

KGP

"Mistafied"

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(Hook)

They call me mistafied
Because my brain is fried
From smoking on that ??? And sipping all up on the
black wine

(Verse 1)

Mistafied Mystical Wicked black magic
You have it, What the fuck just happened?
I seen three visions three Demons looking down from
the ceiling
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?
I see them from the back with an axe
While I'm smoking on a 20 sack, Never should have
took acid
Cause now I'm tripping and flipping
While the wicked witches keep bitching
I hear the screams in your pain
They say I'm going insane
And every time you cry I feel myself walking in the rain
With an umbrella cause I'm hella
Fine suicide going to die oh my god
Hellusions in my mind and I am mystified

(Hook)

They call me mistafied
Because my brain is fried
From smoking on that ??? And sipping all up on the
black wine (X2)

(Verse 2)

How you going to die?, Suicide when your in your ride
Fuck you when your drive and you cry bitch your going
to fry
Call upon the triple 666 shit you want to fuck with me
Wicked shit from life until death is my mentality
So fuck you bitch, Suck my dick, Bloody clit, Fuck that
shit
I'm representing and repenting, My evil mess and
confessing
I'm going to teach you a lesson so come and bring all

your weapons

You wonder what, when and how?, I'm going to tell you
right now

???

Because the evil in me just won't quit from all the
fucking murder shit

I'm shooting shit right from the hit, You bring it and you
still won't quit

Now I'm in serious pain I slit my wrist and retain
My blood flows just like rain, now watch it flow down the
drain

Calling mother fuckers up in here that ain't afraid to die
The wicked shit, the wicked shit that's why they call me
mystified

(Hook)

They call me mistafied

Because my brain is fried

From smoking on that ??? And sipping all up on the
black wine (X2)

(Verse 3)

Now I'm just seeing shit triple 6 on my wrists

Did I just cut my wrist what the fuck is this

Every time I see myself, I just want to kill myself

Cause the mist keeps talking and stalking

Got a sick sense seeing death threats walking

In the mist, In the mud, In the rain, In the blood

The leaves in the blood I can see god

And every time I open my eyes I can see your face

And every time I go and get high it's your blood I can
taste

Seeing visions of a ghost unholy ghost

take a tost cause I just seen Jesus on a post

And the flames burn higher and higher

I'm mista fire of god

(Hook)

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Because my brain is fried

From smoking on that ??? And sipping all up on the
black wine (X2)

They call me mistafied

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