.EXE

The Bones

Walking through the catacombs, bitches try to tag along
.Exe up on your man if he act Microsoft
Macintosh, having thoughts
101 blunts and a glass of Voss
Want to chill, ask your boss
Hope that job is paying off
Cash, cash, cash, all I fucking see is cash
Get cash, cash, cash, dollar signs when I ash
Spacebar, racecar, flip it like a face card
Like me 'til they see me, now they wanna play the race card
White in the night, drinking fire, smoking ice
Just a skinny white pimp named Bones, with the knife
No chain, no games, never catch me in the Range
If I catch you within range feel the reach of my blade

Feel it in your veins, feel it in your blood
Take you out the frame, put you in the mud
I'm the one to blame, 'cause you're the one that does
Put it on me, I don't mind feeling fucked up

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