

REDZED, Antichrist

I rave-up in the grave, bitch, you know what the fuck is up
Fallen angels want to play the dice, I be the devil's son
Bloody Mary choking on the semen, eat the fucking cum
Antichrist is in this bitch, I put the seed right in the cunt

Body bag for the bitch, get dead with the stitch
So fake, cut the shit, you say, get a grip
Get down on your knees, lay down, rest in peace
Holy Mother knows I'm killing sinners, I'm here for the feast

I was talking to the devil on a motherfucking flip phone
"Pardon me, how Jesus going?" "Motherfucker's dead, gone"
Killed that bitch, his veins stopped flowing, sleeping under gravestone
Smoked this bitch, he gone, and you'll be calling me a big smoke

It's that nine to yo dome
What you, what you gonna do, bitch? (Goodbye!)
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Yah, I'm coming with the Desert Eagle straight up in your town
I be creeping in the night, so you can't even hear a sound
Shoot my pistol, pistol, then I put the demons on the ground
I'm so sick of burning churches, so I turn it all around

Body bag for the bitch, get dead with the stitch
So fake, cut the shit, you say, get a grip
Get down on your knees, lay down, rest in peace
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Creep in the silence
Embrace the violence
Don't call the sirens
Wait for your guidance