

5150, 5150
Wrist so psycho, my wrist go 5150 (MoundRich, bitch)
5150, 5150
I'm a psycho, put that razor to ya' throat
51-
Crank that Haunted Mound, ya cracker!
3AM Gang, Round Tha Way Boyz are creepin' through your woods
You know how I'm rockin', cut off stockings
Yoppas all up in my pockets
Boots are Rock and jeans are Robin's
Got a Breitling for the timer
Go, go, Grave Man (Hauntaholics, you bastards)
MoundRich, bitch

5-5-5150, 5150
Wrist so psycho, my wrist go 5150
5150, 5150
I'm a psycho, put that razor to ya' throat
5150, 5150 (H-H-H-H-Hauntaholics)
I'm a fuckin' flexer, my wrist go 5150
5150, 5150
Trappin' out the psych ward, my wrist go 5150

She in love with the crow, I got Robin wings though
My iced out bloody diamonds go 5150
It's so hard to fight when you wish you were never born
My wrist blazin' like the northern sky on my dark throne
Bitch, I feel sick, like Sickboy, I'm holdin' up fours
Watch me fly away alone, watch me fly away alone
Grim Reaper dope boy, rockin' all black clothes
Life is a highway, ride it down the backroad (Skrrt, skrrt)
And my heart is so cold
My heart is so cold
And my lungs are so blown (So blown)
Baby, cancer smoke my cologne
Razor in your candy
Put that cutter to your throat
(MoundRich, bitch)

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Skrrt, skrrt
MoundRich
Baby, cancer smoke my cologne
Damn, Haunted Mound got your speakers smokin'
Run that shit back