RAINING BLOOD

Jeris Johnson

Smoke a blunt, take a punch, bust a nut
Fool me once, burn it down, fuck it up
Sex and drugs, baby, here come the flood
God will cry until the sky's raining blood

Make it rain blood, I could fill a cup
Make it rain blood, I could fill a cup
Make it rain blood, I could fill a cup
Make it rain blood, bottoms up

I'm a slayer, she's a model
Green light when I hit, all she want is full throttle
Born a superstar that's right
When the song comes on, everybody like, "That's tight"
Put me on a meat hook 'cause I'm batshit
I just wanna get killed by a bad bitch
Give me top with a mouth full of acid
"R.I.P. Jeris" on my casket

Kill mode engaged

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In this, boy, take your head off, boy, and I'll play tennis, boy (Okay)
Pull up in Nissan 240 and I start making noise (What's up?)
Anti-lag, crack your bag, [?], camo mask (What?)
Mechanix gloves whippin' ass, hit him with a baseball bat
Running from the cops 'cause I got bodies in my hatch, boy (Okay)
Gas all on my car and I'ma light it with a match (Okay)
I got camo on my mask, that's the FG A-TACS, boy (What?)
Altyn on my head, so if you hit me, bounce back (Ugh)

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