

I got sixteen sixteens and if I'm right
One more song and I'll be at seventeen again like Zac Efron
You punk motherfuckers get stepped on
I'm best on any beat that I take a mess on
I see right through you like you got mesh on
A hard body, beyond the dead I get my flex on
The best one, my name gets spoken 'bout
Cause I spit crack verses that bring smokers out
So know your route filled with unleaded
As I escort this beef to death like the paramedics
Yeah I said it, everything thing I touch is deaded
Tyler directed the funeral and this just got beheaded
Forget it, the killer's in the booth
And I'm drunk off this serum so all I spit is truth
And I don't really rap I am panic on this muse
How you get killed using verbally abuse
It's dead, somebody call the coroner
This is what it sounds like when Domo Genis cornered you
You're gone, knife to the neck
Just for respect, bitch this is OF
Yes I'm crazy, I'm a bastard
All I spit is dirty like pornographic rappers
Stop, you're dead honey
Cause I eat you all up like I was Ted Bundy
No funny, where the fuck you bunching?
I'm a serial killer come get your Cap n' Crunch, bitch