

# Enemy

Prozak

I can see it in your eyes  
See right through your lies  
Everything you pretend to be  
And it comes as no surprise  
Hater in disguise  
That you are my enemy

Just look at you I see you staring all green with envy  
You wishin upon a star hoping that one day you can end me  
Bitch  
Look deep into my eyes  
You don't know truth from lies  
And it comes as no surprise  
That I'm not the kind to empathize  
Retaliation must  
Anihilation bust  
A violation guaranteed to make your skull crush  
A savage assassin it belongs to a famule like Manson  
Attacking at random  
By sellin your soul for ransom  
Tall dark and handsome  
300 pounds and then some  
I call me click with the full clip inside of me handgun  
And if you really want it with me then you can have some  
But I suggest you listen to the words inside this anthem  
So can you back it up and there's no place you can run  
Hitchcock of Hip-Hop, lights camera, action!  
In terms of intellect it's simple that my shit is pure  
It makes me wonder how the fuck you got so insecure

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I get it how I live it  
I hustle every minute  
It's sloppy seconds pick and  
Done 'ready ran up in it  
No matter how much you say and despite them things you do  
And keep in mind this cancerous karma comes back to you  
I kinda wonder if you ponder in your slumber  
Thoughts of trying to solve your blunders but plots are takin me under f\*g  
But you must muster enough strength to stop this thunder  
And think before you plunder  
You might find yourself in a body bag  
I must be doin somethin  
I got you haters talkin  
Keep out these bitches gawkin  
Check out those people moshin'  
Been known to keep it popin'  
Still got these albums droppin

This fights a play your hatian  
I hit the nation, nothin  
Hip-hop the cynical  
Rock, rap, political  
Lyrics so critical  
Pivital each and every syllable  
Always original  
Traitors cut your umbilicle  
Immitator recipricle  
Then your late in my pentacle

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(Puss!)

I can see you hatin' this  
Life I leave when I'm makin it  
Well deserved the seldom words  
And I can feel you fakin' bitch  
Ain't never no mistakin with  
That demon inside is blatant shit  
Like when I come around hating quits  
And I smile at a false hand-shakin bitch  
They already told me what you said  
Tech is old and the followers dead  
Forget his flow and fuck his red  
I be wrong I'm a bust your head  
Send that punk to the fuckin meds  
How you gonna be jealous about my bread  
When it started out with none of us fed  
All this time we sweat and bled  
And you salty awfully faulty  
Wish your death and envy you let your a pals feed  
Off me  
I'm a thirsty killer  
And I'm quick to drugs these till her  
And you cannot hurt me, skrill her  
When I think like Percy Miller  
In my vacinity  
Don't pretend to be a friend of me  
Cause sin is he who be grim and deminish me  
Like I was Kennedy  
When it be, serenity  
I'll be finicky  
About bein around you motherfuckers cause your my enemy!

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