

# Die Slow

Mac Lethal

Ugh, black blood, dripping out your muthaf\*\*kin black lungs....

[chorus]

There's something pulling at my focus it won't let me go

So now I'm telling everthing and everyone 'Die Slow'

I swear to God there's something trying to steal my sound

I swear to God it's trying to steal my sound, I tell it 'Die Slow'

There's something pulling at my focus it won't let me go

So now I'm telling everthing and everyone 'Die Slow'

I swear to God there's something trying to steal my sound

I swear to God it's trying to steal my sound, I tell it 'Die Slow'

Now while your fans so stupid that you talk this slow

So they can understand what the hell you're sayin

If that's the case then answer me one question

How's it feel to have a fan base that still uses crayons?

I'm a rapper and I don't really like rap

So I'ma leave the show and probably go get a night cap

And if you disagree then we can just agree to disagree

But listening to this egregious bitch MC is sickening

I tell 'em 'Die slow'

Cut me, I'll bleed all over the paper for my passage

I'll take you to hell and introduce you to new shades of blackness

There's a disease that's creepin under my skin

Now every alcoholic in the city's prolly gettin kinda drunk of London Dry Gin

So my friends, is this the cycle's

And I like to pretend, that it gets washed away

Or it'll say good bye with the wind

It's not cliché, I really fiend for something lively again

Cuz the Texas soil and the blood of Christ in the blend

[chorus]

Do you wanna dance with the devil or me?

Incredi-bally both of us share the same face

Pain-stakingly different hit 'em with another rhythm

Or give 'em a pitiful point of view

And a puncture right through the heart-shaped box

I'll parlay on top then I fall if its heavy on the top

I wanna taste blood, I wanna taste every single drop

Get so psycho, float and it twist me slow

But I don't need a damn crew with me though

Cause I'ma rattle everybody for the embryos

And I'ma battle in a pill til it gets me home

So with gusto, so I stay til the blood oath

f\*\*k no not the answer, not the banter, man I'm damn

sure (Oh is that right?)

Die Slow

Don't give a f\*\*k about the record deal advances  
My window panes are violently tapped at by these  
branches (Die slow!)  
There's a disease that's creepin under my skin  
Now every alcoholic in the city prolly gettin kinda  
drunk off London Dry Gin  
So my friends, I'm tryna comprehend  
The mindful lines I often blend  
that knock my off the hinge and spit my poison through  
a hot syringe  
On a Linity beat it's like I'm thundering rain  
The instrumental is my wonderful pain  
And I won't f\*\*kin explain!

There's something pulling at my focus