

Catacombs

Unaverage Gang

Save my soul, take my soul
The Devil knows, where I go
This the seminal
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Holdin' them middle fingers up, never gave a damn bout a mother fuckin' punk
But I swear to God, all these bitches actin like a thot
New whip swervin' off the lot, still screaming out fuck the cops
Fuckin' you up 'til you can't feel your face
And I put your ashes inside of the vase
Fast pace, so you better get the fuck out my way
Catacombs where you be dying today

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Fuckboys be talking that shit
But they just made 'cause they sucking on my dick
Real shit
And I'll fuck up your mind don't trip
You feelin' the energy, no documentary
Usin' the axe as accessory to murder
UNAVERAGE GANG and we never got herd of
But the Devil got me waitin' in this mothafuckin' line
Define the prime, rewind the time, bloody omen is mine