If it's hate that you speak (go to hell)
And if you prey upon the weak (go to hell)
Spreading lies and deceit (go to hell)
Eternal flames fill the heat (go to hell)
And if you cannot make a menz (go to hell)
And if you follow every trend (go to hell)
And if you back stab your friends (go to hell)
If you ain't down till the end (go to hell)

The chosen one the wicked son, they call me Hitchcock Talk some shit, and I'm a hitcha with this quick glock Body butchered scattered and sealed up in zip locks With my steel caps get peeled up to six blocks You can try to get away but you won't get far They call me Prozak bitch the knighted templar I'm blown your fucking brain like the death star And lyrics come to me like ghost from the grave yard

Since my birth I've been obsessed with the dead Homacidal thoughts while I was being breast fed I tryed to kill myself but I survived instead From peices of a broken mirror sliced my wrist bled

Shit my wicked rhymes will have you overdose, and leave your ass comatose You try to play me close I'll levitate to smoke When I hit the fucking stage be like what's that smell Sulfer and brimstone bitch go to hell

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(They call me Hitchcock)

The radios afraid to play my wicked paragraphs
Go to the satation lock and load up on they whole staff
And let them know the danger of us crossing paths
And let it be known I spit the truth like a polygraph
Search on a time homic copy that
There's always room for another carbon copy cat
They try to run with my style but I got it back
And try to sound just like me with your head in half
(Go to hell)

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