Shotgun shells to the dome piece
That phrase had to kill off the homie
Every time I try I get cold feet
Cigarettes singing in my gold teeth
Mona Lisa's smile like Da Vinci
Sent a sad face emoji when she texts me
All short business keep it 6 feet
Open Sesame
When she off that Ketamine

Thursdays

Cleaning off my knife
Red dot baby right between your eyes
No fun is set about your kind
Russian Roulette playing every night
Playing every night
Russian Roulette playing every night

Got a bad bitch
In a bad dress
Ima spend a rack on a bust down casket
Burned the rest so none of you can have it
If I go to hell, you can blame it on these habits
Cold trains on the no beam
Death wish had to kill off the old me
No strings ain't no way you can control me
Tattoo on my head like a puppet that you don't see

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