

## Death Note

Ramirez

The kinda mothafucka to stick it up on the [?]  
Bitch you talkin bout my name then you'll end up on a shirt  
Shoulda never left it wrong then I came to fuck the game  
Grabbin that [?] missile told em nothin but a lane  
I don't even gotta say cause you know who to feed us  
Take up that blade now cut him into peices  
Fuckin with the Grey and I pillage and I treason  
59 reasons stocked the murder season  
Now God never let me get a prayer from the heavens  
I bring it down, the wrath, leavin the bodies severed  
I been slept on for too many years, but now its time  
Take my fuckin spot boy, I'll break yo fuckin spine  
Demon with that blade, imma make your soul mine  
I'm quick with the steel, I promise I'm yo divine  
Fuckin [?] ninjas, I don't really handle town  
The set-up will still be sweet, the set-up will still be mine