

Visions Of Me Brutaly Executed White Sheets Laying Out Theres No Use In Praying Now I See What You Were Saying Now About My Big Ass Mouth And How Its Going To Be The Reason I Get Taken Out Fuck Em I Wont Duck Em Im Going To Live My Life To The Fullest Like I Have Teflon Skin That Was Resistent To Bulletes My Hearts Right I Just Prayed Last Night And First Thing I Gave My Life To God God God Cause I Couldnt Control It I Had To Step Out The Equation I Was Trapped In The Moment Along With Stacks Of Bread That Made Rubberband Snap Gang Pressure That Would Have Made Another Man Snap Blood Pressure Colesstoral Heart Complications Gon' Kill Before These Bitches They Keep On Procrastinating I Came Th The Conclusion They Ain't Gon' Do Shit And Im Gon' Call You A Ho If The Fucking Shoe Fits

You Catch Me At The Red Light Sleeping Sitting Still Catch Me At The Red Light Gripping On The Wheel Catch Me At The Red Light Aim For My Head If You Dont Like One Fucking Thing I Said.

Bitch I Aint No Redneck They Hear My Shit And Condemn Vibe Damn Near Called Me A Racial Sumpremice Like Im A Skinhead A Mother Fucking Ariat Ill Tell You What I Ain't, I Ain't No Fucking Vegetarian We'll Get To Beefing Machines Will Be Beeping And Bleeping Them Straps Will Get To Clacking Clicking Dont Get Caught Slipping We Creeping And Sneaking We Let Our Actions Do The Speaking When You're Leaking On The Cement Your Gon' See What We Meant I Try To Prevent To See What Type Of Events Ya'll Gon' Make Me Do Some Shit Im Gon' Resent And It Wont Be My First Offence I'll Probably To The Pen Where The Color Of Your Skin Determines Where You Fit In And Then I'll Probably Get Shot For Not Pleading Alligiance But Beleive When Your Locked Up Your Only Friend In There Is Jesus Like Him Destine To Die At The Hands Of My Enemies Im In Drop Tops Like John F. Kennedy

You Can Catch Me On A Big Boy Dipping Through The City Set Bitches Had Alot Of Chances They Ain't Never Did It Yet I Ain't Gon' Sweat The Threats Ive Excepted Death And Yet It Gets Bigger With Every Step I Stepim On Competetors As If They Were Roaches Im The Years Of Learning That Turned Players To Coaches Ahhhhh I Cripple Lyricist Like Polio Or Scoliosis Mc's Were Ill 'till I Dropped My Diagnosis My Boys Are Sending Roses To Those Who Oppose The Allied Forces Roll Like Armored Rolls Royces We Gotta Make Some Choices I Got Em Hearing Vioces Split Em Like Moses With My Herbal Psycosis And What Do I Poses Its Scandalis This Man Is Madness Thats Enough To Make Me Go Bananas Damn Ya I Paid The Price To Be Glamorousim Under Survallance Im Flipping Fingers At The Camera