

My fist enters in your temple like an obelisk  
It's blackness, darkness, abyss of joblessness  
Everything you do is small, my shit is monstrous  
I murder devils and any of their accomplices  
My brain function on other levels of consciousness  
My brain function on other levels of pompousness  
You're listening to the bass and treble of godlessness  
My thirty-eight will spit hate and level the populous  
My esophagus breed the evil that just demolishes  
Whether or not you're a believer in the Apocalypse  
Y'all shit is sweeter than two faggots that's locking lips  
It ain't a rapper competing with my obnoxiousness  
It ain't nobody that's equal to my accomplishments  
The Desert Eagle is legal and it astonishes  
The AR15 diesel and blow your mom to bits  
It's hard to catch me, I'm Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk

Music is motivation for me to just go insane  
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged  
And I'm trapped but I escaped it  
By trapping in that trap for that paper

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Y'all know the flow is precise  
You don't owe me your life  
But that could change one roll of the dice  
And then money try to go for his knife  
I'm a levitate his body to the sky until he's homies with Christ  
Don't even fuck around, son is a goon  
Son is bipolar, alcoholic, son is consumed  
I breathe life into the sun and the moon  
I breathe life into the most barren bloodiest womb  
Y'all don't know y'all getting stalked in the shower  
Populism is rebellion over corporate power  
Politics is just the talk of the hour  
It's a matter of time before they hit another office or tower  
I don't care, I put the gun to your ribs  
And the Desert E big, it'll separate mothers from kids  
I walked around from Philly slums to the bridge  
Been around the world eighty times, nobody can fuck with the kid  
Yeah

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