

## Rotting Fever

Unaverage Gang

Put a buck shot in his chest and make 'em bleed  
Pussy wanna run up, you gon' meet the fuckin' reaper  
Yeah, you can say I'm so out of control  
And I'm thinking of leaving them leaking  
Cruising the highway to hell, what the fuck was I thinking?  
Stay in the dark and just light up a candle  
We about to perform all the rituals bitch  
Grabbing the blindfold and tying you up  
Got that sharp pocket knife for your throat to be slit  
Me and my brotha, we come from the crypt  
Fucking with us and you probably won't live  
Straight out the coven, and fucked succubus  
Here's a plot I don't twist, I'll apply your death wish

Stackin' these corpses  
Many of you I can torment  
Banish you into the abyss  
Everyone will be tortured  
Don't ever forget my name  
And we're handin' out the flames  
Walkin' these halls, seein' another body that can fall  
Viewin' a river of doubt  
You just gotta let it out  
Murder a man down  
With all of the shit that is goin' down  
UAV is here, boutta take it now  
In the final moments, we gon' make it loud  
If you doubt, you know what you talkin' bout  
But if you still wanna test your luck  
Fuck your feelins, we don't give a fuck