Hollowpoint

Ubiquitous Synergy Seeker

(Two seperate worlds, opposites, yet alike in so many many ways. Both these worlds are engaged in an eternal war with each other. The war of good vs evil, which is which you decide. Only one thing will outlast both armies, only one thing will survive in the end. And that special magical little item, is that of which we call the hollow tipped bullet)
Sit back and let me take you into the mind of a killa
Dark carnival, psychopathic wig splitta (anybody!)
Mood changes, time to rearrange
So love a dinosaur that you can't tame
I bring pain, what you think I'm playing a game
Detroit is my home, Eastside's what I claim
Fuck a balla, I represent the 313
With Tek 9's and green trees, it's a luxury
This how it is and I ain't changing for shit
Fuck the earth, mean mugging, waiting for someone to trip
I'm sick and tired of fucking waiting for you wanna be
Thugs to quit, that's why I keep it underground
And drop the killa shit, for juggalos that keep it real non-stop
Keep away from juggahos till I load up my glock
Cause in Detroit we got mothafucking problems
And all the gunplay that you hear is my homies trying to solve them
(Chorus)
You can't tell me anything, hollow points control the game
I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same
You can't tell me anything, hollow points control the game
I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same
I gotta brand new Tek, that I'm dieing to use
Play games with this killa and your destined to lose
Mental stress, keeping me alive
Sniffing lines of gunpowder to start off the night
Curbside gangbanging with some mark ass bitches
Gunsmoke from bullet holes leaves you dead in the ditches
I'm just an average individual, street slanging convict
Pocket full of bullets, ready to use them up quick
You ask my name (ABK!), you know the game ain't changed
Labeled as a killa, busting caps all the same
As any other mothafucka with a piece, and a little bit of attitude
Running through the streets, acting rude
So hate if you want to, but I'ma keep my focus
And continue with the magic that I practiced with the Lotus (LOTUS!)

Psychopathic, and I'm down for life, and anyone who dissagree
Let these hollow points change ya mind!
(Chorus)
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I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same
You can't tell me anything, hollow points control the game
I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same
I feel the urge to murder, theres no need to cure me
Seven lives, under the light, at night, I'm filled with fury
Is it true that the people who you hang with, rub off?
Is that why me and Violent J love cutting bitches heads off?
Imagine everytime you woke up, you was getting choked up
And had to grab a shank and slit a throat up
The types of shit most people call unreal
But its the thing that makes you feel, the way to deal, is just to kill
Crazy, ballistic, cause my head is a train
With the empty fucking wallet so there's so much to gain
If I appeal to you, do you think I keep it real with you?
Turn my back and let my hollow points drill into you
What type of person do you think that I am?
Because we had a conversation and afterwards we shook hands (How ya doing? What's up?)
Don't get it in your head that I would never hurt you
Cause the ones that getting shot are the ones that deserve to
(Chorus)
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