

2Middle Fingers

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Welcome to the casket factory

Let me give these bitches a chair
You know they can't stand to see me doing good
Reppin' my hood from sundown to sunup
On the come up, so shut up and let me get a grip
I ain't constipated like bitches who ain't shit
I ain't sedated, medicated, vacationing on a trip
I'm in their ears like a q-tip, miss me with that lip
Still they busted and they split, in need of some chapstick
And all I got is some fat dick
So suck it or f*ck it or shut the f*ck up and f*ck off
I'm like cialis, see I stay hard while yall weak bitches who stay soft
Like a pillow I'm incognito like silhouettes
I'm impatient like a killer get, like it or love it I'm killing it

Put 2middle fingers in the sky fo' me
(Time to welcome home ya dead homie)
Who ready to ride or die fo' me?
(Time to welcome home ya dead homie)

I channel the spirit of 2pac and biggie within me
God give me the will to never be anything but me
I spit it correct and never let the weak shit infect me
See I'm a prodigy intense, sometimes I gotta be
S-sometimes I gotta be aggressive
I grew up in a home that was oppressive
So I go the extra mile to be impressive
I'm insane and I'll kill you all the same
I'm not an angel with wings like an arrow point
I'm more like a helicopter, you get chopped up in the blades
I'm blaze, the hardest killer in the game
And I don't need a f*cking clock or a chain to bang
I'm from the home of "nobody gives a f*ck who you is"
And if you feeling me in this bitch then all you gotta do is

Went from a boy to a man, I'm a thug til I kick the can,
I mean the bucket, don't got a bucket-list, I got a f*ck-it-list
I'm first on the list to say f*ck it bitch, see I'm correct an shit
Not the solution I'm the problem and yeah I'm loving it
I'm above it, like the clouds when you down
We on ya better seek shelter or get your umbrella
Because I got a knack for wetting em up
My knife ready to stab and cut
My motto is six strong burst bitch I don't give a f*ck

The resurrection will not be televised
You can look to the skies, and realize
The dead man has returned