

Ten Toes Down

Death Plus

(Devereaux!)

I can never quit because I gots to go and flex on 'em
I can never trust no groupie sluts who spending checks on 'em
If I hear your song then I'ma have to hit the "next" on 'em
Poppin' up with that shit I'm about to heavy click the X on 'em
Plus'd up to the max putting the pressure on 'em
Death coming through with some weapons I'm chopping up bodies 'til ain't nothing left of 'em
Knife up in my pocket ready to come straiught for your neck and I'm leak the fucking scene
No respect for no pussy motherfucker that got no respect for me
If you coming for my spot then you about to rest in peace
You got a problem wit it then I think it's best to leave
Cause I got something for 'em that I can't show 'em up my sleeve
Shouldn't fuck with death better believe that
Wasting your life talking 'bout going hard but bitch I don't see that
I'm standing talk I got my feet flat
Ten toes down in that city where I be at

I can't fuck with your chick
I'm getting high all the time
Smoking on that shit
Smoking on the finest I don't need no pills to relax