

# COP KILLER

Sematary

Huh  
Huh  
Sematary  
You know how it's 'boutta go

You know I'm a cop killer, I can't fuck with no lames  
If I see a fuck boy, I'ma burn him today  
You know I'm a cutter, I got so much hate  
If I see a federal, I'ma put him in a grave  
It would make me feel better if you didn't hang with lames  
But I know you need them so you will stay the same  
You know I'm a cop killer, I could never ever change  
If I see a fuckboy, I'mma put him in the grave

You know how it's 'boutta go (You know how it's 'boutta go)  
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I can't get my racks up, throat's numb, my nose fucked  
I got a bunch of pig skins rotting in my fucking trunk  
Stay up all night, fuck, war boys, we go dumb  
We like having lots of fun, party all night long  
Red Bull and vodka, party 'til 12 o'clock  
Then start it over, she wanna get more goner  
World's burning, fuck it all, do not ever mourn me  
When I'm finally dead and gone, that's the only thing I wanted

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Ghost on my collar bone, hit and run, watch 'em go  
Mantle got the bull horns, rolling 'til my brain sore  
 Fucked up 'til the fall, Rockstar and adderall  
Tree house with alcohol, copper boy, fuck 'em all  
Sleeping 'til the moon wakes up  
Trailer house smoked out, I'ma cut you up  
I'm the wagoner from 'round the way  
Took my clothes off, woke up to "fuck today"

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