

Creeping up out the dungeon  
Bitch, all it look like is fungus  
Pentagram, bitch, got the hunnid  
All of this weed I be rolling, now smoking  
The roaches approaching the hopeless and roping  
The bitches like Moses and then I start stumbling  
Roping the bone, better watch your step  
Toting the tech, throw that shade at your neck  
Schema boys, \$uicide throw up the set  
I'm unleashing the evil from under my bed  
Killing myself with the noose or the knife  
Bitch, I'm through with my life, yeah, I'd rather be dead  
Let the demons arise, let them enter my head  
Grey in my eyes, but they leave something red  
Piercing the crucifix deep in my chest  
Leaving a mess for the bugs to infest

Smoking my dope to the dome  
King of heroin and euphoria touching my brain  
Look in the mirror then I fucking figure  
I'm Lucifer running around changing the game  
Changing the pages of history, bitch  
Fuck the Bible, I'm rolling it up in a swisher  
Fuck off my liver, it shivers and quivers  
I'm popping pain pills like I'm popping the trigger  
The Hitler of the \$uicide cult that follows  
Bottles I swallow with scripts no regard for a tomorrow  
Soaking in sorrow with \$carecrow has risen off the post  
The muddy coast, sipping codeine till I overdose

All I think about is putting a hole in my brain  
Never wanna deal with another thing  
That don't got a thing to do with levitating to the plane  
It started with a bang, ended with me  
Face down on a bloody carpet and now I'm lookin down at me  
I never thought that I'd be thinking the way I been  
Predicaments, in a pickle, whatever you wanna say  
I know what you wanna say  
You wanna say it'll be okay one day  
I'ma roll the dice and bet 7 on death  
Don't fear the reaper, he's coming to siphon the life from your chest  
Say that you wishing to die  
But you wishing to get more attention, but bitch, now you next  
Puffing that Bible swish with \$lick  
While watching you die and I'm sipping my liq'  
Soon as the bottle is done, commit Seppuku, I'm out this bitch

Commit Schemacide, with Seppuku, it's your fate  
I hope you die slow, from the puncture of the blade  
If you got no nuts to do it yourself then it's okay  
I got the red beam, and it's aiming at your face  
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