

(4x)

Crush, kill, destroy, stress

Pain, stress

My brain, can't even rest

It's hard to maintain the pressure on my chest

Excess frustration strikes!

Blood rushes my head when I come across roads

With dead mics and wack promoted shows it's hard

But with the presence of God

I'm true to the game

So I'm back black, to take charge, and recap-ture

the time, wish it could never be wack -- I'm pure

I insert my lifeline into the track, the energy

In me is a poison with no un-revealed remedy

I'm spreading, like leprosy, throughout the record label

Cause mines put me and Monch's career in jeopardy

Can you come see me in the ghetto where it's dark

Bullets are real lost peeps lurks in the heart

Lord knows it hurts, we kick the Hertz to the curb

Execute first things first, and put blunted minds to work

My herd's tight and my fans supports

So I'm a-ight, for the time being seeing peace

But taking no shorts (no shorts)

Rarrrrrgh!

You will now consider me the apocalyptic one

After this rhyme, henceforth, there is none

NO more will exist, when I emerge

From the mist in whence I was born into, scorned

Most of you can't even comprehend what I am saying

to you even in my human form the message I'm relaying

Why do you choose to mimic these wack MC's?

Why do you choose to listen to R&B?

Why must you believe somethin is fat

Just because it's played on the radio, 20 times per day?

My perception of poetical injection is ejactulation

The Immaculate Conception

The hall walker, who stalks bodies in Central Park

Soon emergency services'll outline that body in chalk

Then I begin to walk away and spit

Then when I walk away I talk shit!

Huh, a driver sprayed my face with mace

She didn't know that I enjoyed the taste of radioactive waste

When I'm in the backseat of your mid-town taxi

Don't even ask me for the cash G

The four cabs before didn't pick me up

Now ask yourself who the fuck's gonna stick me up