Machete (feat. Snak the Ripper & Young Sin)

Datsik

Keep that machete stashed and swing it on that assYeah now who the fuck is this
Spittin' limitless you minimalist bitch
Something wrong with your brain if you 'ain't feeing this
We're 'bout to blow the fucking club up like some terrorists
Gonna die with my face planted in a pair of tits
You must admit this is the shit that make you sick, the [?]
Drink it, drink it up, you think it's safe but you know what
It never is, accept what it is
Killin' the scene, you know what it is
The people [???]
Fucking with shit you can never forget
Yeah, I got some holes in my head and I fill 'em up with trash
I suppose that I'm dead, but you probably shouldn't ask
I got some hoes in my bed, and some hundreds in cash, cause I
Keep that machete stashed and swing it on that assBanging heads like some motherfuckin' rockstars
Incite riots and light fire to cop cars
Hot bars, they fuck with hot broads
No 5's or 7's, if they ain't dimes they're knock-offs
Sit in the grave, [?] as a slave, kicking the shit in the wickedest haze
Slash like a razor, I'm moving your face
You think that you're ill - that isn't the case
Real as they come, number the one
Can't feel my face, number than numb
Pulling the smoke as I come to the lawn
Higher this year, dumber than blown
Datsik
Snak the Ripper
Young Sin
Motherfucker!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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