

Graphic Violence

7L & Esoteric

I take it to the streets carjack 5-0
Pack toast like breakfast to go let ya know
Up front that in my trunk I got this big ass bag
When opened up it resembles a weapons show
Wrap sheet in black heat for murder and death
The pistol on me that I rock it ain't by Mitchell and Ness
I be medicinal tests 'cause I'm sick in the brain
Sick of the game, never sick of just inflictin? this pain
I'm thinkin? names on the reg like a break for the third leg
Weeks later, wind up in the woods like a birds egg
I got the knife now limbs I'm hackin? off
Plus I fire techs like layers do Mackintosh
Slackin? off ain't allowed when you're on a mission
To annihilate entire nightclub crowds
Emptyin? every clip, I'm fightin? all types of shit
I've been hit, I really like this shit
Some muthafuckas should be payin? me to write their shit
Whilin? out bangin? out Bicardi bites and shit
I won't settle, I deserve a medal
Vigilante rebel bout to take it to the next level
Units in area come in, code 11?352
Drug dealing suspect sighted in vicinity
On route to reported drug transaction
Investigate immediately
I load up the glock I line cats in chalk
Lotta pigs pullin? triggers to blaze ya whole block
Stick a plate in ya chest, give you, a grim death
don't, pretend to save I grade the skin flesh
My retinas steam but it?s wrapped in violence
When I, close my eyes I see visions of tyrants
Lock and load fuck buryin? heaters
I'm ruthless like a mother tryin? to bury a fetus
I?ll wet you up like you stuck in the rain
Hit you in the jugular vain I'm pluggin? ya brain
Ya punk ass want to try somethin? with me?
Yeah what's that fuck that
Muthafuckas bustin? at me I bust back
Sword blaze my forte you can't floor Shay
My style is negative like the image I portray
Change descriptions, let my beard grow
I'm weird though, drunk off a Jose Cuervoe
Tryin? to make it to the next bar without crackin? a whip
5-0s start crackin? the whip
Do a search find crack in the whip
Grab a jacket and split I?ll be back in a bit now I'm packin? a clip
?I ain't goin? nowhere, take that take that
You ain't killin? me you ain't takin? me alive
I ain't goin out like that?
Yo, take that shit the fuck up outta there
What I tell you bout makin? all that (no)
Ya Tech? ya Tech Tech ya ass to bed god dammit (no no)
No more Xbox for you for a week (no)
I'm sick a this, matter fact fuck that (takes off his belt)
c'mon boy, I'm bout to whoop that (beats Esoteric with belt)
Muthafucka, take that muthafucka (Esoteric cries)
Aw hell boy, stop that cryin?
I didn't raise me no little bytch!