

I feel like King Kong snorting cocaine
You can't fuck with me, this is foreplay
This is everything I told 'em I would portray
They're calling me a killer, I guess murder is my forte

Never short changed, gotta get my money up
Stacks in the duffel 'til I can't get the zipper shut
If they try and go to war I should wish them luck
Cause all I fear is God, so I could give a fuck

You will all fall victim to my plan
If you're looking for answers get in the line, fan
Oh it gets hot in the kitchen, hot as a cayenne
But I can handle the heat hotter than Iran

I am the man, handing out toe tags
Your life in my hands, throw bag
I've been in this a minute, didn't you know that?
Plus I've been waiting to go, why should I hold back?

There's no chance, so the haters better pipe down
Get yourself in the zone for tonight's sound
If you want to get this song, cut the lights out
We could do this right now, we should do this right now

To all my people that belong in a padded room
With their caution to the wind-type of attitude
All my dub heads, all they see is blood red
They ask about the old me, I tell them that he's fucking dead