Welcome 2 Hell

Bad Meets Evil

Yeah, told you we'd be back Welcome 2 HellThere'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 MCsI 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 wearThis 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 hairClassic, smack it, smother it, read it and weep it

And perhaps you'll have no rebuttalin'

In fact, you seein' me in this rap

And it's like saying Tila Tequila can sing like Jasmin SullivanBack 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 pornAbout to meet his death with an erection
My God, what I mean is

David Carradine jacking his penis in front of his tripodChoking his own neck, what part you don't get?

I'm saying I die hardWhen 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 wallsGot 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 https://www.songarea.com/