

Ä...zzie DÄ,th - Skull Moon

{Ä...zzie DÄ,th}

Please don't talk to me

My soul's incomplete

It seems obsolete

Everday feels like

I'm stuck in a dream

Hold my hands till they bleed (i scream)

Lets go out into the street

Skull moon looks at me (i'm alone again)

Eyes wide and a scream

Aye in a grave all alone you'll decay bitch

Yo imma end all my opps w an awp or pump

Yea, we let god be the judge of the game bitch

I'm pullin up w my drums n go radada

Relax on em dawg, i ain't only tryna get rich

My money's high, i ain ever fuck the same bih

Racks stackin up, watch em fill up the wholÐµ city block

Yea 100 rounds, n i watch bodybags drop

Yea i am manic, feelin semi-auto-fuckin-matic

BitchÐµs think they sumn when they're just one more bar to my song

Carryin bodybags, like some bitch who stole designer bags

Take another shot, lookin thru the glass

Yea, takin aim, watch em bleed it's entertainin

Blood on the walls, ya head scatta like a paintin

Brain on my jeans, snortin up the bits remainin

Throat full of lead, make that fucka quit complainin

{faidev}

Look into the skull moon

Holes for eyes and i see it staring back (back at me)

Looking for a new soul

Cause the one that i have is fading black

Blood eyes when i wake up

Bloodshot cause i smoke too much

Cause we fight then we make up

Its funny how the skull moon tells me to run (dont come back)