

Scavenger - Heart Attack

Booger sugar puff - in that blunt - hunnid bucks
Feel like I could run a marathon, I'm cracked up
All black eyes, nose bleeding, off a line
I laugh myself to sleep every single fucking night

I was young in the trap
I was 14 whipping crack
Serving pills in all black
Got a pistol, I don't lack

Got my hair down in my eyes
Look like I'm from Columbine - got - hundred fucking reasons why I would want to die

When I'm geeked up - don't talk to me, better speak up - if you want some beef, got dracos, ARs, hella beams, the war you start ends in defeat
This magazine - holds 30 rounds, imagining - you get shot down, if you run up, sticking the gun up
Your corpse won't ever be found

Machete to your skull, crack it open watch em fall
Pissed - the fuck off, put my fist - through a wall, 25 to live
For that body is the price, ain't work no 9 to 5, been in the trap - my whole life

I see red - I see dead bodies laying in a field
I don't know if I'm still alive cause I can't even feel
Never sleeping, never dying, cannot seem to get some rest
Pissing in a cup - I failed the fucking test

**Doctor just secured me nother brick, that's what I like to hear
Way that I've been popping pills, might be dead by the end of the year, I'm
hoping I can still get into heaven but I know my fate
Flames of hell consume my flesh as I lay in my graaaaave**

**Jason mask - chasing cash - just so I can buy more pills
Psychopath - motherfucker, don't you know i'm from the MIL
North 97th Street
Live from the pits of hell, resurrected from the dead, men tell no tales**