

## Just Die

Boondox

Put a hole in your soul  
Make your blood run cold

Put a hole in your soul  
Nine millimeter homie  
Make your blood run cold  
You die  
Go rest your eyes  
You die  
Go testify

You don' fucked with the wrong one today  
And you don't want it homie  
Fuck what you're trying to say  
Your whole existence's phony  
Talking so much shit you need'a motherfucking breathmint  
And when I hit you with that glock  
You'll wonder where your breath went  
Always quick to take the dick up out of your mouth to jack your jaw  
Guess you're pissed ya baby bitch would take the time to jack me off  
And unlike when she be with you, dude  
She swallowed it  
Now you wanna give me attitude  
Bitch, eat a hollowtip  
Take your own advice and put the barrel in your own mouth  
Kill your handicap and blow your motherfucking brains out  
Do the world a favor, hoe, and try to fix a big mistake  
Pull the trigger, send your soul to Hell for fucking Heaven's sake

Pull the heater on ya  
Put a hole in your soul  
Nine millimeter homie  
Make your blood run cold  
You die  
Gonna rest your eyes  
You die  
Gonna test the fire  
Pull the heater on ya  
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See me on the streets and now you holla at me like we're brothers  
Then you run your mouth cause you's a backstabbing motherfucker  
Hide behind computer screens with fake names and magazines  
Boy, you need to be a man and grow some nuts to step to me  
Run upon you, hit you with that (one, two; one, two)  
What you gonna do when I (come through, stun you)  
Peel ya fucking cap with a nine millimeter  
Better run motherfucker every time that I see ya  
If I see ya motherfucker then I wouldn't wanna be ya  
Hit you with them heatseekers  
I fucking knew it I thought I saw a pussy cat

I pointed to ya when they askin' where the pussy at  
YOU COCKSUCKIN-MOTHERFUCKER!  
Check my fucking blood-pressure  
Pop a couple pills and then I'm coming to get you

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I'll pull a drive by on ya in a Coupe De Ville  
And when I shoot to kill, you know I shoot with skill  
And you don't ever see it coming  
Got the skills of a Sniper  
Put the heat through your body, watch you spill in your diaper  
For real, you's a liar, like Pinocchio  
And when you talk, it grows  
But hoe, it ain't your nose  
It's the rage in my soul, it's building like construction  
There's a tax on your ass and I'm a make deductions  
Take ya functions, put you in a new shit bag  
Beg like a bitch and you ain't gonna do shit fag  
Twelve gauge, double barrel, pointed at your teeth  
Tell your daddy buy a suit and make your momma buy a wreath, peace

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