

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