

MF GRIMM

"Do It For The Kids"

Visit "[Do It For The Kids](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Goin'out to my nigga Rob Swift

For having faith in me

I'm a show niggaz East Coast is back

And all that other shit is gay

I represent for Manhattan

Time to set it

Tech 9 dreams, and mack (a lever) wishes

in for red is beaming on the target makin'sure there is
no missing

Your funeral you know who's blowing kisses at your
widow

It sounds fucked up but your widow's doing dildo
(ghetto)

You and me and your death she didn't dwell

You're living up in heaven but I know you're mad as hell

No one knows I killed you except you

(Whispering) But we all know that dead men can't tell
sh...

Homicides in the dark kid trace the bullet pick up the
shell

Doctor laid out your fuckin head

Shakin'gates in heaven because she's fucking me

Swingin' on God cause you need??? to get to me

Your spirit ain't shit to me kid step to me

Your history goes (bust the ass) kickin' victory

When it come to hardcore I am (epithomy)

of evil, so don't pull stucks like (cannival?)

I bring storm

Violence in the belly of the beast won't cease

I packed the piece at least, this world permanently
crissed?

Far from weak, not too many better

Hardcore is colored black but that shines like packed
leather

Food for thought, hush, eat my words, reads your mind

MCs engraved in grapes I crush the wine

A deadly breed no fag and bad seeds

You'll never forget me like the jews will never forget
Hitler's bad deeds

Braincells are blown like a bike tire

Ignites escape the mental hell I'm runnin' through the
verbal fire

I wonder if friends will see me at my best

But I lost a lot of friends of violent crimes in the
process

My attitude's (I miss) I like drama

Visit [MF GRIMM](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.