

## Wes Craven

## Unaverage Gang

Crushin' everything  
To give it up, it's just a crutch  
And you burnin' through your life  
It's like you ridin' on the clutch  
No sleep, no dreams  
You'll be dead in a week  
Just another fuckin' body  
Got the maggots in your sheets  
Try to learn from the struggle  
And you try just to grow  
'Cause the life that is comin'  
Is the life that is known  
All that thought that is weak  
In the mind of a glass house  
You gotta take the risk  
It's shown if you find doubt  
All the little bits  
It's 'cause the world is playin' tricks  
Try drawin' up your nine  
'Cause your friend about a flip  
All shake, no faith  
Never cared for the praise  
And we findin' all the chatter  
UAV on the chase

T.R.I.P. is gonna get mental on the beat  
I'll take 'em to the slaughterhouse  
I'll slice and dice 'em  
If they want to run their fucking mouth  
UAV ain't missin'  
Got them red beams pointed at the crowd  
Going on a massacre  
So make sure to pull them cameras out  
Purgatory pimpin', I'm pumpin' the slugs  
All these pussies are just puppets  
That's showin' no love  
Ridin' round I got a tantrum, I'm fuckin' 'em up  
Got them twin Glocks on me  
Turnin' bustas into crumbs  
Yeah, I'm dancing with the devil  
Yo' bitch is tasting my barrel  
Don't be fuckin' with the reaper  
I'll leave you bloody apparel  
Coming out the tomb  
Always on the move  
Middle fingers to my enemies, that's fuckin' up my mood

I'll slide on any bitch  
Scorpion on me dumping clips  
Making bodies disappear  
Bitch call that shit a magic trick  
Night stalking, I'm putting bodies inside of coffins  
Everybody a snake, leaving me no other option  
Bringing mothafuckas more nightmares than Wes Craven  
If there's one thing that I learned from this game  
Is stay patient, either way they gonna hate  
On my way to the bank

I grab my mask and sawed off shotty to put it in yo' face  
I lay 'em down like the mothafuckin' corpses in the grave  
Ain't no saving me, I see death staring right into my face  
Fighting with the demons, trying take my soul away  
Time will only tell, till I'm fed up bring the renegade

All them killings are repetitive  
Usin' blood in my sedative  
And grab a daily dose of my medicine  
I'm the specimen  
Walking over dead bodies  
Like I've fuckin' seen it all  
Feel the fuckin' stabbin' in my eyes  
Now I'm seein' far away  
Will I ever get a fuckin' break?  
Play  
On the fuckin' minds of my prey  
Aye  
You need to hear what I gotta say  
Chase  
Off all the problems that I face