

You need me to peal ya banana? Rock the bandana?
Scared to come to Detroit? Runnin', hidin' cracked out
Witcha momma. While you play witcha baby dolls and
Pajamas, don't letcha moms getcha brains blew out
Wit' the cannon. I know you scared. Oh you scared
You scared. I know you scared. Oh you scared, you
Scared. Check this out...

It's about time you turned this off
'Cuz I'ma go and get my sawed-off
And drink some fuckin' Smirnoff
And blow ya fuckin' head off
So much blood can't get the red off
You're better really dead off
Say the wrong thing can set a war off
Like Hitler, Adolf
It's a thin line between showin' love and settin' hate off
Pushin' powder for power, takin' cream from cowards
I would hate to not clock every hour
Something wicked comes this way-off
So you better pray-off
For another day, if not you might be shot
Wit' the AK-off
Die when the bullets spray off
Jesus Christ, you begged for ya life twice
When the mortician embalmed ya body he took ya ice
In the coffin people often said you looked nice
Witcha Royal Blue suit on, half ya face gone
It's time to pay up when the bodies catch the spray up
Evil that's still in these streets still won't allow me to put the K up
When the dope don't weigh up, these bitches wanna lay up
All in the D Spot and get the streets hot
The narcos roll around here lookin' for the crooks
The hatas live around here give me dirty looks
I heard some hatas plottin' wanna kick my door in
'Cuz I gots more ends then all of ya hoe-ass kins
Oh no, can't trust nobody, this game is deadly
And murder's on my mind inside my musical medley
And I

Skydive, just to stay alive
Maximum overdrive, some don't survive
I need some 'Therapy' but ain't nobody helpin' me
These bitches think I'm crazy
I'm fallin', I hear the demons callin' (2x)

Callin' my name, steady beggin' for change
Don't blame me for Russian Roulette when you started the game
Dead men don't sing, ain't no heroes in Hell
So you walk the bloody trail, either dead or in jail
I'ma bless you but you should pray for me
'Cuz I be doin' wicked shit on the daily
Suicidalist, the suicidal recital
The U-N-H-O-L-Y be my muthafuckin' title
Murder rappers and combat so homicidal
I'm the center of the universe
I burst worse, I shoot first

When I do dirt you cursed
Last ride in the hearse
The preacher kicked the last verse
He told everybody gather around
If ya mind is lost, may your soul be found
If a bullet took away somebody you really loved
I see ya blessin's comin' down from the Heavens above
'Cuz I