

# Ant Banks, Bay Area Massacre

It's the Bayside massacre  
The Bayside, on and on and on  
Say, it's the Bayside massacre  
The Bayside, on and on and on  
I was missing from my christening  
Chewing on my writing pen perusing the enlightenment  
To tighten nitwit game and brighten dim lit brains  
The rebirth, shit, I'm off the hook now  
You see dirt through these terse, you will get shook pal  
But look how children be on some other shit  
When the brother split, he coming back double grip  
Bubble fit bola up off that cola  
Yo, I done told ya his life is over  
Treachery is out to get with me, mental telepathy is saving me  
I wear it like a badge of bravery for safe haven see  
'Cause the grave in me calling me, but I ain't falling, G  
They come in walls of three, I let 'em all have heat  
I'm a let you know, check your testicles  
Bet you're skeptical, with the letting go and wet you slow  
And your ho, she gets some too, see your crew get run through  
For you to undo, is like a llama learning kung fu  
Drama's what I run you, mama's what you'll run to  
I'm a go on and dump you and make you something to slum to  
Chump you forgot to ask him, I got that platinum  
Jump you, I bag and burn him and bad ones learn from  
Desert tongues get stripped out, if you gonna jump ship shout  
You flipped out, then get clout, but that's not what this shit's 'bout  
You salting my name, halting my fame, faulting my game  
Nigga know I bring assault like the same  
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Say what  
Fuck you bitch, I fish to fuck you quick  
And what you get, is no props, I'm blowing up your whole block  
It don't stop, I'm on top of this going down  
Nigga peep Ron flow, the lawn mower's mowing now  
And nigga I'm about to cut your grass  
Smash the gas, hit the block, adjust the mask and bust your ass  
Fuck the past, focus on the present tense  
With president and no paraphernalia or evidence  
I'm heaven-sent but never repent so I won't make it back  
But if I go to hell and fuck it, I might as well take a strap  
As I bail through hell's deepest dungeon  
I plunge in the fire pit, to see if I die quick  
Or if I get resurrected and reincarnated  
And when motherfuckers look to check it, double R made it  
Rappin' Ron, sending busters to trapping John  
Blowing up so much shit niggas swore that I just got back from Nam  
Bombs drop when Ron cocks nine glocks  
And when the time's hot my nine pops non-stop  
So nigga why not bust a shot and leave fools dead  
'Cause fool I got chops and glocks in my tool shed  
Who said that you fled and Ron never stomped ya?  
Nigga, I'm a monster, you know Ron can conquer  
I'm the rawest flawless, Diddley Dog is the tallest  
And I'm the shortest but notice that I flow this  
You're bogus, you can't get me, hit me or fuck with me  
The shit be bumping, it's just me and Ant Diddley  
Dumping, pumping, swelling fools' heads like a pumpkin  
And my assumption is you'll be shorter than a munchkin  
The rhyme carrier, breaking the barrier and blasting ya  
And dogging you like a terrier on the bay area massacre

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Meet this gangsta nigga worser than Charles Manson  
AK in my motherfucking hand, I'm demanding  
Niggas who grab the mic and perpetrate this rap game, time to dust ya  
S N V soldier firm like they should've told ya, now it's slaughter  
Triple-6 thoughts got me caught up like Anita in the rapture  
When I capture, ain't no escaping you bastards  
Bow down to the devil taker, body bag zipper creep  
Made can't another nigga fade a  
Flow like I flow, east side O  
Homicidal face-to-face, do you like 'em detrimental?  
Flipping the script on my own shit  
Disrespecting, you going to feel 50 from this fucking clip, bitch  
Pray for holy water 'cause I gotcha on this Bay area massacre  
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I get around like a carousel  
So ain't no motherfucker similar, equal, or either parallel  
It's no equivalent, so nigga don't be ignorant  
But different, 'cause what the nigga meant was insignificant  
A ligament is what I'm finna breaking then I wake is what I hit 'em with  
I make the nigga shake then penetrate  
And yeah, I did the shit, for all you suckers and cluckers  
And motherfuckers causing ruckus and bustas who think they hustlers  
What's this world coming to? Crews is what I'm running through  
You're tumbling, blundering, wondering, what the fuck I done to you  
'Cause one or two, I'm coming through, three or four, we can throw  
But five six seven and eight, you gonna go to hell and wait  
Until I get there, shit yeah, then it's gonna be on  
Catch the homies home now he gone, if he would have only known  
I ain't to be fucked with, nigga I'm willing to buck shit  
Them niggas be rushing and bucking  
I still be ducking and fucking 'em up quick  
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Big fat dick out to you side busting, ho trusting ass  
Motherfuckers out there, you know what I'm saying?  
Us east bay niggas ain't trusting no hoes  
If all we trust a bitch we suck 1000 clapping dicks  
And swim through liquid shit  
A bitch ain't nothing but a sympathetic wreck  
All she fall to the toilet and break her motherfucking neck  
Bitch, back on up and recognize young Jock for the 95 or 96  
Coming dope for my nigga Ant Banks, you know what I'm sayin'?  
He ain't bullshitting with you motherfuckers out here  
115 Subrandy Park 'til I die, bitch