

Just Die

Boondox

Put a hole in your soul
Make your blood run cold

Put a hole in your soul
Nine millimeter homie
Make your blood run cold
You die
Go rest your eyes
You die
Go testify

You don' fucked with the wrong one today
And you don't want it homie
Fuck what you're trying to say
Your whole existence's phony
Talking so much shit you need'a motherfucking breathmint
And when I hit you with that glock
You'll wonder where your breath went
Always quick to take the dick up out of your mouth to jack your jaw
Guess you're pissed ya baby bitch would take the time to jack me off
And unlike when she be with you, dude
She swallowed it
Now you wanna give me attitude
Bitch, eat a hollowtip
Take your own advice and put the barrel in your own mouth
Kill your handicap and blow your motherfucking brains out
Do the world a favor, hoe, and try to fix a big mistake
Pull the trigger, send your soul to Hell for fucking Heaven's sake

Pull the heater on ya
Put a hole in your soul
Nine millimeter homie
Make your blood run cold
You die
Gonna rest your eyes
You die
Gonna test the fire
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See me on the streets and now you holla at me like we're brothers
Then you run your mouth cause you's a backstabbing motherfucker
Hide behind computer screens with fake names and magazines
Boy, you need to be a man and grow some nuts to step to me
Run upon you, hit you with that (one, two; one, two)
What you gonna do when I (come through, stun you)
Peel ya fucking cap with a nine millimeter
Better run motherfucker every time that I see ya
If I see ya motherfucker then I wouldn't wanna be ya
Hit you with them heatseekers
I fucking knew it I thought I saw a pussy cat

I pointed to ya when they askin' where the pussy at
YOU COCKSUCKIN-MOTHERFUCKER!
Check my fucking blood-pressure
Pop a couple pills and then I'm coming to get you

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I'll pull a drive by on ya in a Coupe De Ville
And when I shoot to kill, you know I shoot with skill
And you don't ever see it coming
Got the skills of a Sniper
Put the heat through your body, watch you spill in your diaper
For real, you's a liar, like Pinocchio
And when you talk, it grows
But hoe, it ain't your nose
It's the rage in my soul, it's building like construction
There's a tax on your ass and I'm a make deductions
Take ya functions, put you in a new shit bag
Beg like a bitch and you ain't gonna do shit fag
Twelve gauge, double barrel, pointed at your teeth
Tell your daddy buy a suit and make your momma buy a wreath, peace

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