

Drop Dead everything, ten black nails
Bitch, it's OmenXIII, I write and they feel it like braille
See my life wasn't shit, now it still ain't shit
Just a little bit of currency sitting up in the pic
Flex a young mistress while you stress about a bitch
I ain't never had that problem in my life, don't make me sick
I won't ever need a girl that don't expect any respect
I don't fuck around with hoes that fuck around with everyone else
None of these rappers saying shit
None of these trappers saying shit
Grab another wrap and twist the stick
Smoking on Backwoods with the 'Fits
See my whole life changed since I made my own choice
Wouldn't have it any other way, listen to my own voice
Smoking on herbs, and I'm sipping on poison
Whatever's in the blunt got me stuck, it too noisy
I cannot hear ya, I cannot feel ya
OmenXIII, King Of Demons, do it for the children
Fuck a damn job, I get Soundcloud checks
You a broke a boy? Check
You a joke a boy? Check
Where the Henny at? Check
Where the Woods at? Check
Under that bed you better check
Boogeyman creeping with no TEC
Got that blade, got that blade, got that motherfucking blade
Money come and go but the feelings 'bout it tend to always stay the same
I don't give a fuck about it, you offer me any sum
But I'd off myself before ever running off with any of your funds

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