

Sell Dope

Death Plus

Watchin' my cousin sell dope
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Dead bodies lookin' bloody, murder on the floor
Wanna go?
I got some weapons that I will come up and stick into your soul
I am the dead motherfucker that don't give a fuck what you say
Givin' it back to the flame with the rope 'round my neck
Then I drop to the floor
Then I resurrect with a fuckin' hole in my brain
Yung Death got the motive, Death got the power
Death bring the fucking death shower
Death be the light at the end of the tunnel
The train come to hit you, see you in an hour
Close up, I be creepin' like a night rat
It's the nightmare that you never had
Put the blade in then I take it back
Death made them fucking tracks to make you not give a fuck
I be that villainous lunatic son of a bitch with the thugs
And it don't phase me if you pussies don't play me
'Cause I got all that I could want and I don't really care if you hate me, you bitch
Fuck with me, I'm a body technician
Get anything from dead enemies to suicidal bitches
[?], tell 'em what it is
Bitch, don't try to fuckin' resist
(I know you want it)
I inject this shit right into your brain and then give you the shit that no one ever did
Told you you might not wanna fuck with me and that was correct
I bring that mo'fuckin' death, I be so mo'fuckin' blessed
I grab my metal and press into your mo'fuckin' chest
Bitch, it's that Death Mane comin' out the trenches of the Midwest

With a bunch of thugs who sell dope
(Bunch of thugs who sell dope)
With a bunch of thugs who sell dope
(Bunch of thugs who sell dope)
With a bunch of thugs who sell dope
Bunch of thugs who sell dope
With a bunch of thugs who sellin' dope
(Bunch of thugs who sell dope)