Social Studies

Idaho

By: bizzy bone

From: heaven'z movieI don't spread no strong message of violence nobody silence me quiet gun shots start riots so do children fry them little boys don't try it kill'em don't put it on crossroads put it on your lost

S and fuck the world those little girls in jonesboro died all alone down in arkansas woods little mitchell strapped up with ammo do they know really what he's thinkin and the plan is plotted out

And morbid be gang bangers hang on corners smokin perfecto's and I often search for profit but I ain't killed nobody stop it put it on petro 7th sign voted for deathrow and the death note read b

E baby debbie tell me did he die crazy baby let's go to the parents to the preacher to the pastor and I ain't no marilyn manson I'm a rapper thugologist in the rapture I wouldn't chance it I got

Dren myself and I watch their well being demons seep under me breathin see me help me and I ain't dreamin and I ain't dreamin and I ain't dreamin.[chorus]I stand in front of the congress with these runaway slaves of justice blame it on bone thug music and abusive fo' fathers don't touch it when I was twelve I slept in buckets reminisce juvy back

Lumbus in cleveland I'm poppin these niggas at 14 and I loved it adrenaline rush for the get back gang war 99th niggas fred ward americas most wanted I'm haunted by sinister niggas that paid for

Mr. mitchell johnson you's a grown man with no soul fry him at 15 years old and heaven will rain down and unload fold with the murder mo murder mo the devil will hear you moan heard him go heard

Go little mitchell dead and gone from the mob boss bb gambini nina ross in the crossroads die off little demon off those and assistant distant fry but they was kids right nigga these boyz is kil

Hat'll split you wig and of course they should die as if they were muthafuckin big you dig.[chorus]I don't blame the babies it's the lawyers but I'm royal legally unfoil little mitchell listenin to this serpent uncoil pay attention boy 'member and eye for an eye go on and kill and you soon wi

E give up the ghost give up the ghost fry fry these are the signs of the times passin us by suspected of felony keep tellin me they wanted me dead or alive heaven will move me right fo sho movin

Eaven'z movie literal ku ku kids in the burbs shootin for the youth for the world is so absurd blurry o critical thoughts of my fury with tongues of double edge swords surely have faith in God b

M worried lookin at the lions in the crossroads hit 'em up with my crossbow glory to jesus I love my mob break 'em off dawg lethally injected he's just a kid aw he should die like he's muthafuck

G can you dig.....[chorus]

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