

Season Of The Sick

Unaverage Gang

No Bible
I've been bad from the beginnin'
Talkin' human sacrifices, only righteous way of livin'
It's the
Whole gang hounds ride in a black hurst
Bodies in the back
We don't talk pull the strap first
Y'all don't want the smoke with me
Talking for the weakest sheeps
I'm a fuckin' hound
And we devour all the weakest links
We don't fuck with trends
I'm sayin' fuck you to the industry
We comin' with that devil shit
A triple sixin' trilogy

Season of the sick
This that wicked shit that is coming quick
.9 up on my hip
I unleash it then I'm splitting wigs
I'm bringing terror
I don't give a fuck bitch who yo' with
This the devil's playground
So buckle up, ho, we in this bitch
Open up your mind
And feel the presence of the mothafuckin' beast
When you cannot sleep
Just look up and then pray to UAV
We're the serpents and the creatures of land right underneath
Fuck you pussies, we gon' gut you up
And eat yo' fuckin' spleen
Psych ward killa shit
You bustas know right where I'm at
I'm posted up in location 666 on the map
Fuck your feelings and fuck your homies
Yeah, it's like that
Hauling bodies in a hearse while we collecting tags

Feelin' like there's many minds on a stop
You thinkin' that your time is comin'
Homie, that's the plot
Sickness on the mental
All the patience it's a prob
And you try to kill the fiend
Remindin' you that I'm a God
Oh shit
Devil risin' from the pit
Lookin' through my fuckin' eyes
Can you see this shit?
Stop
Why do all the bitches wanna fold?
If you really wanna do it, then you might as well go
Or drop it
If I gave a fuck
Look at all the fakers now
Gotta really take some time to see who the homies now
Shotgun to the liars and the fakes

And I'm takin' off they mask
You can't hide behind the face