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"Read For The Hell On It!"

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Irrespective calling for death, collaborating with the
devil, to take you on the test,
Solely dividing the dumb shit and the smart, smoking
hydro in front of preschools so they can start,
Dividing the lyrical masters from the lyrical disasters,
S.R should post for educating the pastors ,
Y'all niggas having shit to say, so I bring the heat and
burn to the 2nd level,
Bench pressing 200 lbs but now we only lift shovels,
Doing any jobs for real niggas like the devil,
Largely enough I'm looking for ways to die, cause y'all
ain't holding so I leap to the barrel,
Close enough to the end, y'all still at the beginning ,
Starting shit up just to see who I'm offending,
Neglecting the fact the Mtosheze is nothing less than
spoiled,
A nigga that would leave your face in rags and foil,
Catastrophic not well done, dust a few bricks and we
call for the gun,
Dispatch a few killers let them get the bones, striking
towards the neck, leave your body left alone,
Collecting dust is gone be your new hobby, blasting
shells is gone be my new hobby,
Starting shit I will leave you in the front lobby,
Shock treatment for the lesser figured mind,
Bust and the spark the lesser greater they Devine,
Collectively blasting dogs, splashing dogs, harassing
dogs, cold blooded so I'm dashing like state lines,
Doing bitches anal style condom on the real, twice in
one night so they get the fell,
Clip drop like flies and splash on the ground and form
cake thighs,
Improving every day in every way, Shaka Zulu ain't got
nothing to say,
Depending on where I'm at I pop regardless, disown a
body and let the courts sample the charges,
Neglect is always a killer and a nine to your face is
always a thriller,
Reclining on the DL and handling over cooked streets,
The nine is hot boiling niggas on the streets, peep this
y'all finally figuring who's the best,

But It's to late now cause you missing a chest, the
gauge has no felling so It keeps pushing,
And your organs should provide the proper cushion,
Dismantle your heart and blast the machine gun, burn
a few bails and dash like its fun,
I'm mad omnipotent and your love the way my dick stay
straiten,
And the police are left debating on the reason for such
a scene,
Some nightmarish shit that belong in dreams,
masturbation dog, never I got mad bitches,
Shifting nines to kids so they can handle their biss,
And busting nuts in the air for so you can look at the
fizz,
Twisting niggas like bottle caps and leaving them
dripping, toss a few bombs so we can leave niggas
dropping,
Napalm burns, and metal expands in the heat, let see
what the bullets do when we hit the streets,
Tipping the scale on a respecting level, leaving dogs
straight so I go for the transit and the builders level,
Leave you with 3rd degree burns, and your girls neck
with 3rd degree sperm,
Deep throat action geometrical and physiologically
impaired,
Bagging for your life so I save it, next time we bump
heads I gone to engrave it,
Posting on urbanauthentics and keeping this relentless,
Stress on your vest and twelve round cave in, killing
dogs like my man vonsleyven,
Opening enough holes in your head to start a sponge
market, like you Jag and in my yard you can park-it,
John doe is what they gone be tagging you with, leave
you cavefaceman with a homemade face lift. Nigga.

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