

Ain't no stressin' or no resting bitch, I'm grinding 'til I die
The land of all the wicked with the demons on the rise
The darkness on this the earth will soon light up with all the
fire
So bitch, just back up off my dick
As I hypnotize
I keep on just running on in circles
And every time I just wind back in this hell
Thinking of days when I went insane, feeling of trapped in a ce
ll
I cannot fail, I cannot break
I will not kneel
Mothafuckas, I promise that you are not safe
T.R.I.P. just came out of his shell

When you raisin' all these demons
Have you felt this way before?
A dark obsession with collections of a rotting corpse
I know you like the way they burn in hell
Your enemies are drowning deep in decomposing smell
If you tryin' to run up
You better have one tucked, you know
Gonna get fucked up
You better not be alone
I know you like the way they burn in hell
Your enemies are drowning deep in decomposing smell