

Puppet Master

Bladee

I wanted to be real, wanted to be real

I'm the winner but I feel like a victim
Graduated from the situation, found a solution
Smoking on the pollution, all black suit
Black gloves, just like a Hitman
Trash Star Boys, don't even sleep in a coffin
Wake up, drinking coffee
I get to it often, might get to it this morning
Prada boots on, look like some Jordans
I'm playing, I'm scoring
DG, Nike, they supporting
Just do it blade on me, I'm swording
I'm veiled when I'm wielding
Knife in my heart but man fuck how I'm feeling
Can't look at me, you're dreaming
Can't even see me when you are sleeping
Black Volvo, we're creeping

I had ups and downs but it's falling into place
Like the love from God when you look me in my face
I had dreams of life that were lost in empty space
I had almost drowned if I didn't fuck with that drain
I had four, five strikes, at the sixth I lost my ways
I'm the puppeteer, put my puppets into play

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