

# BONES, Hi-Fi

[Verse]

I slide by coming at ya in Hi-Fi (WHAT UP)  
Tryna see if you pussies got nine lives (PULL UP)  
Everytime I don't feast, I fine dine turn ya  
Corpse to bread, turn ya blood into wine  
Mr. Disinfected heart pumping garbage, still clogging my veins  
I remember nights of loneliness and day full of pain  
With the shadows, I would battle till I hemorrhage my brain  
Synthetic blunts had me daze for days  
I would succumb to my weakness, crazed from the drinking  
Locked in a mode, no control overthinking  
Weight up on my shoulder, cannot carry it no more  
Ears on mute and my eyes on slow-mo

[Chorus]

You wouldn't fuck with the one they call  
You wouldn't fuck with the one they call  
Bones, the god of the microphone  
Straight out the 517 zone  
You wouldn't fuck with the one they call  
You wouldn't fuck with the one they call  
Bones, the god of the microphone  
Straight out the 517 zone

[Interlude]

You want me to keep going?  
Alright

[Outro]

So I was chilling on the corner, and what else?  
I was rolling up a blunt, and what else?  
Said I was chilling on the corner, and what else?  
Said I was rolling up a blunt, and what else?  
Bones, the god of the microphone