

# Machete (ft.Snak The Ripper & Young Sin)

## Datsik

Keep that machete stashed and swing it on that ass  
Yeah now who the fuck is this  
Spittin' limitless you minimalist bitch  
Something wrong with your brain if you 'ain't feeling this  
We're 'bout to blow the fucking club up like some terrorists  
Gonna die with my face planted in a pair of tits  
You must admit this is the shit that make you sick, the [?]  
Drink it, drink it up, you think it's safe but you know what  
It never is, accept what it is  
Killin' the scene, you know what it is  
The people [??]  
Fucking with shit you can never forget  
Yeah, I got some holes in my head and I fill 'em up with trash  
I suppose that I'm dead, but you probably shouldn't ask  
I got some hoes in my bed, and some hundreds in cash, cause I  
Keep that machete stashed and swing it on that ass  
Banging heads like some motherfuckin' rockstars  
Incite riots and light fire to cop cars  
Hot bars, they fuck with hot broads  
No 5's or 7's, if they ain't dimes they're knock-offs  
Sit in the grave, [?] as a slave, kicking the shit in the wickedest haze  
Slash like a razor, I'm moving your face  
You think that you're ill - that isn't the case  
Real as they come, number the one  
Can't feel my face, number than numb  
Pulling the smoke as I come to the lawn  
Higher this year, dumber than blown  
Datsik  
Snak the Ripper  
Young Sin  
Motherfucker!

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

Lyrics provided by

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