

Vakill

"Monstaz Ink"

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My name is legendary on all blocks, spitting fireball
rocks
Before they call pops had bodies in walls and crawl
spots
Hammers is all cocked
So many Makaveli mini-me's in the game it's a fucking
outbreak of small
Pox/pacs
And beef is when everybody is not breathing
So body me not even
Everybody is holding and probably not squeezing
And last year niggaz albums did more flopping then a
Vlade Divac season
Shit I'm warning them flinch and the itching trigger
finger is gon start
Forming a clench
And you come that hot lead storm and you drenched
My flow as fury as the scorn of a bitch
And you hot niggaz ain't keeping shit warm but the
bench
I'm a beast in bed, check my dick head for triple sixes
I'll hit a fat ass from the back until it ripples vicious
Give titty nipples stitches
I'm a pimp, pussy fall in my lap like a strip club full of
clumsy crippled
Bitches

They say death comes in threes, but fuck it I'm feeling
a fourth nut
Ejaculation until my scrotum shrivels and dwarfs up
From getting brain and poo-nani from two mami's
I'm tsunami with the spitting, you cartoon as niggaz is
Toonami
Y'all faggots wish the champs lose but that ain't chips
on y'all shoulders,
Switch your shampoos
Your cosigning gangsta shit you can't prove
The hood wont take ya
Y'all print model spitting, got no flow but the shit looks
good on paper
Spit bars that will knock out whole alliances

Out cold, y'all about the be outsold and client-less
Mouths closed in silence
This fear will smoke y'all asses faster than DMX's
household appliances
You got no money and no problems you backwards
Frank White
I shit on who you thinks nice for 'fore the eyes of the
Lord can blink
Twice
Ain't a belt long enough to spank Christ
And ain't shit sweet bitch, only suge' in my tanks knight

Niggaz asking 'When is Va gon bling?'
Or 'When is Vakill gon establish himself as Chicago's
king?'
I'm dreaming bout a 10 Million a year gun cargo ring
And the crown don't move, it goes where I go... scene
For decades hip hop been misusing the goal
Now that bitch about to tear up and some tissues fin' to
blow
Who got issues with the flow?
You in XXL 'Step Yo Rap Game Up' section 12 issues in
a row
Matter of time til my shit classic soon
Am I nice, how can you ask it spit burns acid wounds
And run cemeteries outta casket room, yall gassed
with fumes
Alcohol to melt a chrome nine to a plastic spoon
It's simple I'm flyest, spit on graves to rekindle a fire
And funeral directors is assembling choirs
No flows resemble Messiah's
Niggaz do not want it til a vest with a Superman
symbols acquired, prior

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