

One fallen angel make over mankind and fuck with a mass mind  
The cross breeders rap, I'm a psychopath landmine  
The unstable, unbreakable, strike fatal  
The sick stick together like NATO  
One-eight-oh degrees, he's now state-owned  
Lost in the city of angels with no halo  
It's Hades on the surface, best to just stay low  
I'm like Hell on Earth while I'm under snake scales  
The sick-minded aligned with cliques drowned with  
Shots round with, brown fellows click Brownings  
Cops sounding sirens to get loud and  
Watch your back cause it could happen to you  
From the cradle to the grave with a shoe  
The psyche of the street remains in the brain of the LA zoo  
Crooked cops and the government set the blueprint  
For the gunmen, the black in the SA Coupe

It's the life of the trife, cross and get your wig spliced  
Meet Christ when you crap dice  
Drag my angel dust fights so my mind don't think twice  
A journey in a mental street life

They've been predicting the end of time for thousands of years now  
Chaos is all they sponsor, the monster serving their God  
Abominations of God, monster on the versus the occupation [? ]  
We wanna bring change but can't really change ourselves  
In Hell we live no matter how much wealth you got  
Hope, that's been forgot  
The big plot is taking place in our face, we all robots  
My thoughts I've been given in the streets, my gun  
That's my religion, it protects and provides me vision  
It inspires and preach, keep it all at peace  
Meanwhile they all make loot for the beast  
There's got to be a better way, a better day ahead  
Not a horrible death to men  
We have an army of soldiers and generals sin  
By the great mystery to protect what's left

It's a race against time in these days we living  
Trying to keep my mind right, trying to stay out the prison  
They got us digging our own hole, sacrificing our own soul  
When 99.9 don't know how it all goes  
I'm in that .1 percent fighting back control  
Thief planet, fist up ready to roll  
No, I won't fold, bend, and break  
I know the shifts shape, they really snakes when the doors is closed  
Keep my head on a swivel, always watch for foes  
Homies say I'm p-noid cause I'm always ready  
For situations that cause me to react deadly  
What I spit to these melodies is written in stone  
Far from a clone, I'm in a frequency of my own  
Where few men have travelled is where I call home  
In my whole different zone where niggas stay drunk off rum and get blown