

## 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  
Incuse 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 woes 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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