

Invincible

Chris Wallace

Scarface the criminal
Hardcore invincible
Scarface, invincible
The hardcore criminal
Never lettin' nothin' stand in the way of me ridin'
Animal instinct intentions whenever we grindin'
We criminally minded, I'll squeeze ya blindly
Body parts deteriorated when they find ya
Here's your death certificate, might as well sign it
The ending, I'm the reaper, why you hiding?
I'm violent, I strike with the force of a bomb
And right when you least expect it I come
Uh, I know you see the fire in my eyes
Uh, I know you see the fire in my eyes
Uh, I know you see the fire in my eyes
The hunger, the hate, I'm trapped inside, now die
Everybody in here gotta die
Ain't nobody in here escapin' my nine
Ain't no sense in hidin', you wasting my time
Bitch, I gotta handle, I came to get mine
Believe if you don't leave no witness's, no crime
Welcome to the part of the sun that don't shine
Scarface, invincible
Hardcore criminal
Scarface, invincible
The hardcore criminal
Welcome to the day of futures AK
The place where you get caught for shit, you get sprayed
Where hoes got dicks and niggas is bitch made
Takin' penitentiary chance to get paid
Children gettin' suspended for totin' switch blades
Others brutally murdered before the 6th grade
6 million ways to murder 2face
I prefer the method of usin' a 12 gauge
And blades crack open your rib cage, shawty
High off of wantin' this weed and black mildly
The hardcore followin' is raisin' dead bodies
Murder INC in the muthafucka like IRV Gotti
And livin' hot as we ride, look into my bloodshot eyes

To visualize the blood red skies
It's the border where the live dead die
A brief moment in time and the sun don't shine, bottom line
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In the event that you comin' with static, I play the map
Comin', comin' at you with M11's and automatic
I'm worse than the mentally ill, a bad habit
Over killin' my victims, just to get to see they casket
Raised, raised like a machine, you suckas get blasted
The hardcore serial killin', I done mastered
The church of the criminally sick, I'm the pastor
My dad used to beat up my mom, I'm a bastard
Now ask her, how does it feel to be a smasher
Me plus me with a strap, that's disaster
For anybody protectin' the shit that I'm after
Empty wishes don't be takin' you out, I'ma have to
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