

## **Ransom**

# **"No Introduction"**

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They said that the fire is gone but it never left  
Hotter than a brimstone found deep in the devil's chest  
No religion I hold the vision farther than heaven's steps  
Hope you listen ain't no forgiven driven by every breath  
My pops could've stuck around but instead he left  
So he met his death fuck grievin I'm already stressed  
Bring it to the calisthenics nice steady reps  
I'm doin heavy sets drinkin on every rest  
They say I'm very blessed, I think a different way  
I sell a clip of yay and now ya got kicks today  
I ain't got shit to say this is just a sick display  
Street religion I give'em grab a clip and pray  
I'm legendary and sharper than ten machetes  
My vocals evoke spirits and wake up the cementaries  
Where acres of men are buried, my hands on the  
eagles  
And the only safeties I know they play in the secondary  
You haters are never ready, my words' dope  
Take 'em in vain they have you shakin like paces from  
epilepsy  
I'm sayin you best respect me the last one of his kind  
A street prophet you better pray that this vest protect  
me  
Don't wait 'til the feds arrest me my life should be  
celebrated  
Visions of midle-aged niggas sayin they never made it  
The world's segregated the have and have-nots  
Blast shots what you expect we ain't been educated  
I'm mentally elevated I meant to be levetated  
Those who oppose me is eventually devastated  
I'm hated by many respected by all  
Loved by the ones who told me I was destined to fall  
Aggressive and raw I don't use discretion at all  
Artistic violence all of my weapons can draw  
From here to eternity my words'll be surgery  
Mercif'ly the devil occurs to ever gave birth to me  
The booth is my solitude this is church for me  
You shouldn't even exist on the same earth as me  
Send 'em straight to mercury for tryin to spit a verse at  
me  
I'm perfectly chiseled from cast-iron  
My verse is description from past iron

I worship the pistol and blast iron  
Submersed in the issues of scag buyin  
My vivid tells, a street horror, I leave scars  
In the worst part of your brain that destroy you like  
pearl harbor  
This boy is the world's author  
Autobiographical scriptures, the first father  
Just listen and work harder

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