

Look into the face of the mothafuckin' dead
Got a couple body bags underneath the shed
This a fuckin' massacre, I'm livin' for the terror
I thought you should know that life isn't fair
Talking that shit as I empty the clip, all of these rappers they thinkin' they flipping these bricks
Dumb mothafucka I'm takin' taking yo' shit
Go to the crib then I'm fuckin' my bitch
Bitch I pull up with the triple 6
Makin' sure I blow up with my brother we exist
Silly little rabbit these chicks aren't for kids
Every day closer makin' me reminisce
All of these pussy boys can suck on my dick
Tryin' to flex but ain't never licked a clit
Workin' through the struggle still makin' these hits
They hoping that we fail but we never gon' quit

Holdin the wire, I'm meant for desire
I'm straight from the fire, and I live for the lessor
I sedated your mistress, you're gettin the message
Put bag around your head, you ain't breathin'
You pushin' the pills and you thinkin' narcotic, and people are thinkin' that I am phsycotic
We built from the logic, and you don't want no fuckin' problems
Put you fuckin' feelins on the table and we can solve 'em
And you know
Got you so scared that you trippin' on your toes
Bitch
Livin my legacy up on the throne, if you talkin' that shit I be cuttin' your throat
187 I'm sendin' your body to heaven
Like 11:11
And I hope that you makin' a wish 'cause he's never comin' back from the dead bitch