

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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