

You're Now Tuning In To 66.6 FM With DJ Rapture (The Hottest Hour Of T

\$uicideboy\$

Sink back in that fucking spine, second guessing crime
7th Ward where I snort a slug and cross the fucking line

West Bank/Northside 'til the coffin ride
Who am I? I am god, I am Basquiat

Trap-a-holics mixtapes
Man, drop this shit for these fuck niggas

Grey Five Nine signed
Rough diamonds tryna shine
Christ and I, \$ui-\$ucide
You know, you know, you know I'm
Diving head first when crucified
Lucifer cried when I told him I'm choosing to die
Noose and a knife
But I ain't use the knife
To loosen the noose, keep it tight
Abusing the truth, that's a lie
Fuck boy with a ski mask think he gon' rob me blind
Fuck boy better think fast when he cock the nine
Fuck boy better...
Fuck boy better sink back in that fucking spine, second guessing crim
e
7th Ward where I snort a slug and cross the fucking line
Yet another line inside the cup
Another line you should look up
Another line that shook you up
I signed the line for Lucifer

Damn son where'd you find this?
Real trap shit

5-9 'til I'm dead, aye
Bitch, I'm Grey 'til the death, aye
Never gave a fuck 'bout dying, no
Even when I was a jit, woe
Pop a jig, load the rig with that motherfucking china white
Fuck it if I die tonight, I'm gambling with my fucking life
West Bank/Northside 'til the coffin ride
Who am I? I am god, I am Basquiat
Yung Kurt Cobain with the scarred veins
Mentally derranged, hear the crows say my name (\$carecrow)
I'm just wasting my time, I'm just wastin' my breath
Why can't I just die? Why can't I go next?
Why we get no respect? Why I loved holding TEC's?
Xanax bar on my neck, I pop 'em, pop 'em to death
This ain't no motherfuckin' trend, everyday feels like the end
Feed me, feed me medicine, so I can't feel my sins