

I don't spread no strong message of violence nobody silence me  
quiet gun shots start riots so do children fry them little boys  
don't try it kill'em don't put it on crossroads put it on your  
lost

S and f\*\*k the world those little girls in jonesboro died all  
alone down in arkansas woods little mitchell strapped up with  
ammo do they know really what he's thinkin and the plan is  
plotted out

And morbid be gang bangers hang on corners smokin perfect's and  
I often search for profit but I ain't killed nobody stop it put  
it on petro 7th sign voted for deathrow and the death note read  
b

E baby debbie tell me did he die crazy baby let's go to the  
parents to the preacher to the pastor and I ain't no marilyn  
manson I'm a rapper thugologist in the rapture I wouldn't chance  
it I got

Dren myself and I watch their well being demons seep under me  
breathin see me help me and I ain't dreamin and I ain't dreamin  
and I ain't dreamin.

[chorus]

I stand in front of the congress with these runaway slaves of  
justice blame it on bone thug music and abusive fo fathers  
don't touch it when I was twelve I slept in buckets reminisce  
juvy back

Lumbus in cleveland I'm poppin these niggas at 14 and I loved it  
adrenaline rush for the get back gang war 99th niggas fred ward  
americas most wanted I'm haunted by sinister niggas that paid  
for

Mr. mitchell johnson you's a grown man with no soul fry him at  
15 years old and heaven will rain down and unload fold with the  
murder mo murder mo the devil will hear you moan heard him go  
heard

Go little mitchell dead and gone from the mob boss bb gambini  
nina ross in the crossroads die off little demon off those and  
assistant distant fry but they was kids right nigga these boyz  
is kil

Hat'll split you wig and of course they should die as if they  
were muthaf\*\*kin big you dig.

[chorus]

I don't blame the babies it's the lawyers but I'm royal legally  
unfoil little mitchell listenin to this serpent uncoil pay  
attention boy member and eye for an eye go on and kill and you  
soon wi

E give up the ghost give up the ghost fry fry these are the  
signs of the times passin us by suspected of felony keep tellin  
me they wanted me dead or alive heaven will move me right fo sho  
movin

Eaven's movie literal ku ku kids in the burbs shootin for the  
youth for the world is so absurd blurry o critical thoughts of  
my fury with tongues of double edge swords surely have faith in  
God b

M worried lookin at the lions in the crossroads hit 'em up with  
my crossbow glory to jesus I love my mob break 'em off dawg

lethally injected he's just a kid aw he should die like he's  
muthaf\*\*k  
G can you dig.....

[chorus]