Visions

Twisted Insane

[Intro]
You know many times I've had
Visions of my own death,
I mean I been actually seeing
Visions of what it could be like
It makes you wonder, have you done everything you really want to do in life?[Verse 1]
Many visions of my death, I have visions for dimentia
No repentin for the murder I committed with the
Murder all up in your face, might I catch another case
If I kill him when I hit him with the pistol whipper
Niggas step into the realm, you would think I was from Elm, just because the way I hit you with the Fred Kru
With the less shoot I will rip the niggas stomach if they want it I will run up with the gun up like I'm Lex Luthor
Hoppin and runnin on the track I'm like I'm Mike Tyson, chewin a motherfucka's lungs like an old lycan
Poppin the funs, sparkin the gun, hoppin and jumpin up over the ones who wanna become affiliated with the good life
What's the next step when you vision your death? Do you run from accepting your sentence?
If they sent a fella that wreckeded my helmet, Blood I will come back with the vengeance
I can feel him getting closer, I can feel him on my shoulder, coming over as I walk into the dark room
Voodoo rituals doing residuals drinking 150 150 fill him with hollow tips and harpoons
Never the less, I was impressed, by the way that nigga stood up in my space with the face of a demon
All I heard was a pop, never knew that I was shot, did my body even drop? Am I bleeding?
Little nigga always woofin like he wanna be, talkin this and that about what he is gonna be, do it to me when he beat me like a nigga was a G but I already know that he is just a wannabe
From the front about to watch it what I'm gonna be niggas be trippin when I feel a difference with this time
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up with strychnine.[Chorus]
I might get caught up in riddle, I might get caught up in riddle, I might get, I might get, I I I might get caught up in riddle[Verse 2]
To a stinkin nigga moving with the ticker from the wicked I proceed to eat them bitches like an animal
I can hear a nigga creepin so I'm thinkin grab the heat and hacking off his feet and eat him like an antelope
Or maybe he will come up in the door and do a nigga, you never know how many people wanna shoot a nigga,
Maybe imma kill him, but the next week, his homies come deep and put chka chka through a nigga
In the bath with a bloody mask in the casket forget what happened tonight
Hmmm, put his ass in a hefty bag, poured the gas, and I got a match and a light
Hmmm, nigga thought I was just rapping till I got up and attacked him with a machete and hatchet then I
Stretch him like elastic fuck an open casket put him in a basket when I'm laughing with a twinkling eye
Chopped him into pieces, and covered him in feces but Jesus I'm sicker than diseases
I can it feel like I got telekinesis I got from my aunties, and uncles, and nieces
Give my greetings to Jesus, you finna meet him, that's when I reached for the four five
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up with strychnine.

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