Going Out With A Blast

Fiend

Gotta go, cause if I gotta go
I know I gotta go, but I'm goin out with a blast
(goin out with a what)
Chorus
Goin out with a blast, to tells buck a buck a!
Murder on my mind motherfucker, so fuck ya x2
I'm on the run with identical guns, murder in the first
Preaching, smilin making money cause my gun, haters disperse
What's the worst that can happen to capital F-I
I might die but goin to try, see, cause stakes is my right eye
Believe is shooting the automatic collecting receiving all the cabbage
Was my advantage, have you forgot I'm the baddest, baddest
The crowd involve my men, nine milla cheater meter
As my brain tissue, hard pauses and ass eater
Welcome to the edition of bullets splitting and ass kicking
My mission to glisten a for every writtion rendition
What's my living, is for giving, the fiends sellen tryin to rock it
And my logic the prophet, and if she like it
you get dropped stop it, jock it
As my sad ass asks back for the cash
Tell me, how many players goin out my nigga
Chorus x3
You niggas a bunch of young bucks with young luck so what the fuck
My bitches talk glare, and them hoes ain't stuck bro
Already cause of me, NOPD on it
Helecopter, so I had to holler at P to get the chopper
Proper, hollered at a popper from that third
A crazy bitch I'll B.O., but deep a nigga won't earn
Word, you ain't heard, this nigga kinda fed up
Pressure, to my head up, till I pop a dead up
Let up, the whole block smoked out like woodstock
If you good you would not plot and get chopped
Mine from the cocked glock, as it was a hum
From two things I can't control are my cum and my gun
Chorus x2
Leave his life for me, and I'm a make sure his ass goin suffer
Heard he was a fed, I'm a blow off both of his colors
He'd ???? war of my mother, man, I wish I could duck it
But fuck it, I didn't know I snorted past my budget
This life, I'm a rush it, dead cope with the bang
Cause ne'er a motherfucker did a damn thing where I hang
Chorus x4