

Fatality

Axe Murder Boyz

[Verse 1: Young Wicked]

Yeah look

A lot of you rapping motherf*ckers can't even rap though
I be committing and coming up on a cash flow
I ain't speaking to no one cause I'm a asshole
Til I'm pulling up on em' inside a Lambo
Yeen ain't really ready for this Axe Murder business (huh)
B-O- D-U-B and Young Wicked (huh)
Every year we coming like Christmas (huh)
And we coming and bringing the f*cking sickness (huh)
Ima leave you bleeding
Ima feed the demons
Disturbing the peace I don't need a reason
I murdered the beat, release diseases
Put them hands up like you tryna reach for Jesus
Don't nobody move or I'll reach for heaters
And put you motherf*ckers six feet beneath us
All you enemies can never do shit to beat us
You don't wanna admit it but your bitch believe us
And this underground shit is a lifestyle
I'm a Rock it for the people like an eyebrow
Coming out of Colorado bitch I'm finna ride out
Killing emcees broad day when it's nice out
Bitch I be bringing this storm
Better ring the alarm
I'm a king to your pawn better leave me alone
And I ain't with all that hoe shit that he on
They gon' learn what it is when I'm bringing it on

[Chorus]

Fatal Fatal Fatal
This right here is fatal

Grinding for the Queso
Y'all as soft as Play-doe and we
Fatal Fatal Fatal (Fatality)
Fatal Fatal Fatal (Fatality) [x2]

[Verse 2: Bonez Dubb]

It's about time to kill someone
What the f*ck have you all become
Shit talking like you be the ones
Bitch you act like some children
Coming at me would be mental
Cause I put two in your temple
Knocking out all you dental
And it wouldn't be accidental cuz
Bitch you act
I'm bringing it back and put you in your f*cking place
Came to attack
Rip out your heart and punch you in your f*cking face
I'm not on the road you think you is famous
You look hella old but try to be young
Nobody believe you do what you're told and lock up your home
But that won't stop Bonez
Already inside cause I'm f*cking cold
I'm f*cking your bitch cause I got a (?)

So give me them chips cause I know you're full
I be making that Queso
What's with all of that hate hoe
Making you bleed out your nasal coming with that warning label cause I'm

[Chorus]

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