

Champion of Death

\$uicideBoy\$

[Intro: YUNG PLAGUE]

Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh
Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh
Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh

[Verse 1: YUNG \$CARECROW]

Product of the poison, you can bet your life on it
Teeth got the ice on it, wrist still got the slice on it
That walking stigmata and poltergeist
Still feelin' stuck every single night
Don't give a fuck if I live or die
Surprised to this point that I have survived
Pull up with the motherfuckin' AK tucked, bitchboy, good luck
Yung Plague got the blade, hit the slay
Then we spray with the .44 5
Bitch, it's Grey*59, let the devil go and ride
Ain't nothing but a pussy if you gon' throw shade
Fuckboy, I'm hungry, and you looking like steak
Trigger finger itching, and you looking like fate
Trash done passed and you looking like waste, yah

[Hook: YUNG PLAGUE]

Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh
Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh

[Verse 2: YUNG PLAGUE]

Tonight we guaranteeing graves, tonight's the night we ride
Tomorrow will never come, yeah, tonight's the night we die
Yesterday I met my death, I think it's been a long time
Stuck in limbo with my kinfolk, gave my life to \$uicide

Yung Plague with the masked face
Bones will never break because I rape the souls of those who chose the wicked road, I'm
haunting the afraid
No name on the grave, just grey stains spray-painted "slave to the great grey grave", ayy
Lend me the help, or send me to hell, either way I know I'll die
The G, the 5 the 9, it's \$UICIDE

[Outro: YUNG PLAGUE]
Chump change, boy, now you gotta hate, boy
Pull up the with the motherfucking AK, boy
Pull up like it's motherfucking game day, boy
Shoot 'em with the pistol, shoot 'em point-blank, boy, yuh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>