

Silence

Outerspace

I'm Abdullah the Butcher, pay respect or I'm pulling the cooker
You might as well kill yourself, I'm thrilling to push you
Even if you survive son, you still bitch
Cause I'm waiting anxiously to pull the kill switch
Your body still stiff, rigor mortis
I bring pain, it's just raw, it's King's I seen pain that was pure, it's rich?
I seen brains that was poured on six corners
Listen to orders, Vinnie Paz remains heartless
That's due to my fixation on the darkness
Just give me a forty, a idiot, and Billy Dee
You'll see what the psychology of Philly really be
Yeah, I'm from the birth place of Rocky
My left hook to the body is like Arturo Gatti
You couldn't stop me, I fucking brain drill
I stick around a while to witness how the pain feels
Fucking faggot

We in the game where we smash for freedoms
Raw producer's cribs look like wax museums
We set up shop, round up and attack the region
See a hundred Puerto Ricans on Banshees leaning
We out to slaughter people, we that raw Puericos
We them revolutionists cause no law's equal
We them executioners cause your cerebral
Or pick your brain matter up in God's cathedral
Don't sleep I put a bag under your chin
Approach you real smooth with the swagger of a pimp
Make you stagger with a limp
I'm a addict for the gin, like a Catholic for the sins
Speaking ratchets through their lips
And you passionate to live, but that chapter don't exist
I put the ratchet to your rib and make a bastard out of your kids
Make a casket out of your crib while I'm smashing out your wizz
Have a Gatling for the kid and I'm laughing at the bitch
The most immaculate spit, most elaborate with the gift
Then dip my whole team till there's carats on their wrists
I need Rocky finger tips, next slaughter begins
So when we step up in the spot don't nobody forget
One

I'm the type that could slaughter a syllable
You killable rap niggas spit words too pitiful
I pity the fools, I'm sick with the tools, we shitting on dudes
You need to be more hip than the news
We ruthless, untamed tiger, tally your votes
I'm number one draft pick, man endorse my quote
You heard?, I loc, I escort my folk
We deep like dead bodies on tour, I know
We ride like Coupe DeVilles, aim, shoot to kill
OS and Jedi Mind we the truth for real
So ill we rock three pieces suits and build
Like Reservoir Dogs, in the booth I spill
I feel more official, we're still lone on our hills
G5 shine bright like it's stainless steel
The name is real, OuterSpace the rain is real
If you can't stand the rain, then this ain't your field, stupid