

## In The Trunk

Death Plus

Yeah, run  
Death Plus the one  
Gonna take your fucking life with the mask and the gun  
Aye, pull up to the function, yuh, we gonna have some fun  
I got Mr. Sisco with me, we kill 'em and then we done  
Yuh, back to the house, yeah, we smokin' OG, on me  
I be high as hell, fuck the police  
So sweet, these pussies talkin' but ain't gonna do shit  
Get my clip so blessed and my bullets so holy  
Ya know me

Welcome to the mind of a killa  
Crazy, psychopathic, dark, cold-hearted nigga  
Better watch yo words 'fore a nigga cut your liver  
Choppin' off his head, his whole body I deliver  
My vision is so grim, but your light is very dim  
I'm more shadier than Slim  
Up the Glock, let's begin  
Teach a lesson, nigga stressin', tryna keep up his depression  
Kill yourself, if you testin' I'ma send him to the reverend  
My Glock hold all of my blessings  
Trust me, bitch, I'm never stressin'  
Listen close, get the message, I ain't playin', fuck yo session  
Count your blessings, I got seventeen bullets and they shiny, t  
oo  
Hollow-tip bullets and they blowin' like a fucking flute  
Bitch, it is a fluke if you get the upper hand  
Fool, better take yo shot 'cause I'm coming back to slaughter y  
ou  
Bitch, I am an animal, a cold-blooded cannibal  
Bitches call me Hannibal  
I up a Glock and damage you, bitch

If you see me, better duck  
Don't give a fuck  
Lil bitch, I do what the fuck I must  
Yuh, I gets bucked, yuh  
I gets bucks  
Got money, got drugs, got a body in the trunk, yuh  
If you see me, better duck  
Don't give a fuck  
Lil bitch, I do what the fuck I must  
Yuh, I gets bucked, yuh  
I gets bucks  
Got money, got drugs, got a body in the trunk, yuh