

JoeBuddenProbablyThinksICantRap

wifisfuneral

Two hands Xanax, I might panic if not attack
Steady relapse into my old ways
In the third grade I got punished for sour play
Called my friend Johnny a fuckface
Snuck outside and shot pedestrians with my draco, missin' my AK
They yelling out mayday
Houston we got a problem
Grim on the loose and he's wildin'
Hide your children, cause if he finds you
You're dead within the next hour
Shedding tears to a dying flower
While he's laughing, plotting for power
And say roger, I couldn't find in my heart
A woman got duct-taped and he dragged along the body
See my mental kinda fucked up, you can tell right?
Probably got a whore with HIV, tell my rancher it's quite jolly
Sadly, I'm a spawn of Satan who's waiting to meet their maker,
to argue in conversation
I tried to kill myself three times, well I guess that didn't wo
rk, jerk
Now I go berserk, first on a verse
R.I.P. to my vocals
'Cause the day that I ever die the rap game got no culture
See I'm the nigga that's up now, mane, fuck next
Fuck fame, a fuck fest
Labels want to sign me now, I could give a fuck less
You could die, suck a sick dick, nigga
Hold your fuckin' breath, ayy