

Dead Dragon

Xavier Wulf

Nowadays they always switch the subject to some stupid shit
Now you see me ticked and pissed
I'm trippin' I can't handle it
Every time you see me eyes lower than a dead man
Red dragon Wulf tangled up into a hellish rant
King Ice Cobra Fang Style, fuck your forty-tech
Leave it up to me I leave 'em twisted, where you see 'em at?
I don't give no fuck about you punk bitches, never that
Trying to sneak on me you ain't focused nigga watch your back
Pull up too quick split you open then I crawl back
Diamond tears came dark red due to the blood shed
Pull up to the ark, blades glisten in the pitch dark
Built my whole career getting faded with a pitchfork
I don't give no fuck bout none of you niggas it go either or
People tried to play the game with me but I got better scores
Thunder Crow Wulf Claw Style now you see me soar
Niggas acting shady give no fuck, play me I'll leave 'em sore
Bitch I'm finna cop the Celsior, switch to sui doors
We ain't from The Pack but we really ride them scrapers boy
Hit the curb slow at a angle yeah, that a boy
Static bags, whatever we rocking nigga we enjoy
Pull off from the clique blunt burning in the moonlight
I knew I was right left that girl and had a better night
She said, "So you single?"
I said, "Bingo bitch you damn right"
Now you see me fading smoking waiting for my next fight
You bitch