

## Trip To London

Fiend

He never really saw the bullet coming, no type of instinct for running

I wish he would have came with me to london

I never knocked his hustle, I was the one that gave him muscle

And showed him how to make a missile and snap a bone tissue

Red covered the floors, only by the doors

Incase the d.e.a. got a drug sweep tour

To feed the kanine, look, I keep one on your waistline

A few thoughts if they really wanna chase mine

Why they wanna replace mine, chance with the killer when I chase mine

I wear bullet proof transform, leave a number on who made mine

Smoking that gray pine, they save mine

I had to seek it, now I'm one of the ones that can speak it

Yeah you didn't want to listen the first time nigga warned ya.

But now nigga bring that pain to your ass now.

Look where you at, look where you at now nigga.

What?

Bitch, you bitch.

The game's survival, follow motto of fiend's eleven hollows

And if I woe my rivals, represent the cash to austin powers

Toss a towel, it's the arrival of the most powerful shots sprayed

Like your ex girlfriends, and goes, finger fuckin gun and ammos

Lay a centerfold who they feel like congo

Fuck a knife when we jump out the bronco

With the four fours, uptown desperado

Hit you with a roy jones combo, this ain't a boat load

To your afro, murder you, come to your funeral

Buck and peel low, it's a new time, here's the intro

Fuck with fiend, you die, lose your vitals

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