

Mr. Lil One, Dead

(Mr. Lil One)

Jack 'The Ripper', strippin mothaf**kas for their egos
Peace to all the bald heads, mobbn in their regals
Need no mothaf**ka to be tellin me I'm sick!
I feel it everyday with every f**kin word I say
I paid my respects to the dead that be cursed
Oh what you disagree, it's murder in the first
It's hurts to be livin, though I give it all I got
Wanna see me shot, but I guess they never thought
I'ma a genius, we don't get along
Everytime we bump, when we dumpin on a song
Feenin for my shit, my wisdom in my word
Lil's new shit is the bomb, ya heard
Heard about the heat, I've been bringin to the beat
I bet that you've been hatin, wishin it never hit the street
Eat a dick, lick nuts, suck balls and take that
It's wicked ol' Lil, I bet you hate that

(Chorus: Mr. Lil One)

Mothaf**kas talk shit and they always wanna creep
Remember mothaf**ka you be talkin in your sleep
It's Mr. Lil One and I brought my homie Young
Stop, to the death leavin mothaf**kas dead

(2x)

(Youngstah)

Now I'm creepin through a war zone, in every single block
I'm hearin gun shots and it's all a murder plot
They're tryin to take me for my life, this Sicko can't be nothin
nice
I got my finger on the trigger, ain't no time for thinkin twice
Now I'm dumpin out the clip and yo I'm aimin for the dome
And I'm ready to make the cemetery your home
You can bring who you want, but you're f**kin wit the baddest
It's the Lil and the Youngstah, leave em R.I.P. status
We be steppin and collectin all them bodies talkin shit
Now it's time to lead aggression with a f**kin Smith and Wesson
When I'm f**kin wit the sickest it's a deadly combination
2 trigger happy gangstas with no clue or hesitation
I'ma do my evil dirt and I'ma put in on my work
All the way to the death from the mothaf**kin birth
I'ma snatch your f**kin life and I'ma show you what it's worth
A 6 foot hole in a pile of dirt

(Chorus)