Hench Mafia

Comethazine

This Hench Mafia, bitch
Get your ass hit with the grip
Bitch, it's Hench Mafia
Hit a nigga with a Russian AK-47
Bitch-ass nigga

Bitch, it's Hench Mafia, spot him, then I drop him, bruh (Boom)
Face in the guillotine, chop his head off, slice him up (Come here)
Bitch, I always defeat, it never came down to a rival, bruh (No)
Nice with the speech, spittin' knowledge like a Bible
But the Lord cannot save you (No)

Send the preacher's son to the grave, too (Come here)
Harsh, but fuck it, pop told me to smoke 'em if them boys play you
If they snitchin', I choke 'em, get hit for tryna say who
Them Hench Mafia niggas reckless, don't want know what they do
Ship them rockets out here from Texas, you can tell how they shoot
Pockets skinny, look anorexic, he forgot to eat breakfast
Fed that nigga some Texas toast, this Texas TEC to his nose
Embroidered Bawskee on a hoodie, not no regular clothes (No)
And all my bitches are tens, these not no regular hoes (No)
I blow so much dro, and boy, this not no regular smoke (No)
XD up in my pocket, doo-doo-doo-doo-doo and he gone (Boom)
Ain't nothin' changed, bitch, I still feel right when I do wrong (Oh yeah)
It's one change, just the paper, it was short, now it's long (Oh yeah)
The one witness was the neighbor, now that nosy bitch gone

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But-but the Lord cannot save you

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