

Welcome In

sKitz Kraven

Welcome in
To the dungeon
I hope you brought the cocaine
I hope you like to function
Tell them bring her in
Let's get to fuckin
Grab her by the hair
And force the bitch to start suckin
Your daughter wanna fuck me
I'm pulling up her dress
While I see her start to sweat
I put the razor to her neck
Tell the bitch to open up
Because she about to take a bite of me
I love to feel the pain
I love to feel her teeth inside of me

I think I lost a few screws
While noticing some screws loose
I could give a fuck if I get caught
Might leave a blues clue
Oops I mean a red clue
Wayne's here swoo woop
Wait haven't I heard that line before
Man fuck these mother fuckers
I eat rappers with my fruit loops
Drag them to my bed
Then swing the sledge
Then watch them snooze snooze
Oh he was your baby daddy
Ha ha ha ha
Boo whoo
I hope that you regret fucking that new dude

Stupid slutty bitch
I bet you wish you had your baby
But now he's on that dopamine
Shhh
Don't wake the baby
I'm feeling kind of sick
I think I need to fuck my mannequin
A masochist I am again
So someone grab my hand that's in
The oven make it hotter some
Yes I'm about to cum
Take a shot of rum
Before I stick it in her bum
My dick inside her stomach
So I made her take a tums
Semi automatic like a fool
Now watch them run

I could make it rain
I'm the weatherman shawty
Wait
I made a mistake
I'm the white Steve Harvey

You
Ain't up in the bar
You are not that important
I
Just bought a new car
I just had it imported
I
Say just what I mean
My stacks is Yao Ming
I go hard
Watch her titties start bouncing
Like 2 springs
On a bean I'm a fiend
When it comes to getting pussy
When I pull up on the block
I got everybody looking
If you fucking with my crew
I'll get everybody taken
Let up off a couple rounds
I got everybody booking
It's like
One after another
When I'm going through friends
Homies switching like they bitches
Like they going through trends
But they all just wanna piece
Like I did this with them
Ride or die mother fucker
I got me till the end
Ha ha ha
Better stop you keep making me laugh
Better not make a scratch
While you pumping my gas
Fuck boy
I ain't playin with ya
Like KD with OKC
I ain't playin with ya
Like a pussy on the rag
I ain't playin with ya
Hide and seek with a fag
I ain't playin with ya
Ha
I got a
Bad bitch with me
She my lil sex bot
Her ex mad
I control her like an Xbox
All these rappers story telling
Like an ex cop
And everybody knows that sKitz Kraven
Got the best rock
Ugh
I spit crack you spittin baking soda
I got a lot of yola
More coke than some Coca Cola
All you rappers hating on me
But your shit is whack
Talkin about you counting bands
But you ain't even seen a rack
Yeah
Broke boy get your money up
I could make it rain whenever
Even when the sun is up

True shit
True religions got me moon walking
I'm so fuckin high
Yeah I think hear the moon talking
I'm so fucking geeked up
I see my food crawling
Xanny got me paranoid
I think I see my new coffin
K.R.A.V.E.N
I am too ballin
Hell's Kitchen
Welcome to my new office