

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]