

# Hogs

Semetary

Damn, what the fuck?!  
What's up, bro?  
See some hogs over there  
Yeah, turn up!  
Ahhhhh

In the hills posted up like some hogs, man  
You know we the Haunted Mound, we them dogs, man  
Watch out for them fucking hogs, man  
We stay in our forest, we always watching  
In the hills posted up like some hogs, man  
Dogs howling at the moon in the darkness  
We them Haunted Mound hogs, man  
Stay up outta here 'fore it get gory

Seen you fucking with them opps  
Sharpened horns, we them hogs  
Get the fuck away from us  
Fuckboy, we don't wanna talk  
Off that RedBull, vodka  
I just bought a nail gun  
You gon' die just like that bitch from Terabithia  
I be eating Big Mac, gobbling Kit Kat  
I got work gloves, Scream mask, and a spiked bat  
Suck-I-N-walker, decompose you into ash  
B-L-A-air witcher in the corner, feel my wrath  
We don't like no-fucking-body, hogs staying in the pack  
Roaming in the crooked forest, you'd better run fast  
We got real feral hate, hogs desecrate your grave  
Do not forgive me, I am not sorry, Grave Man

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Fat bull horns on the hood, Ford highboy  
Sledge hammer, bolt stunner for ya fuck boys  
Timberlands tracking mud in your house  
Cross the Rainbow Bridge, welcome to the Haunted Mound  
Lock stock smoking, double barrel, I'm the hatchet man  
Devastated living state of being real dead pan  
Häxan witchcraft, midnight skin graft  
Hogs sleeping, slaughter in the 'sty with a pig mask  
Jersey Devil in the pines, don't look my way  
Claw hammer like Oldboy, all day  
We ride at dawn, posted up, wild boar  
We will fucking hunt you down like a turkey in the corn

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