

Celph Titled

"Skrilla Guerilla Freestyle"

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[Intro] Yeah, what's pimpulatin' motherfuckers? Celph Titled, aka O.J. Pimpson. Bwoy Fuck everybody. Let's do this shit. Yo, yeah, check it I told the skrilla guerilla never shave your back Cause the god say grizzly in this game of rap Aim the gat, point it at your left nipple for shizzle Bring the beef here, I handle it to the gristle Launch a missile That's what I'm known for Hand grenades and napalm cords Lay you flat, run your ass over with lawn movers Your soft rap, I ain't feelin' that I treat your wig like a decal and peel your cap Your little demo makin' niggas wish you could be me I'll turn your face blue Lookin' like the bottom of your CD See me? I got chainsaws with remote controls Chase you down the block, chop your head down to provolone Rip off the T.V. antenna, while you watchin' Opera Stab your chest and leave more holes than Caddyshack gophers Straight out of motherfuckin' Tampa like the Devil Rays Took a trip to Hell and snatched the chicken off the Devil's plate

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