

# Red Mist

Semetary

Haunted Mound till I'm in the ground  
Put a cutter in your bitch mouth  
Back and forth, I'ma make her smile

All I know is that red mist  
Oh, I can't feel a thing, bitch, I'm tweakin'  
All I know is that red mist  
I'ma cave your skull in over nothing  
All I know is that red mist  
I can't feel a fucking thing, bitch, I'm tweakin'  
I'ma break your fucking head just for funsies  
I'ma tear apart the room, I see red mist

Red mist, bitch I can't stop  
Fuck Doc Martens, bitch I wear New Rocks  
Timberlands when the blood ain't wash off  
My New Rocks stay on while your bitch fucked  
Feel like Tony, feel like Trevor  
Hate the world, still laughin' at them dead cops  
We them dirty grave men from 'round the way  
Bring us for a show, get the fuck up off the stage

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Acne still on 'cause I did a lotta white  
Trues still on 'cause I got them stupid knives  
Still got that paranoia in my real life  
Walk up to me, my gristle blade will end your life  
Hide my airsoft in her dress, she want my love tonight  
We got brain damage, homie, I beg you to try  
I'm Transylvanian, I'ma bury you alive  
And I'ma still say "Fuck life" until I die

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