

## Killem

### "The Reestablishment"

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I spit hazardous, verbally superior and immaculate...  
I've matched your wits and surpassed your average  
shit...  
This is the lyrical Parana, over turning your persona...  
With speeds like at Daytona, I'll piss in your Tropicana...  
Serve with a lemon, not depending on your current  
status...  
Neither your tactics, I still rip through a clowns  
apparatus...  
You can do the patch work, your bitch, you can handle  
it...  
Read the Manuscript, and get back at me with hollow  
tips...  
You bets to follow this, better yet swallow this, bottle  
this...  
Your lacking what's needed, like knowledge missed...  
I'm that prick in your side, that disease that kills the  
nicest...  
I'ma Toxic air born virus, been gettin people since the  
use of papyrus...  
I overload feather weight haters, give them a reason to  
cry...  
I'm a heathen I lie, are you not believing? then try...  
And end up in history a memory, give me greets to  
Allah...  
A society with a Killer is awkward, we need retards...  
And niggas that smile a lot, hate on the low and plot...  
And dealing with regards glocks, I've palmed a lot...  
Disarmed a block and left niggas rotten in the parking  
lots.

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