

# Non Phixion, Farragut Road

It's B.K. kids, count the D.O.A. enforcers  
When mauve goose come off with G's runnin the horses  
It's only right I come rhythm and weapons  
Ghetto slime and Stetsons, militant like Waco, Texas  
Section shot apart from rhymes that are gun-smart  
And PJ sparks like a swing cloth, with metal off  
Cock D and drug pump like the mescaline  
To my left, is the drug version of Billy Madison  
Rocks with sling, women diets like Mabel King  
It's a Medina thing, fat knots or chicken wings  
Eat my ass if you want somethin  
Fuck the frontin, cause goons own lyrics like David Ruffin  
Welfare since birth, speak earth  
Morbid tales bout cats in jail, hangin rap kings with rusty nails  
Five bloods, one trash, fallouts and ghetto war  
Peace to PJ's, Adrian Brothers, take the board