

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Spitten Venom"

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[First Verse]

If it's on I'll kill my own like a Civil War
This EBK, what the fuck should I be civil for?
It's over, pour into my bullet tips
Split you open like a pinata cuz you full of shit
Manana nigga I'ma do you non-believers bad
With heavy artillery like Sigourney Weaver had
Cuz you an alien or foreigner up in the town
Either you or I, do or die about to shut you down
Bout to hunt you down like elk in the woods
In the hood nothin' else expected
Accept it, it's what I protected
No excuse, nothin' else respected
Known to shoot whenever we tested
Shit is about to get hectic, Chaos!
You gone need the sounds to bring you back from
where you rested
May God Bless it
I'm agnostic so keep that!
Pure toxic up in your eyes, nigga peep that
We know where you sleep at
As we speak my peeps is mashin'
And we know that you weak ass bunglin' bitches is who
we snatchin'
She catchin' hollow rounds
Shots to the head make a hollow sound
Got away with murder, PARANOID! I push this bottle
down
One sip put the bottle down
And blaze a blunt this one's for you
Now you rest in peace, no hard feelings bitch I swear
it's true
If it's necessary Black Market do what's called for
And best believe when it's time for war we all go
And we all know nothin' comes before this chessboard
Two knights and kings fightin' screens, yes Lord

[Chorus]

I'm spittin' venom like a moccassin
Grab a glock, CHAMBER, droppin' men
DANGER, in my RANGER, and I got to win

DELUSION, no ain't no killin' X-Raided cuz I refuse to

[Second Verse]

Bet all them fools'll know, funk if they want it they got it

All my proponents is riders committin' murders

sporadic

We quick to get up inside ya blow out your thigh boy

Psychotic shootin' while yellin' "You got to die Boy!"

Never should've crossed me, flossy glossy like fresh

made varnish

With a reputation too solid to be penetrated and

tarnished

Harness rage, it's strong, let it loose and you flagrant

Produce a strap from my draws, introduc'in' slugs to the

vagrants

Statements was made so foul, niggas is funny style

Tell a hundred niggas you hate me but when you see

me you smile

But all the while, you thinkin' muthafuck X-Raided

But in your heart, you never really felt you could fade it

Debate it, what I represent nigga, this G.B.C.

Northern Cali freeway from the Sac-Town back down to

the M.S.G.'s

So hit the freeway, no lee-way cuz this ain't your zip

code

You keep your lip closed

Or you get those lips swole

We got your shit exposed, stay the fuck away from us

We'll light you up and disappear like we vaporous

My cavaliers, wearin' battle gear, run up in your fort

Put bullet holes in your shorts

Left you dead on your porch

Then we torched your spot, my cohorts got counts

calculated

Shout out you hate it

That's what you get for doubtin' X-Raided

Deport your corpse in where the cops'll never bother to

look

Rigormortis decompose you, served ya, bored, and

now it's over

[Chorus] (2x)

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