

## Go Out

Twiztid

Bitch you know I'm far from a perfectionist  
I do you like Deebo and when I come around tuck your necklace  
Eat up all ya crackers and ya chex mix  
I been on that Big Kid ish day 1  
Young and reckless  
Bust you in the mic bitch respect this  
I don't give a fuck what you like  
I'll leave a slice where your neck is  
Pizza talk from the pie chart killer  
With a greater than symbol showing that I'm always illa than the rest of the  
se suckers  
Trying to have a pissing match with bitch motherfuckers  
Y'all better sit down  
Real on the come up  
Talking loud but ain't saying nothing constantly bitch and ya'll need to shut up

I can't be concerned with your life I got my own shit to live  
I don't wanna go out like some of my own heroes did  
This shit right here so ill  
That my head keeps ticking like the motherfucker finna explode  
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Fit em with closed caskets  
Faceless bastard punks I lay to waste  
When the Mossberg blasting  
Laughing in the gun smoke  
Gunpowder burns more food for worms  
Send em 2 where all the dead go  
Bring pain so cerebral  
Hemorrhages from appendages  
Pistol whipping from the desert eagle  
It's all lethal in the game with the dead  
Russian roulette loaded clip to the head  
Don't want none with me  
Virus spread quickly  
Spray of the 12 gauge  
Got em looking like Swiss cheese  
Just a newbie I'm the veteran  
Stomach tied up in need of Phenergan  
Go an get it

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There's no need to be concerned, with me or how much cheese I earn  
Treat it like illegal drinks be easy when you speaking words  
We don't keep the herb. That's absurd homie we been burning  
Sour by the hour word to Howard let me keep it stern with you  
I won't holla unless it's dollars I can earn with you  
Leave a hater in the dirt and let the worms squirm with you  
I'll be at the the tippy top of the bottom give me props

Goth bitches give me top and swallow never spit the shot  
Suffering succotash treat the beat like punching bags  
Gibby leave 'em dizzy have 'em feeling like they're huffing gas  
They like what the fuck is that? It's bird, it's plane  
It's a sucker in the way, that motherfuckers getting slayed like

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These bitches stay triggered like a bomb in a suitcase  
Mental terrorism gottem nutty as a fruitcake  
It's too late and y'all done tangled with a centipede  
Reckless with the verbiage when ya made me the enemy  
That's why I keep it loaded with a G2  
Seventeen in ya got ya sternum looking see through  
I need you to hear me when I speak  
Ya fuck around with the Heathen you'll be leaving with a leak  
'Cause they don't make enough time up in the day  
To be playing with these children so I'm leading with the spray  
So let it be a little lesson for one with the next plot  
I empty clips but I've always got the next shot

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