

Boondox "Just Die"

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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
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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 ?? 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

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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

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