

Uncle "Solo Kill"

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[Mastamind]

Right now I bring the dead body funk,
I'm too fucked up off that acid rap shit keep your fuckin
blunt

What I'm a do is burn up the house, burn it down
NATAS in the house, Mastamind's out with that
likkuidrano sound

Should I break it down so you can see this, break it
down in pieces

Reel Life Product, rest in piece bitch

Born to raise a hell up and bring you this storm
The only hellraiser in the world is the Detroit born
Twenty one years of tears i'm thinking back
That I'm the finished product of the making of a
maniac

You see me on the next album letting my style run
I blaz4me like a gun devilish child number one,
East side of town is my burial ground,
But don't go looking and searching and seeking cause
I can't be found

Only the real recognize the real
In the dead of the night is when I begin my solo kill

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