

# 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 diiee  
Gon' rest your eyes  
You diiee  
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 diiee  
Gon' rest your eyes  
You diiee  
Gon' test the fire  
Pull the heater on ya  
Put a hole in your soul  
Nine millimeter homie  
Make your blood run could  
You diiee

Gon' rest your eyes

You diiiie

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'cha

Put a hole in your soul

Make your blood run could

You diiiie

You diiiie

Put a hole in your soul

Make your blood run could

You diiiie

You diiiie

I'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, piece

Pull the heater on ya

Put a hole in your soul

Nine millimeter homie

Make your blood run could

You diiee  
Gon' rest your eyes  
You diiee  
Gon' test the fire  
Pull the heater on ya  
Put a hole in your soul  
Nine millimeter homie  
Make your blood run could  
You diiee  
Gon' rest your eyes  
You diiee  
Gon' test the fire

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>