

I'm in the pitch black with midnight marauder  
Play it low but I willl kidnap your daughter  
I take what's mine, I don't wait around for any offers  
Fresh off a world tour like I just ran for office  
I'm on some Jedi Mind shit, this is brain slaughter  
Insane author, publisher and paint torture  
Never be a ghost, remain in my physical form  
Go to war with anybody, this is Desert Storm  
You never catch me talking shit on a message forum  
But if your man got words I got a message for him  
Official pistol lifts you, slip yo, rip through bone tissue  
Twist you, separate your fucking nerves when the chrome hits you  
So if you got grown issues then state your biz  
You got beef? Then claim it, don't say that it's his  
You got faith in God? Then pray that you live  
You like to walk with the Devil? Then [? ] it is  
You pick your poison, I'll sip a potion and spit an ocean  
Keep your neck inside my palm and watch me rip it open  
You bitches hoping the barrel smoking will get me choking  
But I'm a goon by blood, that shit'll get me focused

If you insane in the membrane waving an M16 with a beam  
Get your money up  
If you got beef and reach where you eat and you sleep  
Niggas deep when they creep  
Get your gully up  
If you a soldier, a rider provider, and ride for the cause, you the boss  
Get your money up  
If you're insane full of rage with a gauge still trapped in a cage all day  
Get your gully up

If I push snow at the Snowgoons it wouldn't be illegal  
Would Illegal come through with more goons and the Desert Eagles  
My people be shovelling bodies right up off the sidewalk  
All of the above my nigga, let's get these pies off  
Never the type to see beef and slide off  
Only happened once, they tried to cut my life short  
But now I'm thirty-one with a dirty gun  
Four kids deep, I dare you niggas to hurt just one  
One is enough to get your cranium cracked  
I bulldoze like? range with a bat  
I came for the cash and I ain't leaving broke now  
My gasmask is made of glass bitch I'm focused now  
Warchild more foul, I'm caving your gums in  
More wild Trojan Horse style, trample gunmen  
Nigga and my dungeon filthy  
[?] ice grilling knowing motherfuckers is guilty  
In a courtroom with a pitchfork and a spoon  
Feasting off all the blood that was forced in the womb  
Orbit the moon, I'm awkward with a torch in your tomb  
Cremating your soul, hope they choke off the fumes