

Double Tap

Madchild

I'm not Henry Bahmer
Switchblade from Jeffery Dahmer
Playing swimming pools as I dive in Rhianna
Get to the chopper, hundred round blocker
Singing like the Phantom of the Opera
Fat bitch getting off?
Sick speed at the kickoff
Maserati, karate chop their tits off
These bitches know a nigga merry bitch off
Open up her mouth to have a place to rinse my dick off
Wait..
Young and we brazy
I'd jump the gun in your lady so I could punch on the baby
Face first in to the xylophone
Double up on Styrofoam
Except the much of this gravy, pussy
So fuck you, suck a dick, pay me
I bring the ruckus, these raindrops don't need a bucket
The smitten is flooded, put your fucking limbs on the budget
Young flesh, Pac Teyo can suck it
Fuck it

Yo
I'm retardedly clever
Work harder than ever
Thousand dollar cardigan sweaters
Modern furniture, collecting art
Clothes custom Japanese
Doing shows to get the dough
Kids jump like it's a trampoline
Zombie killer, road one, always doubled back
Never one shot to the head, always a double tap
Wrapping like I'm bubble wrap
A neighbourhood in double taps
Troubled cat, now I'm chopping like I'm a lumberjack
I'm the bomb yelling Allahu Akbar
Underground rapper getting pussy like a popstar
I'm trying to pro up 'till I'm tow up and obnoxious
Louis Vuitton box full of Rolex watches
I'm not a kid, I saw Jaws and fucking Star Wars
Now I'm 'bout to cop a new Ferrari for my carport
Making money's easy, the hard part's saving
That's why I stay off HypeBeast, or I'd go crazy
From opening at shows, now I'm doing double encores
Skating through life like I'm in Venice on a longboard
Crazy days are over I was mainly a rebel
Now I rip it up in every town like the Tasmanian Devil

Uh
Set it off
Feel like I did said it all
Except for my repertoires, deep as a reservoir
Uh
Wack a nigga in the head like it's hellebore
From poet to predator
Unloading these metaphors
The feral explode out my double barrel

Drag queens claiming they're kings, sing 'em a carol
With this chopper, there's no hiding in these jeans
I copped it out in Oakland they gon' got that dot dot meme
Plotting on this cream I need
I got it if it's green
I'm obviously cocky 'cause I'm clean
California kid claiming, spotting them in Queens
Like in the scene, snatching dollars from a fiend
Mass pill is the mafia, the regime
Still accumulating cream off kush, codeine
Proceed to smoke weed
I'm 35 point oz for cheap
Young boy, I'm low key
Bump placebo drinking Olde E
Feeling like the old me
Gold bottle match the gold lean
Sake so hard in the grill, knock off the goatee
Your gold teeth, for thinking potent sweet
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