

Ganksta N-I-P

"Only Nip Can Do It"

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I'm finna get these niggas
That's jockin my rap style off of my dick

[VERSE 1]

I'm insane, so I strain my brain in a flame
Bad dreams of a child bein tossed through a window
pane
Ruff, tuff, take no stuff in a scuff', call your bluff
St. Patrick's Day, wrists breakin handcuffs
Boom, I need room to doom
Area code 713, the rich live on the moon
Right hand is a hatchet, left arm is a quarter
Both my legs glued together helps me sleep under
water
Doubt spark in South Park, it's worse after dark
Went to jail for tryin to breed a pitbull with a dead shark
A fingernail file takes care of your child
Norman Bates, Everclear, demonic brain in exile
Muscles, bitch, it's time I flex em
Headlines read: 'Blind man dead at Exxon'
South Park is the fort, I'm the dangerous sort
Olympic gold medallist, killin cops is a sport
Because I'm evil and I won't try to hide this
Half way home, psycho, half psychotic-psychiatrist
It ain't no joke, your ass'll get smoked
Dead bodies plus my jacket equals priceless mink
coats
But hoes think I'm weak, no time for marriage
Razor-sharp butcher knives, switch blades, lyrical mis-
carriage
All competators, Ganksta NIP on the mic
Ain't gon' lie, your rhymes are dope
But I wouldn't bet my check on em
Rugged and narrow, I piss in your bone marrow
South Park inventor of the devil-killin bow and arrow
Strong, never alone, cracking your dome
Half giraffe, half cheeta, mixed with Indian
chromosomes
Psycho flow, lettin you know I can go
Another word for your mommy in two letters
(Hoooold up, wait a minute!

Ganksta NIP, it's not fitted)
They say by time I hit the weed, the psycho wants to
see blood
Images of Jason drownin children in a flood
If you want to fuck with NIP; be prepared for the cappin
I hope you can see death a 100 days before it happens
Me usin insight to kick knowledge on this song
Me body can be destroyed, but me mindstate lives on
Crazy mental thoughts keep the devil on my dick
Throw a copper in the air, coalition picnic
Shoot em down, shoot em down, with the glock, with
the glock
Yes, me want to kill you, crooked cop, crooked cop
Duck down, duck down when you see the psycho come
Punk withdrew with spray me 'fore he made me touch
this gun
The South Park Psycho may not take shit
If you're from the other side, you're gonna get your wig
split
Cause me not give a fuck if a nigga pull a knife
Cause even if me die, mi come back to take a life
And if you go to sleep, your body will scream
From the pain, hail, rain, as we hunt you in your dream
It's almost dead time, dirty devil, you blew it
In the end you cannot win, only Psycho NIP can do it

Buck
Bitch

[VERSE 2]

I come back to my own self, I hunt with a knife
20 blades, 20 grenades, need more blood for the
sacrifice
I'm angry as fuck, nigga, plus I'm deranged
I won't stop druggin through your veins till I enter a
sequence change
Pass the square, that herb is hervous
What ever it wants me to do, I'm at his service
So I step in the dark, chronic thoughts of a shark
South Park suicide, severed heads in a Skylark
Teenager was lonely, he lust for a life
Bad boy butchers his mother with a boy scout butcher
knife
Damn, I need me a zinger
A hideous Halloween, 16 needles in a butterfinger
Back to the slaughterhouse with flesh on the ground
My brain is a faucet, each drop of blood weighs a 1000
pounds
Smart move if you're runnin for shelter
Cause I'm Helter chasin Freddy in one muthafuckin
Skelter

Bitch, you piss me off, I'll turn into a villain
Snap my fingers and hear the echo of 4000 killings
But ehm - star-spangled banner, star-spangled banner
David Banner, Ganksta NIP and Tony Montana
Guinea tragedy, South Park strategy
Satan is mad at me, tell him come battle me
Hm - cause I don't love him, my dome is too witty
This rhyme by itself kills 3000 devils in 30 cities

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