

\$uicideboy\$ - 10,000 Degrees Lyrics

Gold on my big nine, now I'm finna shoot to kill
If you bustas slippin', it's this .50 finna do the deal
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Straight out of hell, Ring the bells

Plague is here to stay

Roaches and locusts they cover me knowing they'll have to follow me in
your grave

Ain't got no protection 'cause I've been since the end of fucking times

My kingdom come, thy will be done, and still you're wondering who am I?

I am the devil's son born and raised

Preachin' suicide, googly eyes tell me more, okay?

Praise the fuckin' devil, God can suck my dick, I scorch the place

Making mountains crumble, glaciers meltin', oceans swellin'

I'm the lord of the plagues, Gold on my

Wait a fucking minute, I got more to say

Threatenin' swordplay, still the same name

'Cause the chip on my shoulder blades, 'til the court date

Lil' plague make a forte, stick it with the gourmet

Hot and bored

Against for war, we fight

Fate is cold and no way I get through the door frame with scores to say

For war, we pray
7th Ward, the grave
For war, we pray
7th Ward, the grave
For war, we pray
7th Ward, the grave
For war, we pray

Death is inevitable
The fucking \$carecrow
Walking on his tip-toes
While your blood stay, we'll flow
You know, mister typical
Hearing the fucking voices through my window
(Begging to be dead!)
But no worries, just like Chuckie
Cutthroat got the blade and the knife
Made that rise for the young Christ, never even died
My father just forsaken, I
I'm still \$uicide until I die
It's an eye for an eye
Speaking of eye, I (someone help me out)
See the reaper having a busy season
Won't even let me rest while I'm sleepin'
It's getting harder to watch from the bleachers
The father of evil, like Knievel, Ruby and I stay jumping over people
(mafia)
Xanax evil
Close to lethal
Cigarette breathing junkie, used to needles
So I threw ra-pa-pac up (pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!)
Load a nine up, my time's up, yeah (yeah, yeah)

Grew up a fuck up
Load a nine up (fuck all this shit)
My time's up, fuck