

# Revenge

Brisco

Inside getting a haircut was local rapper Brisco his real name is British Mitchell. Four men coming inside their guns drawn, they order everyone to the floor, all the customers, all the employees, down on the ground. These men strip them of their jewelry taking Brisco's car keys and eventually stealing his Range Rover which was parked outside. That vehicle was later recovered.

Ha, Scream at us,  
Retaliation is a must,  
Curses go out to your babies babies n-gga,

It was just me and her, we all alone at the palm Protect me Lord if I fall Jesus,  
And p-ssy n-ggas evil,  
See they plotted on my treasure,  
Always been the clean guy but now it's like whatever,  
I'm down to get dirty cause baby I'm a rider,  
We put down the sticks and pulled out the sliders,  
Pall bearers and flowered wreaths,  
Just the season for putting n-ggas under white sheets,  
F-ck a diamond, you can have the gold,  
Don't want it back young n-gga, rather have your soul,  
Mercenery, the Don't know where ya from, but it's straight up war here,  
Yeah my Haitian friend told me cross the water,  
They waitin for them crackers to deport them, to kill em,  
I can't help that I'm the golden child,  
Set me up to lay me down, I want revenge now,  
Ha, hahaha,

Street medicine, we have more,

There is a man who appears to be a customer that was sitting in the corner just before this robbery took place, he was on his cell phone. Police want to question this man, their trying to locate him because just after everything was stolen from all these customers, the man is given a tap by one of the suspects and he runs out, out.

I can't lie they caught me slipping,  
I should have been another hollywood ass n-gga,  
Instead I'm in the field down all ten I'm still getting this money, and f-cking these hoes,  
And these n-ggas don't like me, suck a n-gga dick,  
I bet when you by yourself, you be bumping my sh-t,  
And your b-tch ringtone be b-tch on me,  
Just know Brisco I'm strong on these streets,  
And I got a little dough to puts hits on all ya'll,  
So guess what I'm gonna do, put hits on all ya'll!  
20, 000 for every n-gga that's murdered,  
I bet them f-ck boys won't surface,  
Brisco,

I love this sh-t n-gga,  
Retaliation is a must,  
The art of war,  
Guess what?  
Them n-ggas was Haitian,  
So I had to find another way to talk to them,

These are words for those that robbed me,  
21 gun salute n-gga all out warfare,  
An eye for an eye,  
Curses go out to your babies babies,  
I was built for this sh-t n-gga,  
You don't know,  
Who I is.