

My practical solution to schmucks beefin
Is sinkin my teeth in the flesh of your neck
Like Dracula seducing sluts
And bite a piece of flesh off
But nah you could have aids
I'd rather make you a cadaver with blades
I write the followin raps to you cats that bite swallow and jack
Then recite rhymes on the mic without acknowledging facts
I won't be reluctant to pull out the knife tucked in
My waist, stump in the place leave it stuck in your face fuck em
I find it difficult to not be despicable to minds that are typical
Fuck financial assistance
A man's existance revolves around survival
I've evolved into a hustler with substantial business
My attitude is improper - like a skin popper
Stickin a blade on top of the skull of an imposter
Since created at birth I've hated the earth
Livin in a society of anxiety makes it worse

(Hook x2)

Morbid like Mordred holdin a chainsaw
Get ready to do a gore bid
We keep it morbid
On some raw shit - get your jaw split
With blood drippin out of your forehead

It's worthwhile for you to peep a verse that's vile
You could learn somethin from watchin a perverted person's style
My verse hit tile
Entire verses are like curses
That give you urges to worship beliel
Beef with me you can't stay the same
You'll have to change your name
Change your sex - rearrange your frame
Take a plane to somewhere strange
If you plan to keep your cranium containing your brain
Your fuckin dome will give in
With a tourniquet wrapped around it
You're underground kid - you're the artist formerly known as living
You're the past like yesterday
Blast your chest away
You're positive HIV tested gay
Now stop hiphoppin - your dick jockin
You stick cock in your mouth and rock chick stockings
Now die
It's all about evil raps and weapons
Money and sluts and gats strapped by the intestines

(Hook x2)

(Instrumental til fade)