Swangin' in that '64 Ridin' with a dead ho Bitch I'm from that murder block Don't give a fuck bout gettin' caught It's time to meet yo maker Undertaker of the murder clan Don't fuck with mark ass bitches Send them off up in a ambulance \$chema boys and \$uicide Cock it back it's do or die Time to make some momma's cry I fantasize bout homicide Creepin' in the cemetery Knuckin' buckin' with tha Cherry Pussy boys don't fuck with fairies Blood all on me like I'm Carrie Red rum, red rum Chop his body put him in the bag Murder, murder Every time that '45 blast Lame ass bitches, I'm the devil's bastard (When I catch ya mark ass slipping) I'ma blast ya

Lame ass niggas starting shit like some bastards When I catch ya mark ass slippin' I'm a blast ya

Well it's that ammo-dodgin

In all camouflage and I'm just flodgin Loafin Smokin Chokin potent in my coffin Loking Toking up I'm coughing Broken Hoping that I'm overdosing Toting Glocks but never poking soaking thots I'm sure you not the bitch I said you was But you still a pussy boy Yusa boy Yusa pussy boy Shout out JGRXXN and them schema boys \$uicideboy\$ for life *59 and Hustle Family tight Fuck a copyright I'll let you bite as much as you want Light the blunt Fahrenheit I stunt Fucking stuffing bodies in the trunk and then I fucking grunt You saying Oddy front because I fucked your bitch you punk

Lame ass niggas starting shit like some bastards When I catch ya mark ass slippin'

I'm a blast ya

See that say nigga say he hard but I don't believe him
He so full of bulk, I ain't ever seen him
See it's JGRXXN with them \$uicideboy\$
And we in that hoop ride
We bendin corners mane
Bout to make a stang
When you see the black rain you gon' feel the pain
See you's a pussy boy I took your pussy boy
She suckin on my dick while I press record