cause we're living in a very very
Hateful world of guilt
Mutha fucka I'm a prodigy
With a lot on my mind
Multiple personalities make it hard
For me decide
If success is the same ol latter
I wanna climb but I stay dropping shxt
Till it plug up in the pipeline
Now we don't except "L's"
Two heads are better than none
Kenan and Kel
No were not bragging
New attitude like P Label
Enter the dragon
Run off the ledge or sink or sail
Tell em to bring wooden planks
Hammers and nails
Intending to crucify something
That no longer sells
Calling us devils when they the ones
That's close to hell
Excessive brutality and the need
To over kill
And wonder why nobody give a fuck is how they feel.

Game split
Usta be about who were or run with
Now they out for self
And finna sell you out to get
Head over heels in a game that's faker

Than a bitch with prosthetic credit
So many claiming God's gift
But more like a stable hand
Rather than a wordsmith
Cletus Cassidy in the brain
Eddie Brock when I spit
Life of a lunatic
That could really give a shit
And wanna smack you like a bitch

Live in fear
Cause the fear living everywhere
Static blur channel change
Message interfere
In my mind
Hit delete and
CLEAR
I'm on a mission to get it
I'm on a mission to get it
Out of my head
I'm on a mission to get it
I'm on a mission to get it
CLEAR
I'm on a mission to get it
I'm on a mission to get it
Out of my head
I'm on a mission to get it
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CLEAR