

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