

Nebular Moon

"One For The Butcher Knife '93 - Goretex"

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Meet my little friend his name is m16 i got the butcher
knife to cut ur fuckin heart out for kicks im on a killin
spree like the nigger named mason right around ur
grave kid is where il b dancin the cha cha u tried to
flex and i shot ya ten to the head now ur mother fuckin
brain dead mayor mooded me mad clips i got more
rubber in my glock than artifshal hips so now ur dead
kid 'cause ya fuckin bed kid every time i shot u in your
mother fuckin head kid when u call my suisidal hotline
I'll tell u to blow ur fuckin brains out with a tec nine
blowin up ur ips is something i premote so light up an
m80 and shove it down ur fuckin throught the rougher
the more u suffer im your musia

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