

# The Program

## Termanology

Got the system up, get the windows down

Here we go, with the powder with the crack cocaine  
Release the smoke, from the chamber it attack your brain  
Now they know, everywhere they don't ask your name  
So don't lose your mind, you can't take back that fame  
Act this game, bad bitches practice brain  
Left a trail around the world full of 'b|  
Tell 'b| from Switzerland, England the Michigan  
Go back to Callie, got 'b| got you 'b|  
This isn't cool jay, and I ain't no tardsmith  
I'm just a dog with a squad and an art gift  
I'm just a 'b| like the 'b|  
And you're just a slob, not a job, you just dog shit  
I got a feeling that you having thoughts of killing me  
All you're jealous now, none of you're as I'll as me  
I got artillery, like the fucking military  
So I'ma make another mill, you just take a pill and be

I was at terror since the public school era  
'b| fucking up your program

I'm a monster, a motherfucking mike murderer  
Stiff harder with white bitches on white furniture  
Lightburners up and the air and make fireworks  
Cut your fucking bitch into pieces and take her Prada purse  
I'm in the church, where the bible confessors're suicidal  
Find More lyrics at  
I put the razorblades on my face and lace it to pieces  
Before I let you freak it on the beat better than me  
Fuck your freaking nature, and I got a odd future, and a odd past  
So here's the forecast  
But it's rain on your party, hope you got a tent  
'b| put you in your place  
A good breathe this is weed'b|

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Stuff the trees in the phillie, smoking mad big blunts  
I had a ball of the throw, but I did it all at once  
Yeah the weed that I smoke, 2 collateral damage  
Can't hang with it man, there's no beating the bandits  
I creep where you sleep and fucking teach you some manners  
I freak off the leash'b|  
So ready here we go, it's the corner of convict  
Big bag of blow, when the 'b|  
Crazy getting dough, yeah you know how the squad get  
'b| the smoke, make you do back flips  
'b|when my shit drop I'm making a mess  
Cash my checks, 'b| but I hit the deck  
I'll do this till I get my death, 6 feet under I'll get my rest

I was at terror since the public school era  
'b| fucking up your program