

Visions

Twisted Insane

You know many times I've had
Visions of my own death
I mean I can actually see in
Visions of what it could be like you know?
It makes you wonder, have you done everything you really want to do in life? Many visions of
my death, I have visions for dementia
No repentin for the murder I committed with the
Burner all up in your face, might I catch another case
If I kill him when I hit him with the pistol whipper
Niggas step into the realm
You would think I was from Elm
Just because the way I hit you with the Fred Krueger
Molest you I will rip the niggas stomach if they want it I will run up with the gun up like I'm
Lex Luthor
Hoppin and runnin on the track like I'm Mike Tyson
Chewin a motherfucka's lungs like an old lycan
Poppin the funs, sparkin the gun
Hoppin and jumpin up over the ones who wanna become
Affiliated with the good life
What's the next step when you vision your death? Do you run from accepting your sentence?
If they sent a fella that wreckeded my helmet, Blood I will come back with the vengeance
I can feel him getting closer
I can feel him on my shoulder
Coming over as I walk into the dark room
Voodoo rituals
Doing residuals
Drinking 150 150 fill him with hollow tips and harpoons
Never the less, I was impressed, by the way that nigga stood up in my space with the face of a
demon
All I heard was a pop, never knew that I was shot
Did my body even drop? Am I bleeding?
Little nigga always woofin like he wanna be
Talkin this and that about what he is gonna be
Do it to me when he beat me like a nigga was a G
But I already know that he is just a wannabe
From the front about to watch it what I'm gonna be
Niggas be trippin when I feel a difference with this time
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up with strychnine
I might get caught up in riddle, I might get caught up in riddle
I might get, I might get, I I I might get caught up in riddle
I'm tinkin to myself I could go at any moment 4x Darkness in my vision, if my fee today, it's
right around the corner he might hit me with that bullets fly (kill)

Knife insicions maybe I will die like in my vision
To a stinkin nigga
Moving with the ticker
From the wicked I proceed to eat them bitches like an animal
I can hear a nigga creepin
So I'm thinkin grab the heat
And hacking off his feet
And eat him like an antelope
Or maybe he will come up in the door and do a nigga
You never know how many people wanna shoot a nigga
Maybe I'mma kill him, but the next week
His homies come deep and put chka chka through a nigga
In the bath
With a bloody mask
In the casket forget what happened tonight
Hmmm, put his ass in a hefty bag
Poured the gas, and I got a match and a light
Hmmm, nigga thought I was just rapping
Till I got up and attacked him
With a machete and hatchet then I
Stretch him like elastic
Fuck an open casket
Put him in a basket
When I'm laughing with a twinkling eye
Chopped him into pieces
And covered him in feces
But Jesus I'm sicker than diseases
I can it feel like I got telekinesis
I got from my aunties, and uncles, and nieces
Give my greetings to Jesus
You finna meet him, that's when I reached for the Fo' Five
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up with strychnine
You never even kow whe a motherfucker gonna come up and put a fork in ya nigga
You never know when it's your time to die, you never know when te Grim Reaper is around that
corner
Ready to giv you te slip n****I might get caught up in riddle I might get caught up in riddle I
might get I might get I might I might Get caught up in riddle Im thinkin to myself I could go at
any moment x3 im thinkin to myself might hit me with that
Yo I think im finna die in this mutafucka homie, ya sayin? I mean im livin, but I feel death
breathin down my back, ya know? Mutafucka open my mouth up, put the gun in my shit I can
still remember the sound when the brains hit the wall, is he comin for me? ya know I mean its
gotta come some time sooner or later we all die. HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH Im ready

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>