

Kamikaze

ScHoolboy Q

Gun me down, I'll gun you down
Trade a body for a body
Nigga kamikaze

Tired of living no healthcare, I ain't fucking with wellfare
But its rap down, Hells near, Sherm on every corner like fountains near
G rock, mountaineer, chunk coats a cop would wear, double up, roca wear
Win or lose, none to spare, black jack safety pair
20 rounds one to the head, whole clip strike the beard
Breaking news fuck the feds, buckle up, simon says
Do the job nothing says, neighbors seen this shit for years
Hopped out, out of range, close up not a stain
Gut shot got him maimed, shit bag potty trained

No time for a nigga, got a strike up on my record
And I'm playing shit for what its gonna be
A nigga sitting on his last hundred plus I owe the homie 50
And my bitch and she ridin' on E
Somebody gotta die, a body for a body, nigga, shit I'm feeling kamikaze
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Nigga welcome to Hell's kitchen, prayers missing
Doing good has no intentions, with the shit that I'm kicking
Heavens too far from forgiving
Stuck on a mission, Choppers by the windows
See the silhouettes, just like I'm heading fishing
Pay your rent or meet your soul's eviction, greet the reaper
Deliver death like serving pizza, dome piece the shell cracked like Sunday E
aster
Feel this Ether, the pyromaniac, you niggas keisters
Ain't shit but ass, newest task is getting cash
Smoking hash and let it ash, off a dime like Steve Nash
22 by my lower calf, see a hawk, we squeeze and blast
(Hahaha) Fucking laugh, shady more than aftermath
Eminem's my limit slim, we ain't the same no synonym
No sin in them, get it in like lucifer, down and dirty emperor
With hell's demons and angels, rat-a-tat-tat-tat sent for ya
I major in your minisher, left his ass holy by the minister
Immortal Kombat finisher

Gangster, Gangster! Read all about it, a nigga got smoked
The killers name remains silent
Gangster, Gangster! Read all about it, there's guns in the streets
I know the governments supplying
Prison wars, race riot, ice pick in the neck, flatline
Another comic grave for man kind
Every step I take a land mine, blowin' up like 9-11, Hiroshima, Pearl Harbor
Afghan hobbies, got me feelin' Kamikaze (KABOOM) blow up the party
Sickest lad-i-dadi, peace on Earth you dont remind me
Dying Honor, Uni-bomber, you pre-madonna, I'm ghetto verson of Gia Connor
Mob bosses, count losses gain profits, same logic
Did it all but still stay silent, keep the gangster grooving in my blood cuz
,
50's who I do it for, die for mine and ride on yours