

Pray

Death Plus

Come and get your wig split by the young slasher
The killer with wicked ways, and I got a motherfucking axe
I put it right into your back, you shake and shiver and drop to
the floor where you at
Into my knife with a violent splat
Fuck with the maniac who 'bout to snap
Death lies at the end of the tracks
I stay with my pack
I pack the mag in the gat, then I pull that fucker back
And let it rip like a Beyblade
That shit it go bang, bang
The kid with the blade and the chains gonna exchange your life f
or a check
Guess it might not be in your best interest to be fuckin' aroun
d with the Death, boy
Pullin' out the weapon to sharpen, then darkness consumes me an
d I take your breath, boy
Guess it might not be what I thought that it was, left some mot
herfucker [?] dead, boy
See you creepin' out of bed, boy
I got goons that keep the lead, boy
Fuck the dumb shit that you said, boy
I bring motherfucking death, boy
I got some methods of taking your life, I don't even gotta make
a mess, boy
I got that anger inside of me, been here since I was a little m
otherfucker
I been had the vision, that's been how I livin'
You basic as fuck, I don't play with no flex, boy

Take you back home to the flame
Devil man gonna meet you at the stake
Bloodstains up on my grave
No pain, I carry the rain
Drops fallin' from my face
Off the [?] in my razor blade
Walls cavin' in
Want fame, wanna pull the string
Want some golden things
Want a soul to claim
On the way to a slower death
The Death lookin' for a soul to prey
Pray for safety
Pray for me