

Welcome 2 Hell (Prod. by Havoc)

Bad Meets Evil

Yeah, told you we'd be back
Welcome to hell There's a switch, I flip, I spit emotions cut off
So cold I'll roast my butt off
And it ain't even anticipating the tip of the
Ice burg in the middle of the ocean yet so fuck off
Other words I didn't put a dent in a can
Compared to the damage I've yet to do Long as you still have feelings to hurt
I'll be around as long as you let me get to you
Long as I got two balls to palm
I'll be the bomb, you're just a false alarm Get scared little piss ants
And see if I don't come along and stop your farm
Thunder and lightning, rain, hail
Sleet with a tornado's the kind of brainstorm I get
So when the wind starts blowing, shit, talking about goin' in?
Goin' insane's more like it Wizard of words when he he spits hazardous with it
Like a disastrous blizzard
So you better listen quick fast don't miss it
Yeah go ahead little prick bastard, diss it But when you get hit with a sick ass explicit flow
Don't ask how much of his passion is it that goes
Just know, that all he knows is this
It's better to kick ass than kiss it Dick dastardly of audacity mental capacity
Unmatched it has to be stopped
But it can't be, but man I can't just keep doing them like that
Or no one will rap with me
'Cept one, you asked who is it? Guess who just came through to blast you bitches
With the ratchet, the book of Mathew, a book of matches
Lighting 'em under white linen You about to have to admit it
They pass you the mic, asked you to spit it
You got handed your own ass, your ass in your own hands
I'm sure they gonna laugh when you go into the bathroom with it
Now with what would you come against us?
Better be something with a big foot pedigree Easily these are the reasons that we need to be in your prayers
Each region breed some emcees that wanna be,
Which means they wanna breath our air
With these ideas, anybody thinkin' that the game don't need
The bad and the evil regime
That's like saying that bad boy
Piston team didn't need Isaiah Sip piss and bleed,
This is a different breed of emcees, I swear

Better be aware, there's too much at stake,
 And to find someone this raw on a beat is rare
 You can kiss my ass
 And the shit stains on my underwear that I don't even wear This gotta be no fair
 This like hittin' the lottery, oh yeah
 Who you know hotter? there gotta be no pair
 Shotty that I got a lobotomy, your hair
 Classic, smack it, smother it
 Read it and weep and perhaps you'll have no rebuttal in'
 In fact, you seein' me in this rap
 Is like saying tila tequila can sing like Jasmin Sullivan Back to bash her skull again
 Push a bitch out the Aston until I get the fuck outta dodge
 Shouldn't have to explain my metaphors?
 You has been's are dumber than
 Color books that ain't colored in Second and third, fourth wind, gotta another win
 Here they come again, none other than, bad and evil
 Also known as Sadam and Osama Bin It's been a long time,
 But I bet neither one of us have felt as sick as we do right now
 And we only get iller with time,
 Me and nickel fucking shit up on the grounds
 Tellin' us to pipe down
 It's like talking to a meth head Bruce Willis on his death bed
 Last breath with an infection
 Fightin' it while he's watching internet porn
 About to meet his death with an erection
 My god, what I mean is
 David Carridine jacking his penis in front of his tripod
 Choking his own neck, what part you don't get?
 I'm saying I die hard When you listen to my bars, nothin' but the fire
 Comin' out your iPod, we come up in a place
 Chicks heads start spinning like motherfuckin' white walls Got your mother suckin' my balls while we fuck each
 other
 Punch each other in the eyeballs
 And I never say I'm sorry, the five nine and the Fire Marshall
 We spit with an intensity to shut shit down in the industry
 Two different entities, with a propensity to put these nuts
 Inside of your fucking mouth

Songwriters

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