

Grewsum

"Dead Conversations"

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The Talk Shit Avenger Mixtape!

Imma rock star, mixed with the tellin of a rap star,
Feel no reason that I need to act hard
Pilin up the bodies in my back yard, that's raw

Killin everybody when I need to get money, and then I
gut a motherfucker when I need to get nutty, it might
be your buddy, we study everything that we bloody and
suddenly when we dump the body in a puddle it's
muddy

And then move, on to the next, blow like a C4 bomb in
the flesh,
8 inch blade put it all in your neck, if I need a little help
then I call up?

Yeah, and they'll be there in a minute to finish,
diminish, an the little men hittin 'em, wiggin with a
sickle, an sick 'em in the middle of the atom and
slashin 'em with passion of a savage in the back of the
mall

Imma kill anybody that contests, gotta new outfit baby
all flesh,
Use a fuckin shin bone for an arm rest, imma grind
through the day,
I'm in a calm rest

And they de cease the beast for killin the weak, release
when I'm feelin the beat, the veese that need to meet
be drillin em deep with heat to keep the cheese with the
feelins in me and then march!

They see me rollin, stolen whips and conversatin with
the dead.

Lots of liqueur bottles, pop 'em, take 'em to the head
White T might need bleach to cover up the spots of red,
that came up out your head, that came up out your -

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