

Pet Sematary

Sadistik

Dead friends knocking on my window
God said my body is a temple
22 pointed at my temple
Y'all don't really know what I've been through, huh?

Underneath the dirt nothing's sunny from a coffin
Tongue spits shells leave you bloody like a shotgun
Say you ain't a faker but you funny when the cops come
Say you chasing paper but that money's made of cotton
Sic em like cruise ships, Nikita Khrushchev
Cold wars getting so Ruthless, I'm nuisance
Riveted by visions of you dead
Get River Styx if you try to give me your two cents
I am not alone I'm a loner, aye
All your shit's so mediocre, aye
I don't wanna pose for your photos too fake
f*ckin with a true blue great, new king
Fills cuts with Vodka, puff the Blanka
My cuts Baraka
No one loved me til the crows above me
Shed blood like Opera

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Put a bullet in your brain that'll open up your third eye

Smoking on a strain til I'm floating where the birds fly
Worm-like, searching through the dirt with a searchlight
Showing off my fangs before they poke into the nerves like
Live suicide on TV watch the anchor drop
Head bang get Lethwei'd in your Angkor Wat
Take your shot, let death take me I'm sanctified
I prolly shouldn't drive in this state of mind, huh?
Lately I'm feeling off
My face is still peeling off
My brain is a cinder block
Throw flames at your synagogue
Miss me with your little quotes you misread
Don't mix me with the simple folks who misspeak
A miscreant grows til his foes are mincemeat
A rose still arose from six feet

Yes I am evil. Not a hundred percent, but I am evil
Evil has always existed, the perfect world most people seek shall never come
to pass. We are all evil in some form or another. Are we not?

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