

I overheard you sayin' I said something you couldn't feel
Now I'm stabbin' up this track much sicker than Butcher Bill
You probably like a whack ass wagon with wooden wheels
You'd probably like to jack that pattern you shouldn't steal
Life's wicked, I kick it with people that like to pick it
Are you lining up or livin' off fans ridin' your nuts
No matter how much you light it up
You can't get it as high as this
The mind I'll bust elite like the mind of a Zionist, quit tryin'
' to pry us apart
I'll quit rhyming with Godemis the day the beef stops over the
Gaza strip
Ubiquitous, a mouthful, I stick to my guns
Your head sick when it spun from the flick of my tongue
Addicted to drugs bitch, smoke a spliff in the sun
The wall in the west bank's a lot thicker than blood
I violate your residence, the lock pickin'est thug
Then use the gat to rob that was shot with us in club
To beat the killer's ass within an inch of his life
Realize my ignorance did not finish him off
Drop the gat that put his ass got flippin' with us
About facin' to a gat, cocked, splittin' my mug
He's not stickin' me up
One shot hit then I'm done
Playin' with Glocks helluva lot different than fun
Dedicated to Rawgizzle with love
You draw pistols and guns
While suckin' on Popsicles and thugs you little...