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Primal "This Is)"

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Verse 1 – Primal

Checkmate mother fucker, Primal's after the throne/

Fuck beef in the streets, I turn your hood to a battle

Last thing you see before you get your cap blown/

A picture of your kids and a map of your home/

Better pray that God' s listening when the mac' s to your dome/

Ending lives of mother fucker, I ain' t fracturing

Target Catholics in Rome and people sitting at gay bars/

Stealth bomber shit, ain't a blip on the radar/ Empty clips into bank guards, hostages bound/ Treat your city like a prison when l' m locking it down/

Cause a fucking power outage when l' m stomping the ground/

And all you hear is shots fired, officer down/ I ain't fucking around son, rappers get stepped on/ Leaving stars spinning round your head like electrons/ Roll with weapons drawn so don't step to me cousin/

This heavy metal eruption' II fucking end the discussion/

Hook

This is hard core shit, we take aim and cock back Hard core shit get ready for combat

Ghost Town runs the underground there's no way stop that

This is hard core, this that kill a cop rap

Verse 2 - Primal

Welcome to Hell Harbour son, meet the villainous one/ Repping the fucking dark side and l' m as real as they come/

Morse and Weapon behind me your chances million to one/

Feeling like killing spilling fluid like Attila the Hun/ You having flashbacks a life when l' m seeping your breath/

Throw a punch and leave my wrist fist deep in your

chest/

The creeping death twist your neck, handle business the murder way/

I cackle at the crackle when I sever your vertebrae/ Swoop like birds of prey, leave you faggots shellshocked/

From the street to the country to the mother fucking cell block/

l' m a hound, self-taught to smell cops/
Moving more mother fucking bags than a bell hop/
The gat's on the shelf top, the loot' s in the suitcase/
l' m two-faced, I smile then twist your cap like toothpaste/

Got my boots laced in the streets where I move weight/ You mother fucking fruitcakes is too shook to shoot straight/

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