

Maple \$yrup

\$uicideboy\$

Yung Christ
5-9

Crack up in my swisher
Blowing bitches kisses
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Syrup got my twisted
Now we G*59 the misfits
Swerving and I'm fucked up
Serving time I'm locked up
Chopper spraying mac truck
You live a life of bad luck
All my hoes do drugs
All my homies thugs
Bitches bitches fucking scrubs
Explorer on some dubs
This that flex on them with no mercy
That text I get at 1: 30
Bitch bitch begging to get fucked
Leggings on but I rip them up
Just enough to slide up in
All about them Benjamin's
Dead presidents
I'm heaven sent
You just a fuck boy
That's irrelevant
Bow down to your sensei
You talking to a God boy

G-59 Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Swerving passed the Church in all black clothing
Holding up a middle finger
Mac showing
Throwing cash hoes run and clash
Get their back broken
Pop the cap open
Throat soaking in some liquid potion
Ocean motion motion
Toasting to the stars
Got a great view from Mars
Spit a couple bars just to show it
*59 ain't far from the start
All brain and heart
Gotta play your part in the game
You aim the dart

Fresh fruit by the platter
Sipping water
Hear it splatter
Ash on my shirt
But I'm me so it never matters
Fuck a job stay at home
Rolling bones until I'm gone
Ties on my wrist
This the doped up ghost

Laying laying in my bed feeling dead now
Money stashed in my pockets with the bands now
I don't like rap cause they do it wrong
I'm isolated because I cannot take this shit no more
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