

# Vakill, Worst Fears Confirmed

uh, V to the Izza  
Chicago, we on the map now  
A lot of new faces in the game  
Looks like it's about our time  
Some of y'all getting ahead of y'all selves  
Fronting like y'all kings  
I respect what y'all doing but  
I air all y'all the fuck out

From the eye(?) of the violent storm, darkest cloud on a funnel mission  
With slugs that travel through barrels with tunnel vision (whoa)  
Clips too extensive, spit too offensive  
From the Chi, love don't live here no more, rent too expensive  
Push weight in a sentence, tell them not to wait on my sentence  
Am I God's personally 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 resentments  
Look, let the drama come, I'm bent on having it  
The crowd don't move, whoever intends on grabbing it  
Is fighting off full blown AIDS with Flintstone tablets  
Whether niggas feel me or not, regardless (bow)  
Heartless (bow), spit in front of the hardest (crowd)  
If they start booing, I'm sticking fans Artest style  
Recognize bitch, the darkest cloud  
Motherfuckers, I'm back

Guess who's back in this bitch again, full term  
Yup, your worst fears confirmed  
You better learn  
The crowd don't move, wait your turn  
What else can I si-say?  
(V to the Izza)  
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More ray shitting(?), I'm an asshole with a built-in sniper lens  
Your top ten rappers top ten got no type of wins  
I've been nasty sense birth, fuck a jersey  
The hall of fame retired a couple of my shitty diapers then  
The truth is my(?) umbilical was chopped from the naval  
Darkest Cloud didn't go pop but I'm stable  
Never been dropped from my label  
I gauged my career to a fat bitch at a buffet and brought a lot to the table  
The game's less diverse  
So fuck peace until it left my curse  
And rookies claiming they the best since BIG's death, that's(?) worst  
Bitch please, you have yet to spit some shit that could fuck with a Left Eye verse  
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 bitches throwing me the pussy like they (? ... ?)

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I hold it down for my niggas that's spending they last days in the country  
And the bitches that's spending them work laced in the brownies  
For the niggas that's popped jest(?), I'm raising the bounty  
Til your brains on your moms with the shell casings around me  
That's real talk with real chalk on ya'  
Resting in a twin glock coma, the flow is glaucoma  
Who's seeing me now?  
Out emceein' me now  
I went in 106 shitting on the audience with AJ & Free in the crowd  
And I ain't no fucking mix tape fake thug  
You'd get AK slugs in that pussy shaped fake mug  
And it's alright to the show the late greats love  
But some of y'all riding dicks and don't know it like the date rape drug  
Catch me with your little niece on the couch  
Kick her out the house, no blouse, Caprise's on slouch(?)  
I ain't fuck, I just poked at her throat like a Capri Sun pouch  
Point blank: I'm a fucking problem, capiche? I'm out  
And there it is

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To whom it may concern, I'm  
(V to the Izza)