

## Grayscale

\$uicideboy\$

I'm sinking to unknown levels  
The devil with no break pedal  
Stop all this murder mo-murder  
Drugs got me cocking the burner  
Run up in your house duct tape on your mouth  
Evil shit hitting licks never a drought  
Suicide Grey 59 future is now  
Lucifer in the flesh you'd hear the sound  
(\$ui-\$ui-\$uicide)  
Popping these pills and I'm popping these shells  
Oxy and Herron crushed up in a bill  
Feel like I'm watched by the eyes in the hill  
\$carecrow the menace but \$carecrow don't panic  
I called on JGRXXN and they ready to kill  
Lil Uzi cocked and he ready to drill  
Smokin' out, locin' out in a DeVille

Roaches swarm around me as I rise and levitate  
I be the snake of genesis leading the exodus to an unknown place  
And claim its safe uh  
Gathering sheep to the slaughter  
I show em the blade  
Let them pray to the father and sneak up behind them and open their veins  
The devil in wolf's clothing  
Yung plague attends them demon masquerades  
But I ain't mask my face  
I pass the blade and ask to trade their soul for cash and fame  
I scratch these names off of my list  
I trash the place and dip back to my pit of ash and bones and hibernate  
My sack of souls ain't gon' escape

Watch me hypnotize you niggas cause JGRXXN got that phonk  
I'm riding in a steamer with some bodies in the trunk  
Jug mane jug mane you not the jug mane  
False flagging niggas come and catch a blast man  
These scheme-icide niggas always burning up the trunk  
We runnin' down yo lane, I don't pull up I always dunk  
I never gave a fuck about these niggas wanna play  
And if you with the shit, please believe we on the way

Hustle the maniac  
Quick attack you can't relax you can't relax  
So on your back you even know I'd bust your ass  
Be like fuck the cash but need the cash  
Hustle passion for the love of bands  
I kill a man I rob a man I be feelin bad  
But damn if I tell you that  
You be lurkin in my business fast  
Like "The fuck boy how you doin that?"  
Before you know it I be at your neck  
Like the dead he vanish to a mist  
He see the noose that come up out the group  
In the trunk we let bodies sit  
Suicide the way we slittin wrists  
Roll the blunt then put it to my lips  
Torch a car just for the love of chips  
It's Hustle

G-G-G59 talking to the devil plot another 'nother crime  
Elevate above the clouds, looking for the sun  
When I fell from the heavens was losin' my mind  
Rip off my wings and I take off my halo  
I'm looking for God but didn't find shit  
So I stuck with the devil I sold my soul quick  
I was fucking and then then I murdered my bitch  
Murder suicidal gripping the rifle hand on the bible  
Believe in false idols you living in dreams, but I'm stuck in reality thinki  
ng of schemes  
Loss in the darkness where I become heartless  
I creep through the night and I keep my blade sharp  
And I'm stuck in my wave  
'Cause I don't give a fuck 'cause I'm throwing my elbows, I'm gettin' too bu  
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