

# 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)