

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 the  
y 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 physcotic  
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