

# Venom

## Ghostmane

All these punk motherfuckers don't know  
They running their mouth like I won't kick in their door  
All these punk motherfuckers hitting my phone  
You think we boys, I never seen you at one of my shows  
All these punk motherfuckers don't know  
They running their mouth like I won't kick in their door  
All these punk motherfuckers hitting my phone  
You think we boys, I never seen you at one of my shows  
See, I been fucking up my life no joke  
Tatted my face, quit my job, went broke  
But I been loving every day a little more  
When you hear that wooden block, you know it's only Ghoste  
Made in the image of what they call Satan  
The blade is serrated and decapitating  
The brain of sedated and awaiting heads  
Never to let them think freely again  
Put em in an underwater grave  
Better pay your attention to what I am about to say  
Fuck what your friends say  
Fuck what the man say  
I been licking venom off my gums  
Getting faded off the blood of my girl  
I cut her on the face, she told me "more"  
She got blood on my grandma floor  
Bitch, I'm draped in Ghost Supply head to toe  
Y'all were sleeping, I don't want your damn clothes  
My chick gon' to seduce your damn girl  
We tag-teaming like we wrestling for the belt  
(Lay down your soul)  
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They running their mouth like I won't kick in their door  
All these punk motherfuckers hitting my phone  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>