

# Take Em Out

Death Plus

Shoot 'em 'til the chopper click  
Then we out  
Your bitch, she gon' suck my dick  
Then we out  
Head up to the store to get some backwoods, what they 'bout  
I shoot that cashier right over the counter if they out  
I need woods stuffed, right now, bitch  
Then I'm out  
I need double cup stuff too, ooh  
Then I'm out  
I need ice on my wrist, on my bitch  
Then I'm out  
Boy, your Rollie tick-tick  
Counterfeit, boy you out, huh  
All these little haters crossed out  
All these sucker motherfuckers out, huh  
Kickin' all these bitch boys out, huh  
We in the haugh now, huh  
This right here for the lil hood boys  
This one for the trailer park, huh  
This right here for the demons, huh  
This is for my killers in the dark, huh  
This is for the killers in the dirt, huh  
This is for the gangsters in the park, huh  
This is for the ones pourin' up, huh  
This is for the ones who finna spark, huh  
This is for the motherfuckers riding  
This is for the ones puttin' on, huh  
I just need to get my guaps and my chips and a bag for my bitch  
And I'm gone, oh

Then we out, bitch  
Then we, yeah  
Death motherfucking Plus  
Then we out, bitch  
Yeah, aye, then we out, aye  
Quit the talking, bitch  
What? Then we out, aye  
Bitch, aye  
Death motherfucking Plus  
Then we out, bitch  
Ouija Macc  
Yuh, yuh, what

Quit the talking, you don't want it, you don't want the [?]  
What you want? You get [?]  
You don't plus the fuck up to the top  
Wow, I really never ever fuck with y'all  
Quit your talking, bouta take 'em out  
Yeah, we out  
Yeah, we out  
Fuck your talking, bouta take 'em out  
Yeah, we out  
Yeah, we out, bitch  
Fuck your talking, bouta take 'em out  
Yeah, we out  
Yeah, we out

Fuck your talking, bouta take 'em out  
Yeah, we out  
Yeah, we out