

Kombat

Dayshell

I'm feeling I feel come at me

I'm a cocky mothafucka
Bitch, I'm different, now
DOK/Dayshell got a brand new sound
That's facts

Feeling so real so clean

Gotta keep it real, gotta keep it clean
But, Imma knock you out, if you step to me
That's facts

Your bullshit
It smells familiar

Get the fuck up out my face, better find your hiding place

Reminds me
Of a lie

I've been reminded, never gonna get blindsided

When you're gone know it's hard to miss you cus you're artificial
When you're here it becomes an issue cus I'd rather kill you I don't want to
diss you
See I really hate you, but glad I ain't you and rather take you
To the terror dome where ain't no possible escape route
Like bones and promises how I break you
Lookin to the sky like your God ain't forsake you

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You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)
Tombstones we cross off (I hope you're learning you lesson)
You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)
Tombstones we cross off (I feel the snapping of tension)

And what you see is gold
I'm the Blood, I'm the sweat, I'm the tears
But above all baby
I'm your fucking nightmare

So just keep running from us

The murder premeditated
The suffering delegated
Lack patience elevatin'
Over all of your bodies

The slaughters a hobby
It's black magic frantic tragic
I Trampoline off the hate in your pattern
My presence a hazard
I know that you talk about me, it don't matter
There's nobody badder

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