

# Killer, The Reestablishment

I spit hazardous, verbally superior and immaculate...  
I've matched your wits and surpassed your average shit...  
This is the lyrical Parana, over turning your persona...  
With speeds like at Daytona, I'll piss in your Tropicana...  
Serve with a lemon, not depending on your current status...  
Neither your tactics, I still rip through a clowns apparatus...  
You can do the patch work, your bitch, you can handle it...  
Read the Manuscript, and get back at me with hollow tips...  
You bets to follow this, better yet swallow this, bottle this...  
Your lacking what's needed, like knowledge missed...

I'm that prick in your side, that disease that kills the nicest...  
I'ma Toxic air born virus, been gettin people since the use of papyrus...  
I overload feather weight haters, give them a reason to cry...  
I'm a heathen I lie, are you not believing? then try...  
And end up in history a memory, give me greets to Allah...  
A society with a Killer is awkward, we need retards...  
And niggas that smile a lot, hate on the low and plot...  
And dealing with regards glocks, I've palmed a lot...  
Disarmed a block and left niggas rotten in the parking lots.