

POSSESSION

Unaverage Gang

Call me that killa, you watching me flex
Insects crawlin' inside yo' neck
'Cause you dead, in the ground
Got that fuckin' choppa with a thousand rounds
What you wanna know, who lies the most
Temperature triple 6 below
We some devil mothafuckas from the West Coast
Love the sounds of the crows, now you burn like toast
Pull the plug, fuck yo' front
Kill a mothafucka, now he never waking up
He deep in sleep
I-15
Toss the fuckin' bodies out down lake mead
Rest in peace, R.I.P. UAV with FTP
Fuck the population, we waitin' for satin' patiently

Smokin' that nicotine, hidin' my stress
Lookin' for the pope, but I must confess
To all the fuckin' feelings that are unexpressed
Bein slapped by the ghost, thought I was possessed
Bein trapped in the dark, stuck with my conscious from havin' n
o heart
All these mothafuckas hopin' that we tear apart
But we never lookin' back, 'cause we never to far

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