Taking Off

clipping.

Ski mask on with a burner cell phone
Desert Eagle 50 cal. imprint on the backbone
This one is not to be tested
Unless you got Smith and Wesson
Quick at your disposal if not
Better to head back home
This is the business the uniform isn't unusual if you make killing a job
Money is good when it's coming from behind prison walls for someone who need to get off
Plus it'll probably be the nine to five and there is time to be outside instead of sitting at a desk and making calls
And for anyone to stay alive up in the jungle you should probably figure out a way to carry no remorse at all
All day long it is bombs over Baghdad
Right in the backyard no service no draft
No reason to go out
But it's no reason to stay in
When the roaches are all raiding
And your neighbours bumping Black Flag
Tired of living like this but not ready to die
Cause he isn't notorious yet
Everyone wants to be somebody know for doing something people call glorious, yes
So he keep it pushing through the blood and the gunning down of all the people that he knew and loved to just run out of time
And the mantra that is bumping on the Walkman in the pocket probably something that's synonymous to money on the mindIt's action
No time for your planning
The lifespan like this fuse is too short
That rocket is taking off
Taking off, taking off, it's taking off
Party in the sky
Thug mansion was real as it turns out
These gangstas ride rockets
They taking off, taking off, taking off, they taking offWhat is in the mind of a motherfucking killer when he chillin' on the porch with his daughter in his lap, peace
That man just doing his job fam
No demons for the damn mean
And if they live in hell
They can't bring it to you, you see?
What's a goon to a goblin?
Essentially, living in the ghetto cause the rent is cheap
And the cost of living is the life you living

And the life you living is the nicest giving
That you ice the living
That they cry for more of that good poison
That hood oil
That cash cow need cash now
Just add water and back off of what momma taught ya
Parents just don't understand, apparently always talking to Jesus, please
The only God here is the Jesus piece they rocking like hipsters rock Jeezy tees, ironic
Don't you think? Or don't you think about it?
Stop all the thinking, instincts is how you kill a giant
They might stocking up rubbers and robbing prisons for taxes
Death and that shit
Everyone trying to be the king of this landfill
Probably get just a hill of bodies, you stand still, you cancelled
So no settling down, they hit the pedal
The pen, and then pawn your metal
You're drowning in exhaustion
And lost in the smoke is a chokin'
And unspoken, and human urge, and unprovoked
It is all good with professional posture
The thought stirs and murders the motherfucker quicker than notIt's action
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They taking off, taking off, taking off, they taking offMeet up in the parking lot
Taking off, sparking up
Do that shit again
Meet up in the parking lot
Taking off, sparking up
Pass it to a friend
Got the spaceship in the parking lot
Spark a lot
Take it off
Do that shit again
Always chill up in the parking lot
When the block it hot
Taking off, yaGet fly baby, they die regular
Don't want to just deteriorate on a cellular level
The devil is a meddling motherfucker
That [?] for all these fucking guns
You can bust into uncles and nieces and cousins going to war

Blowing the score
Pedalling pedals for more guns than a Scorsese blockbuster
Bust the block, show stop
Mustard to mayonnaise
Make the cars hop scotch
Soda, pop, cap
Doesn't [?] a pound of who can rap
And a pound of who can ball
And the rest of ya'll
Welcome to the trap get ready for war
Welcome to the hood go and cover your head
For the patron saint Treyvon and bring out your dead
Ring the alarm under the sound is drowning
And the beat it banging so hard that you can't get a shout inIt's action
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