

I got sixteen sixteens and if I'm right  
One more song and I'll be at seventeen again like Zac Efron  
You punk motherfuckers get stepped on  
I'm best on any beat that I take a mess on  
I see right through you like you got mesh on  
A hard body, beyond the dead I get my flex on  
The best one, my name gets spoken 'bout  
Cause I spit crack verses that bring smokers out  
So know your route filled with unleaded  
As I escort this beef to death like the paramedics  
Yeah I said it, everything thing I touch is deaded  
Tyler directed the funeral and this just got beheaded  
Forget it, the killer's in the booth  
And I'm drunk off this serum so all I spit is truth  
And I don't really rap I am panic on this muse  
How you get killed using verbally abuse  
It's dead, somebody call the coroner  
This is what it sounds like when Domo Genis cornered you  
You're gone, knife to the neck  
Just for respect, bitch this is OF  
Yes I'm crazy, I'm a bastard  
All I spit is dirty like pornographic rappers  
Stop, you're dead honey  
Cause I eat you all up like I was Ted Bundy  
No funny, where the fuck you bunching?  
I'm a serial killer come get your Cap n' Crunch, bitch