

Drugs/Hoes/Money/Etc.

\$uicideboy\$

Counting sheep until I'm sound sleep
I'm lounging deep in a grave I found
Without a sound or peep, I lay in the ground
6 feet
Slick as sleet
Sneaking a beat
Let the breath leak out my mouth
Bitch, I want your skull
Fuck what's under your skirt
You broke my heart and now Ima ima make you hurt
Stomp you on the curb and then I'll throw you in the dirt
Give you back to the Earth
Girl you were something special
Yeah you were my fucking first
You want to cuddle?
We can cuddle in the back of the fucking hearse

I don't need your sympathy
Make them bitches sing for me
Caught up in reality, smoking on some fantasy
Put the gun against my head
Pull the trigger now I'm dead
Bitches wanna count my bread
Only let them give me head
Sleeping in a tulip bed
Smoking green and seeing red
Loading up the clip with lead
Trigger finger soft as thread
No jewels, no chains, I like it that way
Don't know what I'm up to until that Glock in your face
I pop that bitch and I spray
Got these hoes on delay
All it take is one word they do whatever I say