ShitTalkaz

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Yo this is serious shit right here
Me and my boys, we don't fuck around
You know what I'm sayin'?
So if you diss me
My muthafuckin' people, or the niggas I roll with
You know what?
Y'all done fucked up
Here go the shittalkin'
You's a bitch ass hoe
What you really know about killas for real though?
Stainin' my freek show, gang of lunatics
We the rebels for the dead
Fuckin' with us you lose your muthafuckin' head
And ya talkin' to your bitch ass hoes even a little
Rather beat ya to shit, and pull the plug at the hospital
Callin' me this, callin' me that
Cause you's a bitch ass nigga from the jump I wanna slap
With the old school beat down, 10 on 1
I don't remember no fair fights where I'm from
Maniac and I'ma stand right where the bloodstain is at
Hopin' you come back, nigga fuck that
I'm the poster child of death
I'ma keep swingin' my axe till nuthin's left
I ain't havin' that so fuck you bitch
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit
Man I don't give a fuck how many records you sell
Stories you tell, nigga check yourself
And fuck that bitch that you're with too
When the shit go down, where the fuck your crew?
Probably at home bumpin' someone else
When the shit went down they told you fuck yourself
Now you cryin' inside little thug still frontin'
Thinkin' to yourself why the fuck you say something
Too many niggas wanna beat me up
Steal my shit, slap my bitch
I'm like fuck this
Now you know what it's like
To deal with real killas that don't play, everyday
Knockin' suckas out the box, who wanna get some?

Seven video channels for my victims
I ain't havin' that fuck you bitch
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit
We the things that go bump in the night
We ain't got no love for you, you need to get some shit right
Bitch who you think you're fuckin' with?
We keep this shit like a track meet, we be runnin' it
With the hatchet on the back
While other bitches suckin' sour tits for air time and similac
We say fuck that, matter of fact
You tainted our style bitch boy we want our shit back
Don't get your head cracked you ain't tough
And all them skills don't mean shit when you get fucked up
So fuck your set, and fuck your crew
And fuck every muthafucka around and down with you
And you ain't puttin' nothin on the map
Except for all this bullshit commercialized mainstream rap
And I ain't havin' that fuck you bitch
Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit
Hoe ass hoes, we stomp those hoes
How the fuck you gonna step to Dark Carnival juggalos?
Creators of the wicked, night breeders
No little bitch faggots with blonde
So anytime you see me in public
You get a Faygo in your ass, and your jaws full of dick
You can keep your muthafuckin' TRL
I stay with my army in the underground and stay real
And burn down your little TV set
String Carson up with razor wire wrapped around his neck
Cause that's how we do all day
Cross to the other side bitch you're gonna pay
We stay on the dark side of the carnival grounds
Twiztid, Blaze, and 2 wicked clowns
Heads are finna get chopped off, and slit
Bout to take it way beyond talkin' shit
Hatchet don't count, hatchet ain't included
Knowin' goddamn well we the champs undisputed
We don't need your radios and MTV
Sellin' million, sayin' what the fuck we please
**** who's coat you ridin' on?
You gotta lick balls, and write him a song
You got his dick buried so far up your ass
It's hangin' out your mouth, but you like that
And **** tried to warn ya
And there you are receiving the dick in California

While you gettin' fucked on the West coast
I'm at home fuckin' Kim ****
Fuck all you faggot ass sell out hoes
And fuck anybody denying the juggalos
Come to the underground and get bit
Tell your boys I'ma hater and I'm talkin' helly shit!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/