

Phobia, Its A Craze

ight lets go stubob

yous a hoe muvafuka
speakin all drama but dont blow muhfukaz
only dem dicks, wedged between ya lip and tonsils
repercussions from the vandals, i eat the beef 'cause it is maditory you cant ignore me
if you do yous sum ignorant fluke
giv you rights to regurgutate seein me makes you puke
what the f**ks all the rhymin about
you in the game suttin like wheres wally, we cant see ya when you out
spot dat bitch a mile away, with the doo rag, the chewed bag
the fake hustlers dream, sell a few rocks but mostly fiend
i do rap, the consequence its true dat
i spit what i knew dat, you not dat crew dat ya wanna be
man on me den its gotta be man down
your entertainment, is my erainment yous the clown
back at the basement, i got men to hand out dem facelifts
get ya face split 'cause i am not time wasting
just face it, co operations had its day now the games full of rappers gay rappers
actors mostly being fake
gimme the cake, light the candles and im lickin cream
next year ambitionz is more focused with the same old team
too many germs infectin by a thread i threat wiv listerine
kiss the game goodbye im in that same old liquid green
thermo, you want war ya turds tho
shit ya out and flush, ya cant trust me if i think yous a lil bit pussy
trust me, ill drop a gem on all of dese punks
comin back with sum immaculate factual plan of action duck!!

see us we on that ghetto vibes, stomach us
i know its hard when ya hate overpowers the love so just lust
you will never be, lethal like me
i strip ya crew down, leave dem in they birthday suites how bowt you know
your whole click is ridiculous, most dem bois hating you
to cop at me you gunna need the swat team at the back of you

its a craze when we step on the pave ment
your face flushed, get dat beat down if ya dont got dat pay ment
we the livest, you cant deny, you cant hide it
we smile in the face of death face of death we bias

yeye

its a craze motherf**kers, when we on road,
we keep shit locked tight and expose you hoes,
depending on the circumstances, we make the nervous dance,
rumour has it, u a bitch with a dirty habit,
u stuck togetha, summit like romantic,
you all birds of the same feather,
keepin tight like an astmatic,
my flows are hotter than heat, and urs are cold as the atlantic,
its like u a fiend for fear , summit like a crack addict,
im like the shadow of death, i'l follow ya steps,
dont be holdin ya breath pussy, mans upto there necks,
in all sortsa shit blood, 6 feet is the depth,