

It's not over...

I'm a real good boy
Young Peglord, uh
Darkskin Manson

Metalhead thoughts for a black Manson
Started from the bottom but I'm not dancin'
My baby said I look so handsome
I can't be bought
Peglord and the ghost or the phantom
Young Billy Joel let the keys throw a tantrum
Shouts out to my nigga Trace Adkins
I left something turned on at home (yes)
Oh boy
I'm so nasty with it
White girls with the Wal-Mart body just want me
Dead cops haunt me
Peggy so saucy, oh
Oh my God
I'm a Pistol Annie
The Boys from the South
Hear my name and panic
Maybe I'm in Texas
Maybe this town
Rednecks take cover when I'm 'round
REAL SHIT

(Bounce)
(Boy, fuck you think?)
(Fuck boy nigga, we don't play 'round this bitch, boy)
([?]) pussy nigga. Peanut Butta Thug in this motherfucker, nigga. Y'all know who it is. Lick it)

Uh, I'd like a little bit of chicken fried
Hoes on the side
Pussy niggas running with their hand on their mind
I don't give a fuck about The Land Before Time
We're slaves now we got rhymes, yeah
And I use it well
Niggas want beef
Imma boost your sales
Young Peanut Butta, I'm a black Robbie Bales
I'm coming for the kill, uh
I'm a young Joe Stalin
Fuck a tryhard this is not GG allin
This is not Tyler
This is not Lupe
Butta got spirit like 'Pac and in juice age
I'm less Gina, more Bedebe
Got my CCP nigga, I will shoot your ass legally
Say my name three times and where your leaders be?
Butta, Butta, Butta, I just put Rubio all to sleep (pussy)

(Bounce)