

Listen

Axe Murder Boyz

Choking on painkillers stuck in my throat
13 years old writing suicide notes
Hiding razor blade scars under my coat
Got on the internet how to tie rope
To a noose, domestic abuse it's well written
You hear "motherf*cker" and "die bitch!" from out your kitchen
When you intervene, your own neck's getting twisted
To the sound of broken dishes flying all around you bitches
I don't understand, why would you even have children
When you live in war-zone and front-line is our buildin'
Growing up here, I've seen more than I'd like to witness
Family's throwing fists it's just everyday business
"Get out," my mamma tells him, she don't noticed me there's too much distanc
e
I fade back, see you in hell then
It wouldn't happened if you only just listened

I'd be alive today, if only you'da heard what I had to say
Give me the time or day, I probably be alive but I passed away
For you, to look at me
For you, to just look at me

Things really haven't been the same as they just to be
And she don't think what this shit really does to me
This motherf*cker only thought about his own and when she took em
Everything fall apart now they're gone
I tried to tell her what was going on, but she don't wanna listen
Providing for the family was always been mission
She ain't the type to stand by and show any support

Got a letter from my lawyer saying I need to be in court
For what? You're always f*cking screaming at the kids
Treating em like shit and I can't even begin
To even think that I won't never see em again
When you lose it all you think about is getting revenge
She wanna stab me in the back, I'm gonna catch her alone
I'm finna to put this bullet in my motherf*cking dome
Tried to help her out, she couldn't stop bitchin'
Could've been happy if you would've just listened

Big Hoodoo, I specialize in dead speaking
The jinx homie quick to leave a haters dead leaking
Life's f*cked up, I feel like I might die tonight
Smoking on some fireworks, while I'm sniffing dynamite
Cannibal animals, we learn from Hannibal Lecter
Dismantle cantaloupes, get rid of bodies like I'm Dexter
Come from a different texture, I'm a murder expert
My eyes go black, I pull your ribs out your f*cking sweatshirt
Never had, so I'm thinking death must be nice
And I'm homicidal, so I'm also thinking "f*ck your life"
Moms told me she gave birth to an evil genius
'Cause she gets pregnant doing drugs, bumping "KKKill The Fetus"
My voodoo got em singing "yeah motherf*ckers"
It's Hoodoo swinging with The Garcia Brothers
f*cked up now we're in our graves reminiscin'
Of how our lives would be, if the world would've only listened