

XXX

nothing,nowhere.

Cult-cult-cult-cult
The cult of the reaper saved me

Tell 'em make way for the boy in the black
Camo paint and the Gore-Tex sack
Bike in the trunk and the blade in the back
Got a roof rack
4-wheel drive, when I whip it off track
I don't know about that
I'm finally free so it's fuck all these labels, know that I hate them
Man, they're trying to sign me, trying to buy me, no one can find me

Whippin' the 125
Strapped like a bodyguard
I do not smoke and you know I don't drink
But I'm starting to think I'm addicted to going hard
Boochie in the double cup
We do not give a fuck
Me and Jay Vee went and started a wave
And it's easy to say all these others are runner-ups
Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds

Try to make way for the boy in the black
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