

Will Darkness

Chester Watson

I know how you feel
We all feel like that at times
Only I warn you mademoiselle
Do not allow evil into your heart
It will make a home there

Yo. So I'm in the forest with a broke ankle
While daughter bear pours porridge
But I swear that it didn't do shit for my hunger
And so I'm still starvin', still pondering pot it is, [?] carvi
n'. Ballet slippers indented with more than real arches
Mind's eye shreikin' and sharper than six steel archin'

And I related to him but I'm still the ville's larvae
Trapped in the wilderness call me Will Darkness
Fortune got sanctioned by a curse that led me to believe
That I'm eviler than the first match that classified
The Devil's rebellious army as Fallen and the
Stone monsters is still callin' my name
Print cursive and always spill margins
It's a shame that the tall shamans are still bawlin' from
The bad critiques that they all got from the drill sergeants
Figure so sleek his pockets could feel larger
Than a 5 bar clan that's mockin' the Ill's armour

No. No. No fuck that
Not with it, hot meta jams just to talk
Spittin' Ox with his prophetic plans
At least in the Chinese Zodiac, flow so heavy
Pickpocket it, it will throw you back out the window with the N
arcotic in the forty sack, a quarter is like a quarterback
He [?] more hoes than the mustang wrench
The swish been worked like a bloodstained branch
World scream when I get hurt but the cut stays red
Well if I bled that, pneumatic anatomy so it sheds black
Yeti make-up, the veteran's lace gut ruptures
Rap faggots get mad hattin' for fake lustre
Probably spit Busta as venom as a cliché
And I wish bitch trip because her weed free
Steve J, iPhone moments that he get replayed
Mind is my mountain, is golum
Donuts with weed glaze