

Detonate

Wrekonize

This world's gone, 86 for the ape shit
Eight clips full of hatred
Then they reload in our face quick
Just choo-pow on the day shift
In the night shift, we don't take shit
Boom-bappin' in the basement
Mr. Blue Sky with a face lift
Mr. Nice Guy, high grade shit
I was online, some snide blog
Dick riding on tyke bars
Lil' Pill Bill, Lil' mic god
Lil' No Rhymes, Lil' Light Fraud
No lines, no tight charm
No longev', no lifelong
I can sketch out any new Lil'
He got face tats, chewing Tide Pods
Wait, got off track
Eating dumb shit, now get off that
They don't give a fuck about any of us
So why the fuck should I be on combat?
Rest in peace to Big Combat
If you don't know jack, lose contact
This world's cold on a contract
Don't sign shit, you don't want that, no

It goes down, watch me accelerate
Now watch me go and watch me levitate
Those fools could never seem to get it straight
And it makes me wanna detonate
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Everybody know what you gon' say
Soon as you pick that mic up
But then the radio put you on play
Repetition, you spike up
You had never been that nice, bruh
No rhythm make a real wanna fight ya
I really don't like when the bum is livin'
The one to listen, it's unforgiving to like ya
But somebody do and that's cool
I don't wanna chew on that food
You one hoppy crew now you dumb motley crue
Put you one godly view, relax dude
'Cause you can wake up, it ain't no connection
The Ruger blaze up and take yo blessing
Ain't no protection, gang so depressin'
Aim for the fame, now your brain holds the lesson
That's right, that's where the gangsta killers gonna designate
For Heaven's sake, never gonna shake away all that lead intake
Now you're heading straight to the community where they wed in hate
Dead-end late, your dreaded fate, .357 case
Now the cranium has to detonate

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Drop the charges, set the timer
Race the clock, I'm the death defier
Snitch and tell, never sitting well
It's a test of fire for the testifier
Inhale the smoke, it gets me higher
Put a bullet hole in your breath supplier
I contemplate your constant state of constipation
Non-debate, forget the fiber, woah
Now I'm making moves
I don't write the rules, I just slight the few
You got a right to choose despite the news
If you don't like the food, then don't bite and chew
I'm certified, deep in the fight
Reaching the heights you aspire to
I murder mics now I'm serving like
You gotta earn a stripe just to wipe the shoe
My nerves are numb, I'll burst your lung
It's the vibe that made me feel kinda crazy
Not burning time searching for funds
Works never done 'til they try'na pay me
Like I'm the baby, not the mama
I wanna see you bust down Thotiana
Pop the llama, don't stop the drama
'Til we charge the fucking cop that shot Brianna
No peace

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