

Got that metal up on my side
If you test me, bitch
The reaper come get you at night when you sleep
And Yung Death got no reason but throats might get slit
Came through back in '95, got the hate up in my eyes
Death runnin' through the motherfucking crib
Said fuck your crew, I don't got any friends
Had to stay by myself on some solo shit

When I die, hope my body's on the crucifix
Tie up my ankles and nail up my hands
I'm on that reaper shit
I've come to get wicked, occultist apprentice
The magic run through me, I'll turn you to mist
I'm 'bout to fuck up the game with this underground shit
So you better get used to it, I
Got a couple of issues with everything that these pussies been
sayin' to me
I go outside at the crack of the dawn
And I'm watching the shadows, they prayin' to me
I'm on that devilish shit, if you coming outside
Look around, you can wait and you'll see
My words is a curse, rose up from the dirt
Been a killer since birth so don't play with a g
Bitch, I don't got no sense
And I ain't ever gave a fuck about the time, fuck a Rolex
Spill a pussy blood, soak it up like Kotex
Bitch, I'm living in the fucking snow [?]

Yeah
So fuck what they sayin', (Fuck!) I'm doin' this shit for real

Yeah, Yung Death
Okay

I see your eyes glisten in the moonlight as I shoot it in
Deep inside the trees, standing right beside my crucifix

Spit up on these fucking beats while I'm burning down the cruci
fix