

# Brain Surgery (feat. Mastamind & Shoestring)

Esham

[Mastamind]

Uh Uh, Oh, Whassup

It came to this now huh?

We gotta cut mothafuckas like this now right?

Uh uh, what? what? hey yo hey yo hey yo[Mastamind]

Everytime I come around niggaz look at me up and down

What the fuck now? Do I gotta get buckwild?

My stress is at its all time high

I'm just not impressed, with softies actin hard I gives a fuck less

Do I gotta open his head up somethin surgical

Take em vertical, never tatum while the verse is full

Oh no! We gotta bleeda, bitch meet the reaper

The devil ain't got no love for you, me neither

You don't want a nigga like me to see ya, keep a heata

The way my demons want you dead wouldn't wanna be ya

Joke's up, the G loc's up, so what shut up

We gon' see how tough you be when we roll up

Talkin more shit that a critic would til we visit his hood

Break his limbs chop him down, split his wood

Time out, get him out the game anyway

Fuck what anybody say, I can live with the fame

I came to master the game and dish out pain

You can't weather the storm get out the rain

All my killaz chant, die die

Dat all my killaz in the van, bout the murda ride

And strive, when we collide ya better be somewhere inside

Keep screamin fo yo life can't look a demon in the eye[Esham]

You, you, you too light in the ass to try to step in the ring with a heavy weight

I'm bout to kill you, I give you a shot at the title but you must be suicidal

Who's ya idol punk? Who's ya idol? You wanna piece a this?

You can't handle this scandalous shit

Brain surgery you better murder me I need some therapy

For those who never hearda me you need a lombotomy

Gotta be in ya head like purgery, purgatory

Concocted the evil rhyme inside the laboratory

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