Make'em Bleed

Słoń

You know, I'm tired of all the aggression, huh
I just wanna sing songs like when we were kids, you know
You know that
– Zamknij kurwa ryj

Rub-a-dub-dub, three bodies in the tub
Now who the fuck you think that they be? (now who they be?)
The hater, the faker, the whack track maker
Fuck it, I'mma make 'em all bleed (make 'em bleed)

You better invest in a vest
Or get a hole left in your chest
I roll with the best of the best
Dudes wanna test, that's a bad decision
I don't suck my own dick and I ain't into ass kissing
Another ass-kicking commences
Give a fuck about the outcome or if it's offensive
'Cause when the dead walk we will live within fences
And I'll bring "Lucille" when I visit your campus

Śmierć tańczy, rozsiewając wokół trupów zapach
Ja chcę jak Bóg ukarać łaków na poziomie gugu-gaga
Więc kundlu japa, w herbie martwica mózgu nadal
Nie dotkniesz mojej poprzeczki, choćbyś na chuju stawał
Bij na alarm, nadciąga piekielny szwadron
Wstaw w cudzysłów, że cechuje nas niedelikatność
To czysty hardkor, plujemy w ryj tym pseudoznawcom
Konkurencja nie istnieje, jak pięciozłotowy banknot

Temper, temper, never count to ten when
My rowdy gang enter, we split the crowd center
We light incense with the scent of death
Invent sick tracks with intent to wreck
So, mic check, one, two, fuck you and you too
If you make it past me, you gotta face off with cubes
So do what you do and stay over there
'Cause we ain't having no bullshit over here

Na majku społeczny odpad, zwykły prostak z nadwagą
W dłoniach mam kije do golfa, a oddech cuchnie jak jabol
Wyczuwam strach łamago, niczym szkolony labrador
Niech przy tym tracku wasze babcie się dziś w piekle łajdaczą
Nad miasto przyleciał znów B29
Zmień ksywę na nawóz, od dzisiaj zamieszkasz w glebie
I mnie się nie pozbędziesz nawet z pomocą koleżków
Jestem jak bakterie kału na twej szczoteczce do zębów

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I went to hell and back, driving in a red Cadillac
I never left, now I even got the devil back
I never rest, see my heart is in the wicked places in my chest
Nevertheless, I don't stress, 'cause I'm dead already
And hella mella sweaty burnin' all your lily Kelly

People lookin' at me petty, like I'm Fetty Wap
Aim my Glock at your flock, 'cause they ready now
I let it pop, you gon feel it like a belly flop
I'mma bully, I'mma jock, I'm the fuckin' rock
I'mma chip off the old block, you fuckin' flop
Killing niggas like a cop, it will never stop
Always reppin for the real rest in peace to pops
He in heaven now, but I be still in hell a lock
The demon knights in the castle of Camelot
They still in shock never open up the [?]
See that's a warning it's gettin' warm, it's hella hot

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