

SUICIDEBOYS, You're Now Tuning in to 66.6 FM

[Intro: SHAWTY BURN-A-CHURCH & NORTHSIDE SHAWTY]

Sink back in that fucking spine, second-guessing crime
7th Ward where I snort a slug and cross the fucking line
West Bank/Northside 'till the coffin ride
Who am I? I am God; I am Basquiat

[Break]

Trap-a-holics mixtapes
Man, drop this shit for these fuck niggas

[Verse 1: SHAWTY BURN-A-CHURCH]

Grey*59 signed
Rough diamonds, tryna shine
Christ and I, \$ui-\$uicide
You know, you know, you know I'm
Diving head first when crucified
Lucifer cried when I told him I'm choosing to die
Noose and a knife, but I ain't use the knife
To loosen the noose, keep it tight
Abusing the truth, that's a lie
Fuckboy with a ski mask think he gon' rob me blind?
Fuckboy better think fast when he cock the nine
Fuckboy better—
Fuckboy better, sink back in that fucking spine, second-guessin' crime
7th Ward where I snort a slug and cross the fucking line
Yet another line inside the cup, another line you should look up
Another line that shook you up, I signed the line for Lucifer

[Break]

Damn son, where'd you find this?
Real trap shit!

[Verse 2: NORTHSIDE SHAWTY]

*59 'till I'm dead, ayy, yuh
Bitch, I'm grey 'till the death, yeah, uh
Never gave a fuck 'bout dyin', no, uh
Even when I was a jit, woe
Pop a jig, load the rig with that motherfucking China white
Fuck it if I die tonight, I'm gamblin' with my fucking life
West Bank/Northside 'till the coffin ride
Who am I? I am God; I am Basquiat
Yung Kurt Cobain with the scarred veins
Mentally deranged, hear the crows say my name ("Scarecrow!")
I'm just wastin' my time, I'm just wastin' my breath
Why can't I just die? Why can't I go next?
Why we get no respect? Why I love holding TEC's?
Xanax bar on my neck, I pop 'em, pop 'em 'till death
This ain't no motherfuckin' trend, every day feel like the end
Feed me, feed me medicine, so I can't feel my sins