

# THE\_EVIL\_THAT\_MEN\_DO

\$uicideboy\$

You ask me to help you?  
How can I when you kidnapped and stole him  
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\$)

When I die, auction off all my body parts  
Let's see what oddy costs  
Under my skull the shotty's cross  
Got all these opps on my dick like it's made of metal  
Making so much money it's like my boss is the devil  
She loves me, she loves not, I done ran out of petals  
Littered the ground with rose bits, I'll grip this thorny stem forever  
A portrait of my pain, an homage to my suffering  
Same tale I been uncovering  
I'm staining the whole world grey, y'all get back to coloring

Slickity slickity sloth  
Thug Bach  
Shoot up the mass  
It will B minor  
Jabbing my arm no Pfizer  
Dick cuffed like it cum with priors  
Liars  
All around me talking hugs and love  
Attaching kisses that come with wishes for death so they can touch my trust  
Fuck  
That's some hard mother fucking truth  
Still contemplating suicide  
Just upgraded a couple coupes  
Morally bankrupt  
Call a skank up  
To pretend she love me  
("But I do love you")  
Hoe, don't talk while you fucking sucking

Uh, should we, I, that was a little short, bruh  
Well, fuck bro  
Can we, can we  
I just did eight bars 'cause I had to say all you had to say  
I got more shit to say, bro, like  
Well, I mean  
What? Tell me  
This ain't a love's touch

Who the fuck said Ruby done lost his touch?  
Blame my success on lots of luck  
But lots of luck didn't get your bitch unfucked  
Blame my absense on the fact that my dick got stuck  
Call me evergreen  
Your bitch never seemed like she lost touch  
Begging me she wants her jaw fucked  
Withdraw from dope before I withdraw my cash  
Use her tongue to collect ash  
For the stash I guess I'll smash

Pull off in a GLE wagon, fucked up, I might crash  
Just thoughts and feelings from the half of me that is white trash

Bitch, I cheated death  
Ain't a thing that I can't do  
Manipulation shawty  
I could sell ice to Nanook  
I could sell ice to the jeweler  
I could sell Christ like I'm Judas  
Self righteous type of a shooter  
Make my life insurance shoot up  
Wet screwed up  
Product of my environment  
My therapist was talking Freud  
I rolled my eyes then fired the bitch  
Why would I quit?  
My drug of choice is overdosing duh  
My dick got no limits  
I'm Master P pimping  
And making them bitches say ugh

You would be horrified at the sight of us

Rain, rain  
Go away  
200 on the dash  
Watch me hydroplane  
Gang, gang  
Gang's all grey  
From New Orleans to Ottawa  
From Atlanta to The Bay