

Post War Syndrome

X-Raided

I cocked my mind back mental magnum spit hollow point venom vigorously
so you can respect my way of closing people lyrically
rappers be plantium and call on me level high skill is my criteria
with prize for smashing on men for the inferior
it's nefarious not biggie, nas or jay-z
fact not non-
fiction I'm truly living this ghetto legacy, it was blast for me
wen the source neglected the don killuminati
can shoot a stri lyric unease so they can ride past me
I'm a vigilante equipped with infinite lyrical arson
deliberate and intentional this is war I hope you taking it
personal not reversible, dispersible
I need a batik semi automatic
blasted, blast quik x-raided the rhymin achromatic
I done had it up to here with these pathetic fabricated war stories
being spit by these over exaggerated master of ceremony's
polly proly want a cracker cause you parrots parrot all you hear
prepared your day of reckoning is all to near
If you disrespect that my cock take back and shoot till it jams
post war syndrome sticking it on like blue to the dance
so many of my men gone died in the war didnt make it home
never at ease I'll never step on my g's in this warzone
Miscellaneous elements create this magnum opus
optimist prime suspects knowing I'm the illest lyricist
rhyme catalyst, hella bent and extremely hazardous
chemically war in balance the rare and the dopest
have me on hiatus politically exiled x-raided
nefarious elminating rapper's cause it contract madated
penetrated the game with stolen no limitations
black market's mad man 5 star generals stripping ya'll maggots
holding all ar's hostage by the flocks cock glocks
with ransom notes demanding mad man's increase in stocks, poisoning as ham l
ocks
specifically delivered to you
x-raided wont pay ridiculous revenue
for a record review if the truth, rearview
reflections of a misanthropist past this
now my squad dominating bill board top 100 hit list
criminologist the culprit Jon rambo bound
original jacka mysterious murder glove never found
Infiltrated I crossed all the enemy lines
obliterated many infiltrates like secluded land minds, conscious minds
shoot at hypocritical politcal factus
evius gats systematically killing ignorant rappers
unsympathically expressed briefly pressed in options gotta spit your mind
from the highest elevation on earth can top this
I'm relentless steadily brain bashing weak mc's
please I question if you really klack gats and push key's, unexpectedly
the rap game dictated ya'll tragedy, heavy arterially
infiltrated what you claim flawlessly game tight I profess my ghetto star ex
quistely
I'm pulling hoe cards of all wack rapper's within this industry
prepare for the impact of my catastrophic clarity, you cant damage me
nor defeat this post war strategy
I sit on the strong of the western hemisphere yelling who got my back
all literal under achievers suck my testical sac