

This chick loves the arguing, the bickering and beefing  
She's giving me a reason? I'm kicking her teeth in  
This isn't the season, she thinks that it's chill  
But I'm heated, sick of all the bitching and screaming  
She's a witch and a demon but I'm sick in the head, bitch  
Feeling neglected, twisted, demented  
Now pissed and short-tempered, flip for no reason  
She block punching niggas in the face just for breathing  
Underground events, we be stomping out an MC  
Tempt me, sucker die fuck around ?  
Throw all my energy to Protocols and kick a rap  
Recorded an album with the Snowgoons, they rip the tracks  
While my bitch opening old wounds like picking scabs  
I'm still running this old-school shit like ditching cabs  
And pinching sacks and stomping coke  
If I wasn't getting richer now I'd say I'd gone for broke

So better run, you don't wanna get dumped and played  
Cause we're worldwide, worldwide, Trojan Horse style  
Get the fuck up and run, game over, shit is done  
When the Snowgoons strike full force, get your ass up, Trojan Horse

Fuck your alternate fight, I'd rather alternately strike  
When my mic ignites, short fuse explode your life  
Catch me late night fiending for the mic  
Never forgive and forget, fuck you and your peace pipe  
Ever approach me better have plans to roast me  
I know roach when I see em and I watch em closely  
Be on the look out for snakes and rats  
So when they try to break you down they only scrape your back  
I speak militant plus work ethic is diligent  
When I'm getting ignorant, equivalence is killing s\*\*t  
Dudes better chill man, I'm back to my saving grace  
Never hold me down yo my brain is an amazing place  
Get it and go, the illest nigga you know  
He stay getting that dough plus he cool at the shows  
He stay patient, one day at a time  
But he'll break your fucking head if you step out of line

There's many wicked ways that I can get my beast on  
Keep your hands off my plate when I'm getting my feast on  
Niggas I'm fresh, you ain't on the shit that I be on  
What I spit now will be studied for aeons  
Ridiculous flow you ain't never heard of  
Sick in the skull the way I think these words up  
Observed fuck way past deranged  
I spark this ? up and take off like planes  
They say I'm Adolf insane  
The way my ink stain and napalm your brain  
The game's changed but I'm still going all in  
If you ain't gonna finish, what's the point of starting?  
Often I brag and boast about me  
But if I ain't believe myself where the f\*\*k would I be?  
I ain't no Biggie, Nas, or Jay-Z  
I am me Faez One Q-D nigga