

Mezarkabul

"Gas Draws"

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...metalface doom...

...operation doomsday...

By the way,

I read up on bad dreams

bag up screams in fiftys

be up on mad schemes

that heat shop like jiffy-pop(pop)

in a instant

get smoked like winston

ciggarettes

ho's get ripped off like nicorette

(patch)

in real life

the real trife scene

might snatch ya life like a-ssault machine

rifle

dead up setup like bull-fight

be blunted how we like

couldnt white or in full flight

the unemotional

call me anti-social

on the run off the gun

death tally commercial

death valley?

is like rehearsal to the streets

to my peeps

G.M.

MF on the beat

rhymes

is chosen like the weapons of war

so keep from steppin on my floor

or delivery

front door

I bring it to ya'll motherfuckers

master yours

my disaster cause-

hell-

and gas draws

the super villain-

cooler than a million

i be chillin

still quick to slice squares like sicilian

dont make me have to hurt them feelins

ill ruin you in the dirt that i be doin in my dealins

sendin spirits through the ceilin'-

chrome peelin'-

dome blown

within the comforts of your own home

grown big

wheelin' and high rollin'

I hold the lye-

it keeps the sty on my eye swollen'...

holdin,

and ??????????,

known as massive-versatile,

Id like to big-em-up monster-isle...

uummm,

yeah...

I saw you in hell wit dem gas drawls...

To my brother Subroc-

and black ju I crack brew for-

two more, three men, two up,

I hit the brew up like-

nobody knowwss...

how X the unseen feels

when givin crews a brush with death like between
meals

two times a day

wit brothers thats tight like a noose

wit more rhymes in use than doctor seuss

or motherfuckin' mother goose

X is da suspicious flirter

who every hooker hearda'
next to malicious murda'
a track type vicious
fulfillin the pipe wishes
?????? may be legal
minus the baby eagle
any given summers eve-
dont breathe
sixteen shots i do believe-
and one up the sleeve...
master of the O
who predict ya last pause-
i told ya'll
hell and gas draws-
breakin-
glass and plastic jaw-
like federal drastic law
fed up from fightin' secret war
wit' them fantastic four-
(invisible bitch)
versus Doom wit' the metal face
before I go to state
the ho better settle case
the flow is at pedal pace
steady like tricycles
beware all suckas is froze like icicles...

(bag 'em up)

and baggin' bitches like nickels

cause I licked 'em where they tickle

before I hit the clit though imma spit till I pronounce

more hits than a ounce no doubt

about ta bounce,

X the unannounced-

im out...

and i like to give a shoutout,

to the brother jet-jaguar...

Megalon...

and King Ghidra...

I call this joint right here...

Gas Draws...

In hell wit yours...

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