

Haterade

Death Plus

It's the motherfucking Death Mane
Yung Death, what the fuck you thought?
Yuh, yuh, yuh

Yung Death be the killer, bring murder styles to yo headphones
Swangin' with my goons, Yung Death, he got the bread, hoe
Disrespectin' me, I got some dudes that bring the death
Lead fillin' up my head, homicide, go take a breath
You got issues with a mischief-makin' psychopathic mane
With a screwed-up brain, now since I remember I've been this way
Came straight from the flames, stepped up quick and I fucked up the whole da
mn game
From the underground, buck, pow, pow, one shot to the dome for the motherfuc
kin' lames
Drop, drop, you pussies off in a ditch and let you get found
Can't be identified from the dirt inside the ground
I come through the night just like the motherfucking reaper, mane
Swingin' the blade, bitch I been practicing the mystic styles
Ritualistic, mystical, physical assault
The metaphysical wicked sinner straight from the drought
I bring you out to the forest where all the fucking ghosts stay
I take a step back and I watch the rope swang

Swag Toof
Hundreds of thousands of bitches be touchin' they clitoris thinkin' of me (A
ye)
I'ma get millions of dollars from stompin' these pussy boys out in the stree
t
Ouija the demon, the servant, the killer, the OG, the one of the beast (Aye)
Do you like grandma do church (Aye)
Fuckin' with us you get creased
Ouija gon' put you to sleep (Aye)
Eternal vacation is free
You become part of my dreams (Aye)
You get to haunt all my dreams (Aye)
I got yo soul on a leash
I got yo hoe on a leash (Ha)
I got my goons in my reach (Hey)
We gettin' paper, capisce? (Aye)

Swag Toof
I ain't just hopped out of the Porsche, been dealin' with it
I been broke but it get worse, you see me with it
Fuck the hood, fuck [?]
Ain't appealing, is it?
Build my own house, give a fuck 'bout how you feelin' in it
Jesus, won't you tell your girl to ease up?
Please, bruh, [?] you don't know how to please her
We in this, she freeze up, charge her like a Visa
You sippin' out yo' double, man, I'm sippin' out my teacup
Play it how you wanna play it, at the end we die the same
At least at the gates I can tell that bitch, man, I did my thing
[?] we boomin', bruh
Gasoline and propane
So flame, hoppin' lanes
Bang, bang, spray a lame
This stylish, mystic, cryptic, vicious [?]

Bitches trippin', [?]
Gremlins gotta be scandalous
Livin' in the land of the lost
Lisin' cus we losin' [?]
Never had to [?], bruh
You fuck with us, you [?]