

## Rusty Chains

Ghostemane

Kickin it with my homie scoob it's half past 4  
He Rollin a blunt and I'm sittin there thinkin about how life g  
ets old  
Sometimes all I really wanna do is dissappear in a cloud of bla  
ck smoke  
And then reappear like houdini  
With no feelins no feelins to show  
And I got these chains  
Got these rusty chains around my ankles  
And on the other end I see Satan pullin me as I dangle  
Down down  
Into the unknown abyss  
And I'm wishin I could just come back one more time so I could  
settle shit  
But I can't  
So jump on in the fire is great  
So many Mothafuckas told me I would end up in this lake  
For loading a 9 millimeter into my Glock and then to my brain  
But shouts out to Alex Crowley yo writing is keepin me sane

Now take caution cause I'm killin bustas  
With a Glock 45  
Ramirez in the cut go run and hide  
Fuckin with me and it be yo demise  
Triple six is was I'm reppin  
Creepin out that fuckin dungeon  
Schema Posse G\*59  
You better start to count yo blessins  
As I kills you when I pulls up inside of my chevy thang  
Smoked out loced out  
I'm steady gankin on them bustas mane  
Pullin out the street sweeper  
I got ana off my chest  
With any busta mothafucka who be tryna test  
My nuts not givin a fuck  
I'm fuckin shit up  
Knuckin and buckin I'm servin these suckas  
I'm whipin these Glocks so be ready to run  
Cause I'm on the hunt  
Choppin bitches heads off  
Throw em inside of the shadow, bitch  
Aim yo Glock so fuckin quick cause I'm burnin up yo body bitch