

## Scar Symmetry

### "He's Dead"

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Old mcdonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye - my dick

(is he dead? )

[ verse 1 ]

You can run but you can't hide, I find ya  
Just when you think the shit is over, I'm standin right  
behind ya  
You crossed the wrong muthafucka, now you paranoid  
Cause I'm a nigga these niggas just can't destroy  
I'm on the hunt, so keep your shit low  
But yo, I'm kinda slackin up, I shoulda killed you from  
the get-go  
Nigga, but this is it  
We coulda talked it out like players, but now I'm on  
some gangsta shit  
What possessed this muthafucka to try to punk me?  
What possessed this muthafucka to tell me fuck me?  
Guess he thinks that I'm a light weight  
Hey yo, your shit's fucked up, so let me help you get  
your life straight  
Cause niggas get they ass dunked  
For fuckin with me, I ain't no muthafuckin punk  
Punk, I got some good hands, but I prefer my gat  
Now where you at, cause i'ma slit your kool-aid pack  
See, niggas got it all wrong  
Some niggas fake the gangsta shit, so niggas think we  
all songs  
They come up to a muthafucka jokin, mayn  
They wanna test a muthafucka's boxing game  
That's when they get they ass trunked  
Cause when you're fuckin with me, i'ma tear this  
muthafucka up  
You're fuckin with a dread  
You're takin 2 to your head, I'm comin fed  
(is he dead? ) yeah, he dead

"it had to be a murder"

"cause I'm a fuckin killer by nature"

"it had to be a murder"

"i looked him in the eye -  
Then I shot him in his face"

[ verse 2 ]

See, niggas make mistakes, black  
They shoot, but they don't shoot to kill, so muthafuckas  
stray back  
But I nip it at the bud  
Because I'm not down for dyin, muthafucka, so I go for  
blood  
And let em know I'm on some real shit  
Not with these fake muthafuckas on the team who  
won't kill shit  
I scream it like I mean it  
I mean it like I scream it, cause, niggas, I done seen it  
Muthafuckas with the false nuts  
Come with the static and they get they funky ass shot  
the fuck up  
So I give they ass a big blast  
Instead of turnin the other cheek, I get dead up in this  
bitch ass  
Cause yo, this shit is real life  
I'd rather be piped up in a box than be runnin from a  
steel knife  
So once I put your ass in the red  
I'm goin for the head  
Just makin sure you're dead

"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"it had to be a murder"  
"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"it had to be a murder"  
"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"it had to be a murder"  
"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"you're dyin, hoe, and can't nothin save ya"

[ verse 3 ]

It's over, I'm smokin on some sweet leaf  
Ready to put my dick up in this bitch named charisse  
cheeks  
A dick-sucker's nightmare  
I'm wantin some action, so I'm rollin through your hood  
and I be right there  
I blew my horn cause I don't knock  
The only thing that's on my mind is fuckin this bitch and  
puttin her ass out  
But yo, this shit is breakin up  
She's tellin homie she don't wanna fuck, so homie loc is  
breakin up  
It just so happened homie see my low

And now he's madder than a muthafucka, 'specially  
when he see me blown  
And now he's got some beef, too  
But yo, I ain't gon' squab my partner over this freak, du  
So I cut the shit quick  
And said, "yo, we ain't gon' have to come to ? ? ? over  
this freak bitch  
If you want her, you can have her  
Because I got what I wanted, she sucked my dick, so,  
money, you can stab her"  
But I said this to myself up  
If I told homie I fucked his gal, then homie nut the fuck  
up  
So I kept it on the down-low  
And just laid back and watched the fuckin reaction of  
this clown hoe  
But this nigga is a real trick  
He's talkin shit and wantin to jump off into some I'll shit  
So I told him fuck him  
And if he came a little closer, then I would have to buck  
him  
He came a little closer, so I gave him one  
(\*shot\*) and left the muthafucka stunned  
And right before I mobbed  
I gave him one more for the road, just to finish the  
fuckin job  
So off with your head, bitch  
Cause I don't fuck around with that 'return from the  
dead' shit  
I'm makin sure I get you good  
And if you twitchin like you still alive, homie loc, I wish  
you would  
Cause that just gives me one more reason  
To grab the trigger of this muthafuckin pistol and  
continue squeezin  
I don't believe in second ghosts  
You only get one chance, and if you slip, then yo ass is  
smoked  
Some niggas say they feelin this  
But niggas ain't real with this  
Cause niggaroes ain't killin shit  
But yo, I guess it's dead  
And I be givin you 2 to your muthafuckin head  
Makin sure you're dead

"always look a man in the eye before you kill him  
Cause I'm a fuckin killer by nature"

This is goin out to  
All those fake muthafuckas  
I ain't gonna say no names

"always look a man in the eye before you kill him  
Cause I'm a fuckin killer by nature"  
"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"it had to be a murder"  
"always look a man in the eye before you kill him"  
"you're dyin, hoe, and can't nothin save ya"

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