

# I ASSURE YOU WERE OPEN

Death Plus

Packing up the jar while I'm packing up cigars  
White trash what I rep but you know we livin' large  
(Yeah, you know we livin' large)

Got bud in my motherfucking backpack  
Check the shit, gettin' lit, where the cash at?  
Got some more, man, I know you wanna match that  
If you bring some shit, I'll fuckin' catch that  
Gonna jump into my car if you thinkin' you hard, I'll cut your  
ligaments  
Bitch, this ain't a game, 'cause these drugs a fuckin' business  
Send yo body parts, murder shit be what you gettin' in  
This is just a song but all these other kids are serious

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