

THE_EVIL_THAT_MEN_DO

\$uicideboy\$

You ask me to help you?
How can I when you've kidnapped and stolen
For all I know, even murdered
By nightfall, we will have left your Earth
You will not see us until it is time
Time for what?
\$uicideboy, bitch (\$uicideboy, bitch)

When I die, auction off all my body parts
Let's see what Oddy cost, summon my skull to shawty's cross
Now all these opps on my dick, like it's made of metal
Makin' so much money, it's like my boss is the devil
She loves me, she loves me not, I ran out of petals
Been in the ground with all those bits, I rip this phony stem forever
A portrait of all my pain, an homage to my sufferin' saint tale
I been recoverin', I'm staining your world grey, y'all get back to coloring

Slickity-slickity sloth, [?]
[?], it will be violent
Jabbin' my arm no Pfizer, [?] cuffs like it come with priors
Liars all around me talkin', hugs and love attaching
Kisses that comes with riches just so they can touch my trust
f*ck, that's some hard motherf*ckin' truth
Still contemplatin' suicide, just upgraded a couple coupes
Morally bankrupt, call the skank up to pretend she love me

Ho, don't talk while you f*ckin' suck me

Uh, should we, I-, that was a little short, bruh
Well, f*ck, bro
Can we, can we
I just did eight bars 'cause I thought you said all you had to say

Yeah, I got more shit to say, bro, like
Well, I mean
What? Tell me
They sayin' you "Lost touch"

Who the f*ck say Ruby done lost his touch?
Blame my success on lots of luck, but lots of luck ain't gonna get your bitch
h un-f*cked
Blame my absence on the fact that my dick got stuck
Call me Evergreen, your bitch never seem like she lost touch
Beggin' me, she wants a jump f*ck
[?] withdraw my cash
Use her tongue to collect ash for the stash, I guess I'll smash
Pull off in the Glee-Wagon, f*cked up, I might crash
Just thoughts and feelings from the half of me that is white-trash

Bitch, I cheated death, ain't nothin' that I can't do
Manipulation shawty, I can sell ice [?]
I can sell ice to the jeweler, I can sell Christ like I'm Judas
Self-righteous type of shooter, make my life as your intruder, excluder
Product of my environment, my therapist was talkin' [?] I rolled my eyes the
n fired the bitch
Why would I quit my drug, the choice is overdosin', duh
My dick got no limits, I'm Master P pimpin' and makin' the bitches say "Uhh!

"

You would be horrified at the sight of us
Rain, rain, go away, two-hundred on the dash, watch me hydroplane
Gang, gang, gang's all grey from New Orleans [?]
From Atlanta to the Bay