

Cyanide
Hahaha
Plague
Execution
Weh di bloodclaat do yuh? Siddung, siddung

Fu-u-u-u-ck
At least, I own the fact I'm fucked up
Fuck
At least, I own the fact I'm fucked-

We're still here, pussy (Ooh, pussy)
We're still here, we're still here (Oh, blergh)

Keep pushin' till I pull up, no pen
You can hear it in my voice, I'm vex
I keep going to the places I'm hated
No warnings, keep it running of risk
Destroyed it, never doing it again
Couldn't see a nigga's face in the ends
Pitch black, steel bat with my friends
Now why would I preach to a lens?
Cut your heart out
Take two bites, alright, I'm a fiend for the clense
Propaganda
Not my life, motherfucker, I'mma speak for the dead
No answer
Only give them life from the creed in my hand
You're all actors
I'm fucked enough too but at least, I admit

Fuck
At least I own the fact I'm fucked up
Fuck
At least I own the fact I'm fucked up (Ugh)

Eurgh
Dead, Rising
Dead, Rising
Dead, Rising
Dead