

48843

The Bones

SESH

Who's the wildman now?
I'm Rudy Ruettiger I'll put you on ya back
And now the doctor gotta suture
Yeah, I'm loaded but won't shoot at ya
Got a razor in my boot for ya
I throw them bows like Luda (uh)
We pull up, change the temperature
Real motherfucker, you just loyal
I put you on, embrace you as a brother
You'd be spoiled
Every song a coil in my mind's turmoil
When they put me in the soil, I'mma make the coffin boil
Floorboards creakin'
You in your room sleepin'
Deadboys silent
We lurkin', we creepin'
Now back up on ya head, bitch
Hit a sweep like the feds bitch
Four double eight four three, motherfuck glory
I do this shit so when I die again, nobody mourn me
Too cashed, I'm soaring
All year you tourin'
Your label needs money and your family needs supportin'

It's Mr. Backroad look I only conversate on burners
White fire make you burn
Chains drag I know you heard us, bitch
Stop, drop, lean with it rock
Snappin' like Dem Franchise Boyz on the block
Always in search of a brighter day
Shoot up the roof and ride away
They said it couldn't be done
But best believe Bones will find a way
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