

Bangungot

Bawal Clan

Acid on tongue
Bloody guts in my basement
Dancin' with da devil
I ain't too complacent
Money on my line
Bring hell up on
My pavement
Walk up on this earth
With demons on my wavelength
Shawty exorcised
Satan in her eyes
Sittin' on this throne
I kinda feel the vibe
Freddy mesmerized
Never sleep at night
Frightened by the height
Still gon' make this climb
Been lit off this bullshit
Since I was like seven
Heavy in my mental
Heaven metal weapon
Sh-shooters they get em
My jewels they wet em
Yo bitch on my dick
Cuz she love how I get in
I slide in at night
And roll out
Wimmy brethrens
Ch-choppin dee body's up
Chuky gon' body em
Rockin' ya body
Shooters with da tommy gun
Shockin' dat bitch
Ignite em where da
Body went

Tripping, listen, let it kick in
Who the gang that got the rhythm
Blowing (blowing, blowing) up the clock is ticking
Plant a bomb and then we dipping
That's a view that you should sit in
Feel the bass your face we ripping
Pour up for the homies sip it
Body in a baggy zip it
Rip it, punitin to ng pinung-pino
Tas durugin at sunugin trumabaho pulido
Sindihaan mo ang bumbilya para bang tumalino
Bawal magmaangmaangan ang galawan solido
Ang tamaan ay parang muhka na nasiko
Katawan nanlaban nawalan ng anino
Apoy ininom linuwa ipo-ipo
Malamang sa malamang ay mabanatan ka iho, uh

Creeping on the come up turn up
Crippling these fuckers got my
Heater till the sun up
You bickering that banter and got

That peanut butter get up
You tinkering to find it but your peace of mind don't let up
Shut up, 40 oz of smoke and 40's
When we pull up
Pick a place to lay with a shotty by
The doorknob
Teflon vest with half an army when
We pull up
Screw up, since the day I was birth
I never landed on earth
Yes I'm invading your turf (ugh)
Don't you get it misheard, yeah, I'm a bit of a nerd
But I put your face to the curb (ugh)
Cuz a ride in my mind is like a Halloween feature
You seek and you find, yea you
Created this creature
I get better in time
Like the devil in its prime
Tryna fuck my kind and you're gonna need Jesus

(Imma, Imma, Imma) Slit your throat then fuck the wound
All the same hue when the fluid spew
Another caught body end up on the news
Result of all false flossin', not being true
I run with a pack of ghastly ghouls
No need to pack
All these gats and tools
When blasting fools
I'm the bastard son
I swear my momma should got that abortion done
Bring hell on earth
Thy kingdom come
In my little world
All the demons won
Finger fuck the world on its cycle then lick the fingertips
I'm the necessary evil that needs summoning
I'ma machine with subs when I'm gunning them
Keep it six hundred sixty-six when spawning them
Get it dog, eat em raw
Leave em black and blue, go in hard
Paint the town red
This is my art of war (my art of war, my art of war...)