

Vakill, Monstaz Ink

My name is legendary on all blocks, spitting fireball rocks
Before they call pops had bodies in walls and crawl spots
Hammers is all cocked
So many Makaveli mini-me's in the game it's a fucking outbreak of small pox/pacs
And beef is when everybody is not breathing
so body me not even
Everybody is holding and probably not squeezing
And last year niggaz albums did more flopping then a Vlade Divac season
Shit I'm warning them flinch and the itching trigger finger is gon start forming a clench
And you come that hot lead storm and you drenched
My flow as fury as the scorn of a bitch
And you hot niggaz ain't keeping shit warm but the bench
I'm a beast in bed, check my dick head for triple sixes
I'll hit a fat ass from the back until it ripples vicious
Give titty nipples stitches
I'm a pimp, pussy fall in my lap like a strip club full of clumsy crippled bitches

They say death comes in threes, but fuck it I'm feeling a fourth nut
Ejaculation until my scrotum shrivels and dwarfs up
From getting brain and poo-nani from two mami's
I'm tsunami with the spitting, you cartoon as niggaz is Toonami
Y'all faggots wish the champs lose but that ain't chips on y'all shoulders, switch your shampoos
Your cosigning gangsta shit you cant prove
The hood wont take ya
Y'all print model spitting, got no flow but the shit looks good on paper
Spit bars that will knock out whole alliances
Out cold, y'all about the be outsold and client-less
Mouths closed in silence
This fear will smoke y'all asses faster than DMX's household appliances
You got no money and mo problems you backwards Frank White
I shit on who you thinks nice for 'fore the eyes of the Lord can blink twice
Ain't a belt long enough to spank Christ
And ain't shit sweet bitch, only suge' in my tanks knight

Niggaz asking 'When is Va gon bling?'
Or 'When is Vakill gon establish himself as Chicago's king?'
Im dreaming bout a 10 Million a year gun cargo ring
And the crown dont move, it goes where I go... scene
For decades hip hop been misusing the goal
Now that bitch about to tear up and some tissues fin' to blow
Who got issues with the flow?
You in XXL 'Step Yo Rap Game Up' section 12 issues in a row
Matter of time til my shit classic soon
Am I nice, how can you ask it spit burns acid wounds
And run cemeteries outta casket room, yall gassed with fumes
Alcohol to melt a chrome nine to a plastic spoon
Its simple I'm flyest, spit on graves to rekindle a fire
And funeral directors is assembling choirs
No flows resemble Messiah's
Niggaz do not want it til a vest with a Superman symbols acquired, prior