

REDZED, Sound Of Doom

Yo, what the fuck is up?

Uh, let's go, uh, uh, uh

The sound of doom in your motherfucking face, bitch
I'm from the tomb, all the darkness I embrace, bitch
You won't expect all the fire, get the shell shock
You got no cover, so you begging to be dead, shot
Oh, it's the Reddy from the grave, bitch, I'm the mystic
Believe in witches and I'm way too pessimistic
Give me a sign, 'cause I wanna die, I don't wanna live
Slit my fucking neck and leave me dead 'til I go stiff

The sound of doom
Motherfucker, burn!
The sound of doom
Motherfucker, burn!

I got that bloody flow, it's even sicker than my stomach (Ayy)
Creeping on your back, you motherfucker better gun it (Ayy)
I got no respect for you suckers, gonna plummet (Ayy)
Flexing with your money, do you wanna make me vomit?

This is your demise, oh, are you listening?
That you are nothing more than dirt to me

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