

Mr. Shooter

Abhi the Nomad

It's past 5 PM and you rush outta town
The lights are going up but you're winding down
All these party people know the place to be
Cartoon characters on ecstasy

95 FM, got the music on
Too much autotune on these popular songs
Walk into your house but you forgot the milk
Your old lady's yelling but you can't hear shit, like

They said "Mr. Shooter, freeze!
Drop down to your knees
We got the police, who said please
They're halfway down the street"

They're going
Na-na-na-ne
Na-na-na-ne
Na-na-na-ne

No one understands ya, yeah yeah I get it
It's you against the world, you're your own worst critic
But something is wrong if you think anyone's gonna care
Nobody's gonna hold your hand, there's a limit
You won't make history, yeah you'll just be a gimmick
So think about that when
You're swinging that thing in the air
Life ain't fair
Like...
No really
Life ain't fair

They said "Mr. Shooter, freeze!
Drop down to your knees
We got the police, who said please
They're halfway down the street"

They're going
Na-na-na-ne
Na-na-na-ne
Na-na-na-ne