

Drop Dead

City Morgue

Drop dead

Run up, we pop lead at the function
Run up, we pop lead, make 'em drop dead
Run up, we pop lead at the function
Run up, we pop lead, make 'em...

Ready to beam, playing with pieces
Sos on the verse, ain't paying for features
Run with the Glock, break into pieces
Niggas get shot, be praying to Jesus
Holes ahead, hospital bed
Are we dead? Doctors scared
Pile of meds, tomorrow he dead
Got doors lookin' murcielago red
Some for the hard, shake the whole pot
Cook a whole brick, make a whole lot
If it get too hot, gon' break the whole pot
I'ma sell my shits, gotta make a whole lot
Baking soda, Pyrex, make the coca pie stretch
Paper towels, drying necks
Man, it's hard to digest

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Bitch, I came out the dead, how your ass gonna kill me?
Bitch, I came out the dead, how the living gon' feel me?
I'm in the black mist, lead clips, sword
Write the message in your door
Catch me thumbing in through more, for slaughter
I pull up and I roll blocks, then I roll opps
Cobra with the swiss cheese, get yo show popped
Unlucky 13's, on the uwop
Kaine like I'm Duwap, I came to shoot ya