

SOUNDLESS

Death Plus

I'm the pariah, the mystic messiah
The one with the bag, never [?] the smoke
Tracks full of [?], tracks what I'm killin'
I'm smoking [?] and ashing [?]
Back when I told you I was the ghost
And I been creating, but y'all didn't know
Smashin' these faces, I am what you ain't
Never play with the prophet creating a soul
Aiming at your motherfuckin' back
No respect, hoe
A bitch still wanna talk about the mac, you smokin' crack
If you think that you can beat me, bitch, you can't even see me
I got demons that be swingin' at yo motherfuckin' head
You keep droppin', just stay
Never get into my way
If you come fucking around, I'll probably put you in yo grave
Let the motherfucking track bounce
Live in a motherfucking crack house in space
By the lake I found right next to heaven's gates
Hit me up, 666, shut yo mouth, bitch
Soundcloud pimpin' but a motherfucker soundless
(Fuck you, suck my dick)