# The Cipher

## X-Ecutioners

Call Me Dracula cause all i do is count chips
ya money minnie I aint talkin bout the mouse trick
These girls runnin like i jus threw da bouquet
They know I'm Headed to the top like a 2pay
Now all the bums is wonderin where I beez at
If you aint a BARBIE its none of ya freakin beezwax!
These little rappers I could see dem in my dash cam
I know they grouchy like oscar up out the trash can

I'm on stage you can sit the crowd
I be up in leer jets make a left at the cloud *Ha-Ha*
I Think she need the heimlic she the chokin kind
She gets no burn no smokin sign *cheaa*
Metaphor heaven
So they approve Nicki like my credit score seven
Mac'n'cheese Stix , Fried Chicken, The Guts
And Im killin dese bxtchez mike vickin it UP!!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/