

Paranoid

Unaverage Gang

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You can find me lurking in the night

I can feel the mothafuckin' evil hunting with scythe

Someone call my doctor, think I lost my fuckin' mind

If I feel this way tomorrow, I promise that you gon' die

If I said I got your back then it's to the grave

If I said this pussy fake, we can run the fade

UAV 7 0 deuce, where I fuckin' stay, ain't nobody coming to save you

Pussies, my .9 go bang

Red dot scoping on yo' mothafuckin' cranium

Got the 9 millimeter

I'm busting shots like I'm painting 'em

Fuck it I'm just sick of 'em

Got the hounds they sicken em'

Burn they fuckin bodies and break they necks just by hangin 'em

Hold up

You sayin' Doctor Satan has arrived?

With all that shit you talkin', you will never be revived

I keep on buildin' on whatever that is trapped inside

And I will I'll never find the fuckin' truth that's hidden from my eyes

So many people always dark sided on the soul

Lost souls from the graves, they crave just to be a whole

And live again, just a matter of a sin

Just to fuck it up again, and nothin' in the mind to make amendments

Crossed over dark matter, another name for dark shadows

Walk-in over hard gravel, just to grab the black candles

Light 'em up and pass the samples, ritual to be a vandal

UAV is in my blood and now it showin' on my mantle