

## Witta Mask On

X-Raided

Yes, motherfuckers  
yet you have entered the psycho ward  
where the X-Raided lays his head, niggas  
so let that nigga tell his story.... beotch  
I be stalkin' like jason, nigga I ain't sayin' shit  
mask on wit' a machedi in my right mit  
ain't gon' be no "cha cha cha.. cha cha cha"  
'cause all you gon' be hearin' is "ratta-tat" and "pop pop"  
and it ain't gotta be no friday the thirteenth  
I don't give a fuck if it's sunday the fifteenth  
any day is good for me to go and kill a ho  
so fuck the money, mo murder mo murder mo  
and it's a nightmare on yo' mama's street  
but freddy's bitch-ass is dead, so now you got to deal wit' me  
and ain't no need to make no part two, three or fo'  
'cause I'm gon' kill 'em all in that first episode  
slit 'em open with the straight razor  
killin' 'em quicker than that mother fucker pinhead on hellraiser  
i'm hellbound so the X-Raided loc ain't no joke  
when I creep I use that nine-millimeter to split yo' face wide open  
'cause nigga you know I got no brain  
mama said when I was young I didn't play I liked to gangbang  
my psychiatrist told me I was totally insane  
i'm packin' a millimeter nine-a nina it's same daisy  
I got that loco-active siccness  
makin' a nigga lunatic  
I fit you filthy murderous when I'm blastin' on them bitches  
killin' 'em up, fillin' 'em up with lead  
i'm full of that liquor I'm stickin' my trigga unloadin' da shit sicc  
so psychoactive nigga bangin' the deuce-fo' s t r to the double e t  
don't tell my nina you seem to be incubate  
and I ain't trippin' on all that payback shit you ripped in jail  
by then i'll have that nine to make that brain thang hang out, nigga  
you fuckin' with the g'sta  
when you runnin' up on the x you better bring your favorite preacher witchya  
'cause you gon' need him to be a witness when I smoke ya  
look you in yo' eyes and say "you shoulda been a loc'sta"  
creepin' through the dark with that motherfuckin' mask on  
packin' that nine-millimeter niggas be ready to get they blast on  
creepin' through the dark..  
(..murderin' motherfuckers)  
aimin' for the heart..  
(..slaughterin' motherfuckers)  
(2x)  
pick up yo' god damn remote turn on your TV  
ya hit the channel to one eighty-seven faculty  
look in the light you'll see that sista, "hey LSG"  
oh with the stogie-ogie-ogie now follow me  
and to your death, yeah bitch you shouldn'tna fucked with a g  
'cause I got that S A C on my motherfuckin' family, uzi  
shit it gets crazier, dissect your fuckin' heart  
and bury your ass in the motherfuckin' park  
pop chop chop goes your head  
'cause it's the bloody murdy with the ammo gat that ya felt  
my dear, catch the needle in your eye  
time to get wicked oh yeah time to die  
'cause the voices be sayin'

"misses start sprayin'  
on these punk-ass niggas talkin' shit and nuts ain't even hangin'"  
so slippedy slip slip slip slide  
got the fuckin' glock and on your soul I'm 'a ride  
because it's the motherfuckin' bone  
ready to get gone  
and it's da motherfuckin' miss with the mask on  
creepin' through the dark with that motherfuckin' mask on  
packin' that nine-millimeter niggas be ready to get they blast on  
Biatch get your grip 'cause I'm on that mission  
I slit first like O.J. so don't let me start rippin'  
shift up like a wind storm, now hollow ones make your body warm  
but niggas are wanted for the life I have no pitty 'cause I love harm  
so i.. want to bust caps like a g  
hey g pass me the hk afta that nine-millie so them fools come remember me  
"you crazy nigga," not crazy, I'm psycho  
once I'm bustin' shots at them niggas moonwalk just like michael  
I flip, 'how you flip?'  
i'm flippin' it back and forth  
i'm havin' one of them bitches movin' they mouth and playin' poor sport  
oh shit mista nigga where's yo vest I'm 'bouts to pop ya  
how many times do I have to tell you you cannot like fuck with the chopsta  
I rip shit the fuck up, that's the perfect sign to  
slit your throat, and bury your ass where no one can find you  
with my mask on, my paths leave no evidence  
black gloves black scarf crept I creep nights so handle shits  
you punk-ass bustas  
I heard you couldn't trust us  
your set be should be on move sorry 'cause your whole block is bustas  
vamp like that, black is cool I see no sunshine  
knocka full of AKs and a backpack full of tech nines  
biotch!  
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(..murderin' motherfuckers)  
aimin' for the heart..  
(..slaughterin' motherfuckers)  
Whan ya see my nina, ya shoulda ducked  
just knowin' a nigga like Lunasicc don't be givin' a fuck  
so uh, I lit it up now I'm gettin' up out of that bitch  
tear my bucket down march with fo' fo's burned up on the fuckin' ground  
I left him dead his bloody head left on the concrete  
There he lay when the AK spray brains lookin like hamburger meat  
i'm gettin' ghost like casper  
but I'm not that friendly nigga I'm that Lunasicc bastard  
i'm hazardous to my own health  
just any minute I just might grab that nine millimeter and bust my own self  
so we can take it to the next level  
I go to hell and get at the grim reeper yellin' "fuck the devil!"  
so we can take it to the crossroads, motherfucker  
even then my nine steadily loaded killin' all you bustas  
fill it up with hollow tips then pop nigga drop me one  
fillin' all you devils up with them hot ones  
kickin' down doors with x, shoot my gat in fuck the discussion  
all I want is the cash, if there ain't none I'ma blast  
killin' ya doctor, ya ambulance drivin, and ya nurse  
you're walkin' to your funeral 'cause x'loc blew up your hurse  
you'z a victim of the lunasicc, hell of quick to blast  
ash to ash dust to dust right up on yo' motherfuckin' ass  
with the quicka, the reepa the nigga  
takin' the gat with a blast straight to the dome  
lunasicc for the nine-five bitch creepin' with my mask on

creepin' through the dark with that motherfuckin' mask on  
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