

Maple \$yrup

\$uicideboy\$

Yung Christ

5-9

Crack up in my swisher

Blowing bitches kisses

Syrup got me 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 fucking scrubs

Explorer on some dubs

This that flex on them with no mercy

That text I get at 1: 30

Yo 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

Toasting to the stars

Got a great view from Mars

Spit a couple bars just to show it ain't hard

'59 ain't far from the start

All brain and heart

Gotta play your part in the game

Make sure you aim the dart

Fresh fruit by the platter

Sipping water

Hear it splatter

Got ash on my shirt

But I'm me so it never matters

Fuck a job stay at home

Rolling bones until I'm gone

Hair ties on my wrist

This the doped up ghost

Laying in my bed feeling dead now

Money stashed in my pockets with the bands now

I don't like rap because they do it wrong

I'm isolated because I cannot take this shit no more

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