

COP KILLER

Semetary

Huh

Huh

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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)
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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