

404Error

The Bones

Always talk about money, like it mean something you way too funny

Hope you get it in abundance spend it like you want it

Go and tell me how you does it

Salute me R.I.P. Stack Bundles

See me play now they calling for a huddle

I don't fight I don't get into a tussle

I don't ever gotta flex no muscle

Adrenaline running around my tracks

No don't tell Bones to relax

My feet up reclining rewinding to the day that we scrapped that cab

3 A.M, snow on the grass

3: 06, we made them tracks

Don't know how we made it back its a fact that all I know's a regretful past

Frostbite, cover my hands up to my face I don't feel a thing

Wait!

Sitting in the back seat, where we going?

I can't recognize one face anymore

I don't know no one everything foreign

Fuck it all somebody help me out