

# Brain Surgery

## Sage Tyrtle

[Mastamind]Uh Uh, Oh, Whassup  
It came to this now huh?  
We gotta cut mothafuckas like this now right?  
Uh uh, what? what? hey yo hey yo hey yo  
[Mastamind]Everytime I come around niggaz look at me up and down  
What the fuck now? Do I gotta get buckwild?  
My stress is at its all time high  
I'm just not impressed, with softies actin hard I gives a fuck less  
Do I gotta open his head up somethin surgical  
Take em vertical, never tatum while the verse is full  
Oh no! We gotta bleeda, bitch meet the reaper  
The devil ain't got no love for you, me neither  
You don't want a nigga like me to see ya, keep a heata  
The way my demons want you dead wouldn't wanna be ya  
Joke's up, the G loc's up, so what shut up  
We gon' see how tough you be when we roll up  
Talkin more shit that a critic would til we visit his hood  
  
Break his limbs chop him down, split his wood  
Time out, get him out the game anyway  
Fuck what anybody say, I can live with the fame  
I came to master the game and dish out pain  
You can't weather the storm get out the rain  
All my killaz chant, die die  
Dat all my killaz in the van, bout the murda ride  
And strive, when we collide ya better be somewhere inside  
Keep screamin fo yo life can't look a demon in the eye  
[Esham]You, you, you too light in the ass to try to step in the ring with a heavy weight  
I'm bout to kill you, I give you a shot at the title but you must be suicidal  
Who's ya idol punk? Who's ya idol? You wanna piece a this?  
You can't handle this scandalous shit  
Brain surgery you better murder me I need some therapy  
For those who never hearda me you need a lombotomy  
Gotta be in ya head like purgery, purgatory  
Concocted the evil rhyme inside the laboratory

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