

Vincent Van Gogh Ain't Got Shit On Me

\$uicideboy\$

White boy so cold they call me snow, hoe
Want to fuck with me?
I know Scarecrow, hoe
Call up Navigator
Blow a bag of dope, hoe
Starry Night
Posted on the fucking boat
No limit to my suicidal thoughts
God I bet you fucking chew through my own thoughts
Smoke a blunt
Told her who am I to cough when you the one who at a loss for the
mother fucking words
Throw her to the fucking curb
No loss
Bitch I be the fucking boss
Got frost on my shoulder but I had to wipe it off
Cut my wrists just for the fucking gloss
Duck a pig
Fuck a bitch
How I floss
Fuck boys in my way, Christ coming off the cross
See them motherfuckers pause not knowing it depends on a fuckin
g coin toss
Either way I fucking lost

\$lickity \$lick keep the flame on the bic
Bitches run mouth when they all fulla dick
Roaches on me as I walk thru the pit
I'm that sick mother fucker hanging from a bridge
Tip toeing Hells ridge like I don't have no caution
Kidnap your hoe put that bitch in an auction
Click clack, oh no, now y'all laying in coffins
Get back fuck boy cause my homicides often
Murderous genocide
Conquering just to divide
Coincide with my fucked up mind
\$uicide let the trigger finger slide
Grey tides we ride
Hear the battle cries for the most high
Yung Christ, he died
The \$carecrow has risen tonight