

Psychopathic Rydas "Somebody's Dissin'"

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They call me Hektik
Cause the way the pain is interjected
You talk shit you gonna regret it
Fuck it, you said it
Watch your mouth fool
I'm on the move
Time to play
For words you say
One level of pain on display
Bitch back off
Too late your bitch is spread out, you jack off
Keepin you wishing that you was dead off
The planet
Can't understand it? Let me explain
All that shit you talked drove me insane
But my brain swells, my ears bleed
And all the bad level of attack is underrated,
remember that
Head's get cracked with baseball bats
I love the sound it makes when it pings
I even love it when my ears ring
Stomp on suckers in a second
Leave you with no sign of recollection
Rearrange your whole memory section
Disease, infection, over night I die slowly
Covered in corn stalks, protected by the oak trees
Freeze muthafuckas
Get your hands in the air muthafuckas
This ain't a game
I don't talk shit I slit necks just because
Catchin' the buzz
And keeping a look out for the fuzz
If I get hit by the cops I'm goin' out like Val Kilmer
Heat the whole squad, droppin the bomb then watch
em simmer
Pain is a beautiful thang it makes my spine shiver
Murder for hire, better believe I deliver

[Chorus x2]

If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are
So far all I been hearin is player hatin (Oh yeah)

Moving with the speed of the robot sonic exhaust
Chronic fumes, fuel, gin, and tonic
Half of the world is corrupt and alive
Other half is depressed and they want to die
I.S.I.
Why ask why?
Realize there's a killer in your face
Look him in his eyes
Before your body dies
I'ma grab your soul straight up out your chest
Put it in my black glass jar
With all the rest
Of the competition
Pack rhymes with precision
Eliminating adversaries
And all of our divisions are cuttin like an incision
While other suckers is missin
With enough cheese for 3 niggas in college with tuition
Take a listen I drop knowledge like a teacher
An ill preacher preaching a sermon
I been learning how to sing along with the dead man's
song
He's got an X in his head so I know what side he's on
And brain dead people always say right on
They got 10 on the weed cause we all high arms
We let bygones be bygones and then dismiss
Your wack ass bitches in the abyss
Fuck the diss
Cause you let your colors show too many times
It goes way deeper than rhymes
Fuck a beat cause I rock accapella
Crazy ass fella
Used to fuck Cinderella
In the back of the pumpkin coach
Smoking roach after roach
Fuck her all night
And in the mornin make me French toast
Coast to coast
Drop knowledge like a teacher
I.S.I. in this bitch we play the preachers

[Chorus x2]

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So far all I been hearin is player hatin

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