

## **Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof**

### **"Maggot Face"**

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Here come the maggot, feedin' on my flesh! x8

Darkness, (black!) buried underground  
3 slugs in my chest, never been found  
I'm decomposin', my lungs collapse  
My flesh is food for the maggots on my back!  
Got my gat! They all said my bodies paralyzed  
I can feel them crawling on my eyes!  
And lookin' for the open wounds, the smell of death  
Now they on the march, on my face to eat my flesh  
Startin' on my chest where the first bullet enter  
A hundred maggots in and start diggin' in the center!  
Tearin' up my insides, til' they reached my rib  
then one of them hollered, "Back to the grill!"  
They all followed one by one on my chest  
And headed on back to my face to rest  
The trip to my head was like a race  
They all made it though, and that's why I got a maggot  
face!

#### Chorus

Yea I got a maggot face and I don't care  
Yea I got a maggot face and I, don't, care! x4

I got maggots on my face, 3 quarters of my body  
They runnin' through my veins like a, IVY!  
Feedin' off the blood and flesh to take control  
Of a lifeless corpse, dead man without a soul  
Tryin' to maintain while they crawl through my  
bloodstream  
I can feel'em movin' from my neck to my brain  
To my eyelids, to the back of my spine  
From my feet on up to my mother fuckin' mind!  
They want to take control of my body and wreak havoc  
On them suckas out there tryin to rob my fuckin' casket  
Or my goods like a 40 of formaldehyde  
A 9 millimeter, good for pullin' drive-bys!  
My 2 rags and a sawed of shotgun!  
Any sucka get wit'in 2 feet, I pop'em!  
And I peel your wig, before you bit the case  
I wanna tell you bitches straight from the maggot face

Chorus

Here come the maggot, feedin' on my flesh! x8

Now your homie Blaze, got a maggot face  
Got me creepin' out the casket, just to erase  
Suckers on my block 'cause the maggots gotta eat  
Scoped 3 fools with my semi-auto heat  
Dragged their fuckin' bodies back into my casket  
Choppin' limbs up, wit' a hatchet!  
Fresh for the livin, aint no better taste  
Woke from the dead, made a mother fuckin' maggot  
face!

Chorus

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