

Just Die

Boondox

Put a hole in your soul
Make your blood run could Put a hole in your soul
Nine millimeter homie
Make your blood run could
You diiiee
Gon' rest your eyes
You diiiee
Gon' test the fire You don' fucked with the wrong one today
And you don't want it homie
Fuck what you're tryin to say
Your whole existence phony
Talkin so much shit you need'a mutherfuckin breathe mint
And when I hit you with that glock
You'll wonder where your breathe went
Always quick to take the dick up out'cha mouth to jack your jaw
Guess you're pissed ya baby bitch would take the time to jack me off
But nuttin like what she would be with you, du'
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 mutherfuckin brains out
Do the world a favor, hoe, and try to fix a big mistake
Pull the trigger, send your soul to Hell for fuckin Heaven's sake Pull the heater on ya
Put a hole in your soul
Nine millimeter homie
Make your blood run could
You diiiee
Gon' rest your eyes
You diiiee
Gon' test the fire
Pull the heater on ya
Put a hole in your soul
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Gon' test the fire See me on the streets and now you holla at me like we're brothers

Then you run your mouth cause you's a backstabbin mutherfucker
Hide behind computer screens with fake names and magazines
Boy, you need'a be a man and grow some nuts to step to me
Run upon you, hit'chu with that (one, two; one, two)
What'chu gonna do when I (come through, stun you)
Peel ya fuckin cap with a nine millimeter
Better run mutherfucker every time that I see ya
If I see ya mutherfucker then I wouldn't wanna be ya
Hit'cha with them heatseekers
I fuckin knew it that I thought I saw a pussy cat
I pointed to ya when they askin where the pussy at
YOU COCKSUCKIN-MUTHERFUCKER!
Check my fuckin blood-pressure
Pop a couple pills and then I'm comin to get'chaPut a hole in your soul
Make your blood run could
You diiiee
You diiiee
Put a hole in your soul
Make your blood run could
You diiiee
You diiieeI'll pull a driveby on ya in a Coupe De Vile
And when I shot to kill, you know I shot with skill
And you don't ever see it comin
Got the skills of a Sniper
Put the heat through your body, what'cha 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 buildin like construction
There's a tax on your ass and I'ma make deductions
Take ya functions, put'cha in a new shipbag
Beg like a bitch and you ain't gonna do shit fag
Twelve gage, double barrel, pointed at your teeth
Tell your daddy buy a suite and make your momma buy a wreath, piecePull the heater on ya
Put a hole in your soul
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