

Vakill

"Worst Fears Confirmed"

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[Verse 1]

I'm the eye of a violent storm, darkest cloud on a
funnel mission
With slugs that travel through barrels with tunnel vision
(WHOA!)
Clips to extensive spit to offensive
From the chi love don't live here any more rent to
expensive
Push weight in a sentence 'til I'm knocked awaiting my
sentence
Am I god's personal weapon of mass destruction or
Satan's apprentice?
Nice but I'm hating repentance
Coca cola killer twist your shit leave a prize under every
cap
No blatant?
Look let the drama come, I'm bent on havoc
The crown don't move whoever intends on grabbing it
Is fighting of full blown aids with Flintstone tablets
Whether niggaz feel me or not regardless style
heartless foul
Spit in front of the hardest crowds
If they start booing I'm sticking fans Artest style
Recognize bitch the darkest cloud

Motherfuckers I'm back!

[Chorus: x2]

Guess whose back in this bitch again full turn
Yep your worst fears confirmed
You betta learn
The crown don't move, wait your turn
What else can I siiizzzay
V to the iiizzzaaa! (Scratched Jigga)

[Verse 2]

Long range shitting
I'm an asshole with a built in sniper lense
Your top ten rappers top ten got no type of wins
I've been nasty since birth
Fuck a jersey the hall of fame retired a couple of my

shitty dippers then
The truth since my umbilical was chopped from my
navel
Darkest cloud didn't go pop but I'm stable
Never been dropped from a label
I gage my career to a fat bitch at a buffet and brought
a lot to the table
The games lets die verse so fuck peace until I left my
curse
And rookies claiming they the best since big death
died worst
Bitch please you've yet to spit shit that could fuck with a
left eye verse
(That's Real Talk)
I'm sonning as long as the one in the sky hung
They say the good die young
Mostly over bullshit and women that's high strung
But them same bitch's is throwing me pussy like they
running up's for the
Siyun

Huh!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I hold it down for my niggaz that's spending there last
days in the county
And for the bitch's that's sending them work laced in
them brownies
For them niggaz that's popped Jess I'm raising the
bounty
'Til your brains on your moms with the shell casings
around me
That's real talk with the real chalk on ya, resting in a
twin glock coma
The flows glaucoma who's seeing me now? Out MCing
me now?
I win at 106 shitting on the audience with AJ and free in
the crowd
I ain't no fucking mixed tape fake thug take an ak slug
in that pussy shit
Fake mug!
It's alright to show the late greats love
But some of y'all are riding dicks and don't know it like
a date-rape drug
Catch me with your little niece on the couch
Kick her out the house with no blouse, Capris on slouch
I ain't fuck I just poked at her throat like a Capri sun
pouch
Point blank I'm a fucking problem capech I'm out

And there it is...

[Chorus]

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