

# Death Of A Hater

Boondox

DIIIIIE

Giving my soul to hell,  
And tell Heaven I did my best.

One love for family  
To Juggalos  
And fuck tha rest

I'm tired of all these snakes and demons leaches on the vein,  
I've bled enough and now these bitches bout to feel tha pain.

You know you name the haters been and with a point of view,  
Pussy mother fuckers talkin shit but never had a clue.  
Come with your attitude cocksucka fuck yo life.

I tie you to a chair and make you watch me fuck your wife.  
I'm just the type to catch you slippin like a bar of soap,  
I catch you while you sleepin fast  
And then I slit your throat.

I watch you bleed and gargle choking for your last breath,  
Then close the wound apply some pressure to delay ya death.

See what it means your whole existence don't mean shit to me,  
It ain't nothing but time to kill to make you history.  
And all you had to do was to keep your fucking trap closed.  
But now you got your hands folded,  
Clutched onto a single rose.

I'll take your life  
But here tonight  
You want to try, DIE!

Just close your eyes,  
Say your last good-byes.  
Get down on your knees,  
Dry them eyes bitch and make your peace.

OK Jamie not a hater,  
If I was it ain't no killin me.  
I live forever  
Never die  
Surviving off the infamy  
Miss me with that everybody wants me dead same ol'  
And switch my hatchet to a target hanging off my cable.

If you criticize my fashion you faggot like Tim Gunn,  
I'm a Juggalo scrub,  
established since day one.  
So kill the hater,  
Replicator,  
Dissin with a foul tongue.

Take my magic marker and blacken his fuckin left lung,  
With my box-cutter I'm a cut his eyes wide  
And with broken pieces of mirror replacin both his eyes.

Got a demon inside that's been along for the ride,  
Since the release of my first LP back in 95.

Ever since that day  
I've been embracin the hate  
And basically not givin a fuck  
Wut none of ya'll say.

So fuck ya'll bitches  
Black flowers up on your casket  
You get what you deserve  
Burn in hell hatin bastards

I'll take your life  
But here tonight  
You want to try, DIE!

Just close your eyes,  
Say your last good-byes.  
Get down on your knees,  
Dry them eyes bitch and make your peace.

I see the shit ya pullin  
Lookin like a trailer hitch,  
Come to your hood with goons  
And snatch you out your trailer bitch.

Put on your knees and close your eyes  
Wait for the execution.  
Some call this first degree  
But I call it my retribution.

Ya had your chance to keep the sun  
And now your in the rain,  
I be the Scarecrow but you the one who missin brains.

I put the barrel to the bone  
And now your so fucked  
Two times eleven to ya dome and now ya outta luck.

So many times I spit just dwellin thinking of the day  
Up to the point I sit for hours thinkin of away  
To make you suffer  
Make ya blood spill like the wine.

Six feet up underneath the ground  
Have ya smellin tha pine.  
thats how we do a punk bitch with a falsed mouth.  
Lost in the woods till you discovered by a boy scout  
Stupid little mother fucker what was you thinking  
Now ya body in the bushes  
Like this rottin of the stinkin

I'll take your life  
But here tonight  
You want to try, DIE!

Just close your eyes,  
Say your last good-byes.  
Get down on your knees,  
Dry them eyes bitch and make your peace.