

Young Money

"I Hope Cannibals Turn You Into Stew"

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Well I hope that you drive your car off the road
And I hope they can't find your body in the snow
And I hope I never have to see you again
'Cause that would make me content

I hope that you're involved in a great plane crash
And I hope that your face gets torn and smashed
And I hope that your body burns to a crisp
'Cause that would bring me bliss

Hope that no one really cares
And I hope they find arsenic in your air
And I hope you meet your impending doom
And I hope your little sister gets your room

Well I hope that you choke on your own food
And I hope that you get a parasitic fruit
And I hope that I never have to see you again
'Cause you are not my friend

I hope that you die from sniffing glue
And I hope you get hit by a car or two
And I hope the cannibals turn you into stew
'Cause that would make me happy too

Hope that no one really cares
And I hope they find arsenic in your air
And I hope you meet your impending doom
And I hope your little sister gets your room

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