

Koopta Knicca

"End of the Line"

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(Hook, Koopsta Knicca)

It is the end of the line
I'm bout to do all my time
Foo, it's the end of the line
I've got to do all my time
It's the end of the line
I've gots to do all my time
Foo, it's the end of the line
I've gots to to all my time
Foo, it's the end of the line
I gots to do all my time
Foo, it's the end of the line
I gots to do all my time
Foo, it's the end of line
I've gots to do all my time

(Verse 1)

Step one

I'm goin through so much stress
Get it out my head, two
Repent all my fuckin sins
But what my chance? Three
I violate my steeper wrong
For blowin smoke
Once it up my nose
But the Devil tryin'a steal my soul, oh no
Say, is it the worstest this shit is gonna get? Oh yeah
I'm tired of this runnin, cant get no fuckin rest, the bed
Is where I'm supposed to lay my head
But his heads whippin eggs
Won't you take me from this darkness

(Hook)

(Verse 2)

Tryin'a catch me is like a world-wide party
Full of masked-murderers as worse as Bin Laden
Drugged cause I'm mad, plus I'm gone and I'm sick
I was raised by the government, as a cold Satanist
Age sixteen, I sold my soul to the Devil
And in return, he gave me fame, fortune, pleasure

Gave it back to God, now I'm down in a ditch
'For I started this shit, chokin by Triple-Six

(Hook)

(Koopsta talking in devilish voice)

Hahahaha

I gave you life, fame, fortune, women, pleasure!

A contract's a contract, you fucking fool!

Look at you now, you must want a fucking god, that
won't give you shit!

You're through, Paul, Juicy, Lord, Crunchy and even
Boo!

They shall suscede, and watch you fall, which the way
you came

No one is to blame, fuck it

You see what you're going through

No fucking friends!

You god-damn punk!

Fuck a Koopsta Knicca man!

It's O.V.!

What the fuck you gonna do now man!?

It's O.V.! (It's O.V.!)

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