

Voices

sKitz Kraven

Surrounded by these fucking voices
They don't ever stop
They keep making noises
Tryna tell me things
That I don't wanna hear
Focused on the end
I think it's getting near
My temper with a gun
Yeah that's all I fear
Keep talking that shit
And you gon see it clear
Pop a couple pills
And now I'm switching gears
Kill you just for fun
I'll treat you like a dear

Homie I suggest you change your tone
Your out of options
Voices in my head do not forgive
No they just pop shit
Labels will not sign me
They know Kraven way too toxic
Collecting body parts
I'm storing bodies into boxes
Boxes
Voices looking like a mosh pit
Mosh pit
Homie you ain't bout to pop shit
Pop shit
Lately I've been on my pac shit
Dealing with these voices
Homicide is all I hear

3am trippin
Tryna continue living
Voices keep me up
But I don't see no visions
When you dap me up
I'm sure you see me grinning
But little do you know
I'm out here really killing
Choppin and moppin
No photoshop I'm croppin
Tie your body up
And then we steady mobbin
Get you bloodied up
You'd think we live in Compton
My mind is really I'll
No I ain't talking Hopsin
Layed up with a body
I ain't talking Stockton
Layup in Milwaukee
I ain't talkin Brogdon
I feel like Antetokounmpo
When I'm in Wisconsin
Kraven he's a fucking king
He's our only option

I got you people
I'm a fucking kill this shit
As long as my insanity
Doesn't kill me first
Is that a fucking Lyft
Or is that a fucking hurse
Is this a another gift
Or is it a fucking curse
Momma please help me
I can't fucking take this shit
Voices screaming at me
I can't fucking face this shit
Razor blade scars
I can't even fake this shit
Pumpkins that I carve
Razor blade to my wrist
I wanna fucking die
But I know I got shit to prove
I'm killing everyone around me
Ain't got shit to lose
Trick or treat
I'm eating pills like it's fucking candy
I'm speaking to the dead
So you can't understand me