

All these punk motherfuckers don't know
They running their mouth like I won't kick in their door
All these punk motherfuckers hitting my phone
You think we boys, I never seen you at one of my shows

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See, I been fucking up my life no joke
Tatted my face, quit my job, went broke
But I been loving every day a little more
When you hear that wooden block, you know it's only Ghoste
Made in the image of what they call Satan
The blade is serrated and decapitating
The brain of sedated and awaiting heads
Never to let them think freely again
Put em in an underwater grave
Better pay your attention to what I am about to say
Fuck what your friends say
Fuck what the man say
I been licking venom off my gums
Getting faded off the blood of my girl
I cut her on the face, she told me "more"
She got blood on my grandma floor
Bitch, I'm draped in Ghost Supply head to toe
Y'all were sleeping, I don't want your damn clothes
My chick gon' to seduce your damn girl
We tag-teaming like we wrestling for the belt
(Lay down your soul)

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