REDZED, Skeleton Phonk

It's the Reddy with the DID, the skeleton in cupboards
I could make you fucking bleed for me, then murder all your brothers
I'm a fucking paramedic, 'bout to inject you with plague
If you knew what's in my thinking, then you'd jump out of the plane
I keep talking with them demons every motherfucking night
They keep telling me what people I should kill and then ignite
No, bitch, I can never disobey or they could fucking bite
Bitch, I'm fading in the cellar, I'm not conscious in this fight
When I'm tripping on the DMT, my skin is out of rubber
Drinking every type of booze, I be that fucking liquor lover
Bitch, I used to have a bully, then I fucked his stupid mother
I'll and twisted in the bone, you phony bitch, I'm like no other

I'm strapped up, nigga, fuck a gun law
Nigga, fuck a gun law, nigga, fuck a gun law
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Nigga, fuck a gun law, nigga, fuck a gun law

I think I might kill someone, if I'm rapping it with that triplet
The sound of flame, I'm coughing up blood, you, bitches, squealing like piglet
I'm filled with hate, I'm putting that scribbler in you back, I wiggle it
Oh, don't be saying a fucking word or next I'ma kill your sibling

Cha-chains, I put you in chains (Boy)
Cha-chains, I put you in chains (Sucker)
Cha-chains, I put you in chains (Boy)
Cha-chains, I put you in chains (Sucker)

I don't wanna be myself when I'm coming off that stupid cocaine
Don't wanna be sober, but I got a million thoughts in my head, I ain't coping
I'm socially anxious and don't give a fuck what you mean, so I better keep doping
I'm scared of the bleach and I hope I will never be so down low to be soaking

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