Faces of Death (Explicit)

E-A-SKI

I only got one life to live like the soaps
So before they take mines I'm puttin glocks to they throats
Kerplow! Adams Apple just got hit by a nine-millimeter slug this all real this ain't no counterfit
Test these nuts nigga your shell gone crack and its gone take more than just a Quiji board to bring your spirit back.
You lead yourself into this confrentation elemination of your bodily creation now you just a patient.
A doctor death but not Kevorkian
You can turn the tails but you don't wanna see the tails of the scorpion
Faces of war , faces of anger, meet me face to face this ain't no identity crisis this a mental phase.
A million and one faces I've got to know
Cause nobody surpass the wrath of Sir Skier the O
AK's, Glocks, with infareds and Techs on my swords for conquest as they test my faces of death[chorus]
Faces of death, Faces of death
Are you scared for your life motherfucker?
(You don't wanna see)
Faces of death, Faces of death
Are you scared motherfucker for your life?
(You don't wanna die) [x2]Me muggin is how I set them up
A smirky wicked twisted grin suspicion alone just shuts them up.
Confusion arouses they brain like pussy do cause they don't know what I can do to them or they pussy crew
I should tell them to recognize like Sam Snead but I got so many faces its a warning they just couldn't heed
It gets greater later but not for haters
I snuff them like Space Invaders call me player hater assassinator
Damn these niggers make my trigger finger inch.
Fuckin with these menace to society makes me click shit
I gave triggers to niggers with no hearts
Turn niggers into stars and player haters into marks nigger
Don't you know its my debut and I can break you
The same track you used to conversate to can turn around and fade you
My production style is too complex
Music to me is sex and thats just one of my.....[chorus (x2)]My dialect breaks necks, watch me shatter niggers like glass, switch up
faces jump in my shit and haul ass

You damn right I got an attitude problem
My personalities switch with every click like a revolver nigger
You playin Russian Roulette with your life fuck your wife she ain't a widow nigger I still fuck her every night.
You niggers got beef for 100% USDA sirloin steak and you niggers finna get ate up wait up
This bullshit got my bloodpressure rising
Knocking you out like Tyson leave you fuckers fantisising nigger
I peal your cap like a safety seal its all real
My Mack 11's all steel makin ya'll kneel
And I got platinums on the wall to show for mine
You claim you the hardest you ain't got a damn dime
And where all your fans at they buyin' all my CD's off the shelf so they can witness my faces of death[chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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