

Bulletproof

Wax

[Wax:]

Cocaine to the nose, poof
Everything that I told, truth
Insane to the soul
Had a brain full of Old English since I was a frickin' youth
Walking 'round the city feeling so aloof
Ego plus the drugs equals bulletproof
Bulletproof
Plus the drugs equals bulletproof

[Jarren Benton:]

My nerves are off
Go kick rocks you nerds get lost
Disturbed white boys live in suburban lofts
Shut the fuck up I'm rapping bitch, no burps and coughs
Hardest nigga get murked when this jerk spit off
Bitch respect me like Weezy's dad
I get head until her knees get scabbed
When I fuck I wear a green ski mask
I'm ghetto like quarter water and chitlins
Niggas fuck with Benton like watermelon and chicken
Blacks deteriorating like spilling water on gremlins
Pigs murder children, the bullets rip through his denim
Fuck what Tomica said
Tryna sweep his legs and beat his head
Until he sees star clovers and easter eggs
I'm niggerish, I want the Benz, hoes, and the gold chains
Shrimp fried rice, egg rolls, and lo mein
Paranoid smoker I put the flame to the propane
Sniffing Ajax 'cause Wax did all the cocaine

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[Sahtyre:]

Room spinning like a hula hoop
Face so goddamn numb I could pull a tooth
Every girl that ever loved me left me 'cause I'm uncouth
Only hit it doggy style, bitch I think I'm Young Snoop
Clouds out the sun roof
151 proof
5150 ask Kimmy if you want proof
Sip brown til I piss red and my lung's black 'cause the blunt's blue
Take a paintbrush, paint a bloodbath
It's a war piece, I'm Sun Tzu
Puking out demons why you seeming so squeamish?
So much Old English I don't even know English
Got some white girl ain't like the one I know from England
Maybe we could trade fellatio for cunnilingus
See the blotter's in my pocket

Molly in the water got your daughter on my cock tip
They told me I should stop it but this acid I just dropped it
Now I'm 'bout to watch this paint dry and listen to this clock tick

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Hard living alki
I'm Charles frickin' Bukowski's equal
Still the dude like I starred in the Big Lebowski sequel
Captain Morgan in the morning poured in a flask
A splash of the Florida orange so as if normal had passed
Tryna shun me is a whore of a task
It'll happen over my dead body like the coroner's mask
Or the door of my casket
You's an unfortunate bastard
Born with no passion
Formulaic, forcefully fashioned
I write songs like Moses wrote the commandments
On the phone or notepad, you see no handprints
Sam Kinison of rap, born at the wrong time
Should've been in metal in the 80s right alongside
Groupie chicks, Nikki Sixx
Plates full of pixie sticks
Whose dirty, filthy, shitty crib is this?
I think the address was 666 ways to die
Chose 85 now my brain is fried
That's when I put the pen to the pad
I'm feeling untouchable at 4 AM in the lab
And I ain't tryna promote this shit
Life's a bitch I'm just tryna cope with it
That's why I wrote this shit

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