

## Phobia "Its A Craze"

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ight lets go stubob

yous a hoe muvafuka  
speakin all drama but dont blow muhfukaz  
only dem dicks, wedged between ya lip and tonsils  
repercussions from the vandals, i eat the beef 'cause it  
is maditory you cant ignore me  
if you do yous sum ignorant fluke  
giv you rights to regurgutate seein me makes you puke  
what the fucks all the rhymin about  
you in the game suttin like wheres wally, we cant see ya  
when you out  
spot dat bitch a mile away, with the doo rag, the  
chewed bag  
the fake hustlers dream, sell a few rocks but mostly  
fiend  
i do rap, the consequence its true dat  
i spit what i knew dat, you not dat crew dat ya wanna be  
man on me den its gotta be man down  
your entertainment, is my erainment yous the clown  
back at the basement, i got men to hand out dem  
facelifts  
get ya face split 'cause i am not time wasting  
just face it, co operations had its day now the games  
full of rappers gay rappers  
actors mostly being fake  
gimme the cake, light the candles and im lickin cream  
next year ambitionz is more focused with the same old  
team  
too many germs infectin by a thread i threat wiv  
listerine  
kiss the game goodbye im in that same old liquid  
green  
thermo, you want war ya turds tho  
shit ya out and flush, ya cant trust me if i think yous a lil  
bit pussy  
trust me, ill drop a gem on all of dese punks  
comin back with sum immaculate factual plan of action  
duck!!  
see us we on that ghetto vibes, stomach us  
i know its hard when ya hate overpowers the love so  
just lust

you will never be, lethal like me  
i strip ya crew down, leave dem in they birthday suites  
how bowt you know  
your whole click is ridiculous, most dem bois hating  
you  
to cop at me you gunna need the swat team at the back  
of you  
its a craze when we step on the pave ment  
your face flushed, get dat beat down if ya dont got dat  
pay ment  
we the livest, you cant deny, you cant hide it  
we smile in the face of death face of death we bias

yeye

its a craze motherfuckers, when we on road,  
we keep shit locked tight and expose you hoes,  
depending on the circumstances, we make the nervous  
dance,  
rumour has it, u a bitch with a dirty habit,  
u stuck togetha, summit like romantic,  
you all birds of the same feather,  
keepin tight like an astmatic,  
my flows are hotter than heat, and urs are cold as the  
atlantic,  
its like u a fiend for fear , summit like a crack addict,  
im like the shadow of death, i'l follow ya steps,  
dont be holdin ya breath pussy, mans upto there necks,  
in all sorts a shit blood, 6 feet is the depth,

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