

# Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Shittalkaz

Yo this is serious shit right here  
Me and my boys, we don't f\*\*k around  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
So if you diss me  
My muthaf\*\*kin' people, or the niggas I roll with  
You know what?  
Y'all done f\*\*ked up  
Here go the shittalkin'  
You's a bitch ass hoe  
What you really know about killas for real though?  
Stainin' my freek show, gang of lunatics  
We the rebels for the dead  
F\*\*kin' with us you lose your muthaf\*\*kin' head  
And ya talkin' to your bitch ass hoes even a little  
Rather beat ya to shit, and pull the plug at the hospital  
Callin' me this, callin' me that  
Cause you's a bitch ass nigga from the jump I wanna slap  
With the old school beat down, 10 on 1  
I don't remember no fair fights where I'm from  
Maniac and I'ma stand right where the bloodstain is at  
Hopin' you come back, nigga f\*\*k that  
I'm the poster child of death  
I'ma keep swingin' my axe till nuthin's left  
I ain't havin' that so f\*\*k you bitch  
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit  
Man I don't give a f\*\*k how many records you sell  
Stories you tell, nigga check yourself  
And f\*\*k that bitch that you're with too  
When the shit go down, where the f\*\*k your crew?  
Probably at home bumpin' someone else  
When the shit went down they told you f\*\*k yourself  
Now you cryin' inside little thug still frontin'  
Thinkin' to yourself why the f\*\*k you say something  
Too many niggas wanna beat me up  
Steal my shit, slap my bitch  
I'm like f\*\*k this  
Now you know what it's like  
To deal with real killas that don't play, everyday  
Knockin' suckas out the box, who wanna get some?  
Seven video channels for my victims  
I ain't havin' that f\*\*k you bitch  
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit  
We the things that go bump in the night  
We ain't got no love for you, you need to get some shit right  
Bitch who you think you're f\*\*kin' with?  
We keep this shit like a track meet, we be runnin' it  
With the hatchet on the back  
While other bitches suckin' sour tits for air time and similac  
We say f\*\*k that, matter of fact  
You tainted our style bitch boy we want our shit back  
Don't get your head cracked you ain't tough  
And all them skills don't mean shit when you get f\*\*ked up  
So f\*\*k your set, and f\*\*k your crew  
And f\*\*k every muthaf\*\*ka around and down with you  
And you ain't puttin' nothin on the map  
Except for all this bullshit commercialized mainstream rap  
And I ain't havin' that f\*\*k you bitch  
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit  
Hoe ass hoes, we stomp those hoes  
How the f\*\*k you gonna step to Dark Carnival juggalos?  
Creators of the wicked, night breeders  
No little bitch faggots with blonde  
So anytime you see me in public  
You get a Faygo in your ass, and your jaws full of dick

You can keep your muthaf\*\*kin' TRL  
I stay with my army in the underground and stay real  
And burn down your little TV set  
String Carson up with razor wire wrapped around his neck  
Cause that's how we do all day  
Cross to the other side bitch you're gonna pay  
We stay on the dark side of the carnival grounds  
Twiztid, Blaze, and 2 wicked clowns  
Heads are finna get chopped off, and slit  
Bout to take it way beyond talkin' shit  
Hatchet don't count, hatchet ain't included  
Knowin' goddamn well we the champs undisputed  
We don't need your radios and MTV  
Sellin' million, sayin' what the f\*\*k we please  
\*\*\*\* who's coat you ridin' on?  
You gotta lick balls, and write him a song  
You got his dick buried so far up your ass  
It's hangin' out your mouth, but you like that  
And \*\*\*\* tried to warn ya  
And there you are receiving the dick in California  
While you gettin' f\*\*ked on the West coast  
I'm at home f\*\*kin' Kim \*\*\*\*  
F\*\*k all you faggot ass sell out hoes  
And f\*\*k anybody denying the juggalos  
Come to the underground and get bit  
Tell your boys I'ma hater and I'm talkin' helly shit!