Ism

Lord Infamous

[Mac Montese]
A Chrome Sounds production,
Whattup Sounds!

[Lord Infamous]
The shit,
I spit,
Is hard as penetentiary dick,
And umma go up in you deep, with this club house click,
And umma give it to you raw here full of this ism,
This pure cut, gangsta shit, pimpinous ism,] x2

Scarecrow horrific,
Bloody Pacific,
Twisted,
Bounthy hunter,
Collecting the brains of the enemy crossing the path of this ravenous monster,
I'm spittin' the souls and I'll be the defender, I'm clapping that lightning and thunder,
And you cannot deal with the lethal injection, my dogs is just putting ya under,
This filthy assasin,
Will come and I'll blast it,
And dump you in casket,
And wrap you in plastic,
When poppin' the plastic yo brain disappear, like it was fuckin' magic,
Wehn squeezing the trigger my finger locked on that vicious like a fuckin' pit,
Lord Infamous and Black Rain in this bitch,
... With the Club House Click,
Infamous kiddin',
I'll rip a trick nigga,
From his fuckin' ass to his appetite,
Destroy ya name like a boa constictor circulate cut off a light,
Bitch you best get on some act right,
Cause the Lord Infamous I'm ??????,
Once I get up with you guaranteed... shit goin' get restrained,

[Hook] x2

[Mac Montese]
This nigga's deranged,
And they say that,

I'm breakin',
Off lemon-lime,
Something that,
Hit you like acid rain,
Dead in yo brain,
And it's simple and plain,
You can't fuck with my slang,
And these bitches I stang,
... Never allow,
You goin' die,
If you try,
When you thought you done slide,
But the plot in my homicide,
Making yo momma cry,
Killa straight from down side,
Don't I be flowing, you bitches can't lie,
Now I'm crizeepin',
And peepin',
Not sleepin',
And keepin',
That thang on my hip,
Don't you trip,
Slippin',
The clip,
In my gun,
And I'm buck,
Then you bitches straight down,
To the ground,
Leave yo bodies numb,
Easily creepin',
And sneakin',
We deep in,
The click,
And we stickin',
A trick,
With the flick,
Of a switch,
And you bitches that trip,
Trip... I dumps yo body in a ditch,
Pharoah play case,
With no trace,
Of the chase,
While I'm duckin' and dodgin' these bullets aim for my face,
Down umma flee,
Like a leaf,

From a tree,
While I'm fuckin' on bitches and servin' these fiends,
Packin',
Not lackin',
And jackin',
These niggas,
That really ain't hard but they front with the triggas,
However you figure,
You bigger,
Than us,
... This Club House Click leave you in dust,

[Lord Infamous]
[Hook] x2

I'll put yo head on the choppin' block,
Fuckin' with my guap,
Gotta be a kush crop,
And a pint of yellow snot,
Don't get got,
On ya top,
Put a doo-hickie knot,
Get hard... how hard? till I purple flip-flop,
See the metal my protection when this pistol get cocked,
Clack or shank ya destiny... Infamous stickin' 'em on the spot,
You don't want no ???, get laid, get high,
I don't do no pistol playing, I give yo punk ass a shot,
I don't tote no small shit, I got some shit that shoot a lot,
Like my nigga Spice 1, umma pop-a-pop-a-pop,
Betcha some... one will help ya once somebody call the cops,
Leave you beat down and bloody in Lord's butcher shop,

[Hook] x2

WHOO!
DJ Sounds you sick with this one boy,
T-Bo in this mothafucka, man umma tell you future super producers nigga,
Yeah, Mac Montese... II Tone gangsta,
Lord Infamous nigga... Black Rain... Club House Click... mothafucka,

(Lord Infamous & Black,
Lord- Lord Infamous & Black Rain in,
Lord Infamous & Black Rain in this bitch... with the Club House Click) x4

Lyrics submitted by Edwin.

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