

## Drama

Madchild

Let's continue the saga

Mad drama

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This is pure Afghan war and terror dope  
People watch me like staring through a periscope  
I didn't end up paying cup  
Three more years, throw the L.A. hands up  
Fuck man, you startled us  
Shit, how the fuck did he come back like Spartacus  
Love my fans and I like he's a part of us  
Bax War fam saying "Fuck man, you started us"  
People's nose in my business like Snoopy  
Like "how old's the chick that he fucked?" it's a groupie  
The reaching, it got me skeptical as shit  
Playboy, I'm the new Hugh Hefner in this bitch  
I'm a hustler  
Full of poison like I'm packing smoke  
Kids are fake, not really animals, they're jackalopes

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Dia de Muertos, a day of the dead  
Instead of harnessing the carnival inside of my head  
Yeah, now the adrenaline's kicked in  
Hell up in and now replenish me, developing thick skin  
Assembling words, I'm prevalent  
Penalties for taking advantage of my benevolence  
See the glim to my dark eyes, malevolent  
Tremble from new energy, revel in new developments  
Werewolf, pain bloom in the autumn night  
Black skies, full moon, slaughter when I write  
God almighty oddity that isn't thought of lightly  
Frightening God of thunder riding down a rod of lightning  
Still a stay low key and hang with OGs  
Rappers see me in top form and they're like "oh geez"  
Old beast, keep writing 'til I'm obese  
'Cause when you've been through hell and back you don't get cold feet

You can't take the drama

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