

# Where Do I Go?

Boondox

Would I be better off laid in a six foot hole  
A body rotting eyes closed with no conscious or a soul  
Never knowing never feeling with no memories of being  
Only ashes laid to ashes never loving never seeing  
Just a corpse and of course there'd be no rising of the dead  
No apocalypse of zombies and no cracking open heads  
With no eating of the brains because I couldn't stand the pain  
Pitch black nothin zerod just a head stone and a name

I dont know where I'm gon go but when I get there they gon know  
Im wicked and I run the show and I'm wicked and I'm a juggalo  
And I'm swingin swingin hatchets while I'm screamin psychopathic  
And I'm wicked and I run the show and I'm wicked and I'm a juggalo

Would I be better off in flames and burnin for eternity  
And should the evil that I'm doin really be concernin me  
And should I bite my tongue and never seen to walk a righteous path  
Or will I feel the devils pitchfork stickin in my righteous ass  
Wake up to the smells off flesh slowly burnin like a pinner  
Listen to the screams of sinners roastin like a chicken dinner  
Everyday in hell the temperature would be a fuckin scorcher  
And everyday in hell a new experience in human torcher.

When I die I dont know where I'm gonna be but I know its a one way ticket  
And when I die idk where I wanna be but I know that ill stay wicked

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Would I be better off with streets of gold a halo angels wings  
Floatin like a bodom cloud just chillin while a choir sings  
And every single female big ol booty sportin double ds  
Quick to take a dick and on command be blowin like a breeze  
Never beein broke or feelin sick and liquor on tap  
Pac and biggy droppin by to ask me 'where the weed at?'  
Call it shangri la or heaven I just hope they listenin  
And even though that hell is callin pray for me they let me in

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I'm wicked