

Welcome 2 Hell

Bad Meets Evil

Yeah, told you we'd be back
Welcome 2 Hell There's a switch, I flip, emotions cut off
So cold I done froze my butt off
And this ain't even the tip of the iceberg yet
It's like squirting a squirt gun in the ocean, fuck all
Other words I didn't put a dent in the game compared
To the damage I've yet to do
Long as you still have feelings to hurt
I'll be around as long as you let me get to you
Long as I got two balls to palm
I'll be the bomb, you're just a false alarm
Get scared little pissants
And see if I don't come along and stomp your farm
Thunder and lightning, rain, hail
Sleet with a tornado's the kind of brainstorm I get
So when the wind starts blowing, shit
Talking about going in? Going insane is more like it
Wizard of words when he spits hazardous with it
Like a disastrous blizzard
So you better listen quick fast don't miss it
Yeah, go ahead little prick bastard, diss it
But when you get hit with a sick ass explicit flow
Don't ask how much of his passion is it that goes in it
Just know, that all he knows is this
It's better to kick ass than kiss it
Dick dastardly of audacity
Mental capacity, unmatched it has to be stopped
But it can't be, but man I can't just keep
Doing them like that or no one will rap with me
Except one, you asked who is it? Guess who just came through the blast, you bitches
With the ratchet, the book of Matthew
A book of matches, lighting them under white linen
You about to have to admit it, they pass you the mic
Asked you to spit it, you got handed your own ass
Your ass in your own hands, I'm sure they gon' laugh
When you're going to the bathroom with it
Now with what would you come against us
Better be something with a big foot pedigree
Easily these are the reasons
That we need to be in your prayers
Each region breeds some MCs that wanna be
Which means they wanna breath our air

With these ideas, anybody thinkin' That the game don't need, the Bad and the Evil regime
 That's like saying that bad boy Piston team didn't need Isaiah
 Sip piss and bleed, this is a different breed of MCs I swear, better be aware, there's too much at
 stake
 And to find someone this raw on a beat is rare
 You can kiss my ass and the shit stains on my underwear that I don't even wear This gotta be no
 fair
 This like hittin' the lottery, oh yeah
 Who you know hotter there gotta be no pair
 Shotty that I got a lobotomy, your hair Classic, smack it, smother it, read it and weep it
 And perhaps you'll have no rebuttal in'
 In fact, you seein' me in this rap
 And it's like saying Tila Tequila can sing like Jasmin Sullivan Back to bash her skull again
 Push a bitch out the Aspen until I get the fuck out of Dodge (Dodge Aspen)
 Shouldn't have to explain my metaphors
 You has-beens are duller than color books that ain't colored in
 Second and third, fourth wind, gotta another win
 Here they come again, none other than, Bad and Evil
 Also known as Saddam and Osama Bin
 It's been a long time
 But I bet neither one of us have felt sicker than we do right now
 And we only get iller with time
 Me and Nickel fucking shit up on the dime so tellin' us to pipe down
 It's like talking to a meth head
 Bruce Willis on his death bed, last breath with an infection
 Fighting it while he's watching internet porn About to meet his death with an erection
 My God, what I mean is
 David Carradine jacking his penis in front of his tripod Choking his own neck, what part you
 don't get?
 I'm saying I die hard When you listen to my bars, nothin' but the F-I-R (E)
 Comin' out your iPod (we) come up in a place
 Chicks heads start spinning like motherfuckin' white walls Got your mother suckin' my balls
 (While we) fuck each other (we) punch each other in the eyeballs
 And I never say I'm sor (ry, the Five-Nine and the) Fire Marshall
 (We) spit with an intensity to shut shit down (in the industry
 Two different entities, with a propensity
 To put these N-U-T-S up inside of your fucking mouth
 Welcome to the CD

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>