

Closed Session

Dilated Peoples

Motherfuckers they wanna test me
Pull out the blunt nigga I'll wreck your shit
I'm out that window with my 44, another fucking hit
Don't know who to trust with my shit
I'm in this click, you in my hood you better know who you fucking with
Who you stepping with, Skandalous fucking dangerous
Bitches brains I bust, feel the lust in God we trust
Nigga I'm at your door, don't pray to God cause you done lost your grace
Been in this game for too long you bout to lose your face
I got the mind of a psycho ass ??
As I take another hit on this shit nigga you dead
Never ask forgiveness told the Lord to give me grace
You talked some shit front your boys and as result you lost your face
Blood all over the place I'm counting the fucking bodies dropping
I know my destiny cause I can hear the devil knocking
I done sent body and soul to my eternal flames you best believe
I numb them bodies and play my fucking game
I sold my soul at an early age
And now my hearts releasing daemons in a rage
My eyes in a daze
Evertime I close my eyes to go to sleep I see the visions coming
Is juices running when ya done in
Fear only make me curious, I'll never be afraid
But if you slip you pay your life here come the light now nigga they
dead
Crack scarfs for my fucking glory
Talking shit up in my territory
Another day another world's sad story

Smoking blunt, smoke a nigga selling dope on the block
Pop pop goes the glock I bring more nightmare than Hitchcock
Get ?? when them bodies fall hitting them prisoners hard
Its your final call bitch I'll smoke you like menthol
Fuck all you bitches I'm putting you in them bodybags
Tagging toes, nigga drive slow
Creeping up out they indo scheming for they cheese
Slanging oz's and quarter keys niggas dressed in army fatigues
Freeze your whole coalition
Strapped with ammunition
Infrareds digging ditches for chicken heads
This figure from head to toe
Labeled as a Jane Doe, leaving bullets in your Lexus door
But fuck it I'm through with the fairytales
Cause when some shit jump off, all you murder on tape bitches gone bail
Who gone prevail when I exhale on you small scale
Lyrical ladders, wanna be chrome packers
Spit the facts I'm bout the Lex and the Ac
My verbal combat will eliminate your whole habitat
You hoes ain't fucking with that
Or this, cause I piss on competition
And have all you hoes in submission
Trying to recondition your stilo
Lyrical nino
I sling rhymes like kilos
From here to Puerto Rico
One other sequel from the infamous unseen
Scheming for the green smoking bitches and niggas like nicotine

Cause she up to schemes
Tired of chasing apple pie dreams
Mint greens is all I fien for straight shit is all this bitch know
50's this nine millimeter berreta leaving you wetter than April showers
Followe by your second line of flowers
I devour competition, causing complete submissions
Cooks more dope in my kitchen
Tricking ass niggas be my victims when night falls
Ya'll wants to floss but get set-up tied down and tossed
Boss chick you don't want to see her
Your bitch can either run for the heater or meet the dumb hoe beaters
Mia's right and left well known with the clout
To wire your mouth, knock your grill out
That's what this here be bout
So you can doubt what I'm saying and run that lip
Or get your whole click engulfed in gangsta shit
Too much to deal with
I'm still a bitch that' be's designer down stay scheming on the man
And taking flights, torsoe taped full of contrabands
My flow so grand it make the beats say damn
Shit jumps back makes you wanna holler
But I sees nothing but dollars
Feminist power
My lyrics knocking like a KL beat
It be that she-devil that below sea level bitch you can't see her
Niggas and broads be trying to figure at 5'4
How they still need a ladder to face this hoe
For sure, cause I be living for the drama
The biggest mama flexing shutting down this motherfucking basement sesion
Shop closed