

# 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  
Losin' cus we losin' [?]  
Never had to [?], bruh  
You fuck with us, you [?]