

Ty Herndon

"How Much Can One Man Love"

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[Jamie Maddrox]

Hey yo fuck everybody that aint down with us.
Superstars Incorporated label us.
Infamous niggas is rediculous.
For tryin to replicate our context.
Not equivalent to my terror they suffer broke next.
Bitch ass niggas is tryin to imatate.
My real estate.
So me and Monoxide child.
We had to migrate like ghost in the window.
We sinners with the halos.
Left the company in the dust for lack of payroll.
Now we stable.
On our feet willin and able.
To switch upon your boys to enable.
You wanna talk about fables.
I turn the tables.
Like the exorcist.
Dominate your cerebelliam.
So dont stay next to this.
Multiple equation abration to your mindstate.
Inquisitive minds and eyes dilate.
While I dominate all that underground.
Im not the devil with the whores, pitchforks, or shovels.
So can you dig it, I be Jamie Maddrox.
Bleach white like ?mr pollack?
Recurred like Mr thomas.
But I dont be claimin white socks.
My crew evails.
Sucka, my weapon for bashin brains.
Leavin competition tangled in chains like I was pinhead.
A ?sinabite? Livin at night.
Afraid of sunlight, police told to shoot on site.
You think they might.
If they do I return fire.
At rapid speeds.
To show them bitches what tricks I have up my sleeves.
Increase in disease!

[Chorus 1x]

So Whatthefuck! Whatthefuck! Yeah!(repeat with

chorus)
Increase in diease.
Will your body rest in peace?
Now that your souls been released.
Will your body rise from the grave?
Will you have time to pay?
Hopin that your soul will be saved.

[Monoxide Child]

To tell ya the truth its like this.
Everybody can suck my dick.
And I could give a fuck less bitch you aint shit.
And I would be the first to tell.
I got your family all hot.
Pretendin they burnin in hell.
True, I sold my soul.
I never did shit wit it.
But I could give a fuck about it.
So I know I could live without it.
A constant struggle to get to the top.
Increase in deceased, let it pop.
Then watch em drop.
Pushin a button, stoppin at nothin.
Before you fuck wit both those kids,
You betta think before you say somethin.
All up in your crib what?
Lookin for goods, scream sounds mothafuckas,
With them masks in the hoods, it aint good.
Remember that, all you suckas on the internet.
Thinkin its cool but we in to that.
Sittin in my room alone mad depressed.
Relieve the stress by stickin pencils in my chest.
God bless a bag of weed so I can get high.
And get back at you suckas and some music shit to
make your ears bleed.
Proceed to talk that shit, its all wack.
Im gonna get high and pay the whole world back.
Increase in disease!

Chorus

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