

Witta Mask On

X-Raided

Yes, motherfuckers
yet you have entered the psycho ward
where the X-Raided lays his head, niggas
so let that nigga tell his story.... beotch
I be stalkin' like jason, nigga I ain't sayin' shit
mask on wit' a machedi in my right mit
ain't gon' be no "cha cha cha.. cha cha cha"
'cause all you gon' be hearin' is "ratta-tat" and "pop pop"
and it ain't gotta be no friday the thirteenth
I don't give a fuck if it's sunday the fifteenth
any day is good for me to go and kill a ho
so fuck the money, mo murder mo murder mo
and it's a nightmare on yo' mama's street
but freddy's bitch-ass is dead, so now you got to deal wit' me
and ain't no need to make no part two, three or fo'
'cause I'm gon' kill 'em all in that first episode
slit 'em open with the straight razor
killin' 'em quicker than that mother fucker pinhead on hellraiser
i'm hellbound so the X-Raided loc ain't no joke
when I creep I use that nine-millimeter to split yo' face wide open
'cause nigga you know I got no brain
mama said when I was young I didn't play I liked to gangbang
my psychiatrist told me I was totally insane
i'm packin' a millimeter nine-a nina it's same daisy
I got that loco-active siccness
makin' a nigga lunatic
I fit you filthy murderous when I'm blastin' on them bitches
killin' 'em up, fillin' 'em up with lead
i'm full of that liquor I'm stickin' my trigga unloadin' da shit sicc
so psychoactive nigga bangin' the deuce-fo' s t r to the double e t
don't tell my nina you seem to be incubate
and I ain't trippin' on all that payback shit you ripped in jail
by then i'll have that nine to make that brain thang hang out, nigga
you fuckin' with the g'sta
when you runnin' up on the x you better bring your favorite preacher witchya
'cause you gon' need him to be a witness when I smoke ya
look you in yo' eyes and say "you shoulda been a loc'sta"
creepin' through the dark with that motherfuckin' mask on
packin' that nine-millimeter niggas be ready to get they blast on
creepin' through the dark..
(..murderin' motherfuckers)
aimin' for the heart..
(..slaughterin' motherfuckers)
(2x)
pick up yo' god damn remote turn on your TV
ya hit the channel to one eighty-seven faculty
look in the light you'll see that sista, "hey LSG"
oh with the stogie-ogie-ogie now follow me
and to your death, yeah bitch you shouldn'tna fucked with a g
'cause I got that S A C on my motherfuckin' family, uzi
shit it gets crazier, dissect your fuckin' heart
and bury your ass in the motherfuckin' park
pop chop chop goes your head
'cause it's the bloody murdy with the ammo gat that ya felt
my dear, catch the needle in your eye
time to get wicked oh yeah time to die
'cause the voices be sayin'

"misses start sprayin'
on these punk-ass niggas talkin' shit and nuts ain't even hangin'"
so slippedy slip slip slip slide
got the fuckin' glock and on your soul I'm 'a ride
because it's the motherfuckin' bone
ready to get gone
and it's da motherfuckin' miss with the mask on
creepin' through the dark with that motherfuckin' mask on
packin' that nine-millimeter niggas be ready to get they blast on
Biatch get your grip 'cause I'm on that mission
I slit first like O.J. so don't let me start rippin'
shift up like a wind storm, now hollow ones make your body warm
but niggas are wanted for the life I have no pitty 'cause I love harm
so i.. want to bust caps like a g
hey g pass me the hk afta that nine-millie so them fools come remember me
"you crazy nigga," not crazy, I'm psycho
once I'm bustin' shots at them niggas moonwalk just like michael
I flip, 'how you flip?'
i'm flippin' it back and forth
i'm havin' one of them bitches movin' they mouth and playin' poor sport
oh shit mista nigga where's yo vest I'm 'bouts to pop ya
how many times do I have to tell you you cannot like fuck with the chopsta
I rip shit the fuck up, that's the perfect sign to
slit your throat, and bury your ass where no one can find you
with my mask on, my paths leave no evidence
black gloves black scarf crept I creep nights so handle shits
you punk-ass bustas
I heard you couldn't trust us
your set be should be on move sorry 'cause your whole block is bustas
vamp like that, black is cool I see no sunshine
knocka full of AKs and a backpack full of tech nines
biotch!
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(..murderin' motherfuckers)
aimin' for the heart..
(..slaughterin' motherfuckers)
Whan ya see my nina, ya shoulda ducked
just knowin' a nigga like Lunasicc don't be givin' a fuck
so uh, I lit it up now I'm gettin' up out of that bitch
tear my bucket down march with fo' fo's burned up on the fuckin' ground
I left him dead his bloody head left on the concrete
There he lay when the AK spray brains lookin like hamburger meat
i'm gettin' ghost like casper
but I'm not that friendly nigga I'm that Lunasicc bastard
i'm hazardous to my own health
just any minute I just might grab that nine millimeter and bust my own self
so we can take it to the next level
I go to hell and get at the grim reeper yellin' "fuck the devil!"
so we can take it to the crossroads, motherfucker
even then my nine steadily loaded killin' all you bustas
fill it up with hollow tips then pop nigga drop me one
fillin' all you devils up with them hot ones
kickin' down doors with x, shoot my gat in fuck the discussion
all I want is the cash, if there ain't none I'ma blast
killin' ya doctor, ya ambulance drivin, and ya nurse
you're walkin' to your funeral 'cause x'loc blew up your hurse
you'z a victim of the lunasicc, hell of quick to blast
ash to ash dust to dust right up on yo' motherfuckin' ass
with the quicka, the reepa the nigga
takin' the gat with a blast straight to the dome
lunasicc for the nine-five bitch creepin' with my mask on

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