

Suicidal

Yeat

Ooo, ooo suicidal
Ooo, ooo suicidal
Don't remember what I said that shit suicidal

Pushing 200 in this vette that shit suicidal (Swerve)
I can't go remember what I said cause that shit suicidal (No)
All that loving shit is dead that shit suicidal
In London got myself baguettes that shit two sided
Bitch we from two differents earths (Err)
She gonna eat my dick like she gonna eat some nerds
So I keep this oxy keep this X I don't know what's worse
Lost my twizzy to the system everytime I go to the back of my head it hurts
Yeah gonna go hop in that trackhawk, yeah that shit is on go (Go)
Twizzy go pull up and go boom-boom-boom it gonna blow (Bop-bop-bop)
I got a bag full of fucking racks, yeah wherever I go
[?] demons out my hole
They said that this shit on clearance, yeah they talking bout their toe (Oh)

It should be safe for me (Ooo)
I don't count these racks in piece yeah my cheese in pieces
This cayenne I just got out the lot, is Reeses Pieces (Yes)
I don't try on keeping my shot yeah its no teases
Racks on racks, racks on racks, racks on racks, racks on racks, racks on racks
Yeah, ha bags on bags, bags on bags, bags on bags, bags on bags, bags on bags
Racks on racks, racks on racks, racks on racks
Pass them, pass them, pass
Told you that I'm petty, you gotta go get ready
What's this life you keep talking bout that nobody really know
To [?] with all my twizzies we gonna go and that's for sure
I can try the help you seek
I hope that I don't OD

Got Helmut on my back, that's my new Lang
Got the Rick Owen with Margielle yeah that's my slime (Slime)
Even if shit get like this you gotta change (Change)
We live in a dirty, dirty, dirty place we gonna change
I put 10 in Marriott
I fuck my money up and made me Wockhardt
Might get some Tris or might, get some Wock
This loving shit is suicidal but I can't stop (Lets go)

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