

# Bulletproof

Wax

[Wax:]

Cocaine to the nose, poof  
Everything that I told, truth  
Insane to the soul  
Had a brain full of Old English since I was a frickin' youth  
Walking 'round the city feeling so aloof  
Ego plus the drugs equals bulletproof  
Bulletproof  
Plus the drugs equals bulletproof

[Jarren Benton:]

My nerves are off  
Go kick rocks you nerds get lost  
Disturbed white boys live in suburban lofts  
Shut the fuck up I'm rapping bitch, no burps and coughs  
Hardest nigga get murked when this jerk spit off  
Bitch respect me like Weezy's dad  
I get head until her knees get scabbed  
When I fuck I wear a green ski mask  
I'm ghetto like quarter water and chitlins  
Niggas fuck with Benton like watermelon and chicken  
Blacks deteriorating like spilling water on gremlins  
Pigs murder children, the bullets rip through his denim  
Fuck what Tomica said  
Tryna sweep his legs and beat his head  
Until he sees star clovers and easter eggs  
I'm niggerish, I want the Benz, hoes, and the gold chains  
Shrimp fried rice, egg rolls, and lo mein  
Paranoid smoker I put the flame to the propane  
Sniffing Ajax 'cause Wax did all the cocaine

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[Sahtyre:]

Room spinning like a hula hoop  
Face so goddamn numb I could pull a tooth  
Every girl that ever loved me left me 'cause I'm uncouth  
Only hit it doggy style, bitch I think I'm Young Snoop  
Clouds out the sun roof  
151 proof  
5150 ask Kimmy if you want proof  
Sip brown til I piss red and my lung's black 'cause the blunt's blue  
Take a paintbrush, paint a bloodbath  
It's a war piece, I'm Sun Tzu  
Puking out demons why you seeming so squeamish?  
So much Old English I don't even know English  
Got some white girl ain't like the one I know from England  
Maybe we could trade fellatio for cunnilingus  
See the blotter's in my pocket

Molly in the water got your daughter on my cock tip  
They told me I should stop it but this acid I just dropped it  
Now I'm 'bout to watch this paint dry and listen to this clock tick

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Hard living alki  
I'm Charles frickin' Bukowski's equal  
Still the dude like I starred in the Big Lebowski sequel  
Captain Morgan in the morning poured in a flask  
A splash of the Florida orange so as if normal had passed  
Tryna shun me is a whore of a task  
It'll happen over my dead body like the coroner's mask  
Or the door of my casket  
You's an unfortunate bastard  
Born with no passion  
Formulaic, forcefully fashioned  
I write songs like Moses wrote the commandments  
On the phone or notepad, you see no handprints  
Sam Kinison of rap, born at the wrong time  
Should've been in metal in the 80s right alongside  
Groupie chicks, Nikki Sixx  
Plates full of pixie sticks  
Whose dirty, filthy, shitty crib is this?  
I think the address was 666 ways to die  
Chose 85 now my brain is fried  
That's when I put the pen to the pad  
I'm feeling untouchable at 4 AM in the lab  
And I ain't tryna promote this shit  
Life's a bitch I'm just tryna cope with it  
That's why I wrote this shit

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