

Bane

D12

Uh, I feel no pain
Uh, I've got my mask on
Uh, I'm numb to the world

The devil out to get me, moving pretty fast
Head on collision, I'm tryna avoid the crash - (Pain)
I'm running from my past - (Bane)
That's why I wear the mask
These blood sucking leeches, all they want is the cash
You don't get the picture, it could be gone in a flash - (Pain)
I'm running from my past - (Bane)
That's why I wear the mask

Hope you bought a package of Kleenex (yeah)
Package the rejects (yeah)
Actually it's a fact that we shack in the p-jects
Naturally a rat pack will attack cheese (huh)
That's why I'm in yellow and green
May I tap, trap all these (uh)
No I don't trust these hoes, nigga (uh)
Say they love you for you then turn into gold digger (Bane)
What the fuck you ask me for a dollar for?
Shooting the gym? I ain't ballin' ho
What I look like, any baller you know? (Bane)
Yup, shots fired, callin' it kettle
Black shit turned the pot higher
Eyes tired
Keep trying to sell me a smile, but I'm a hard buyer
Keep shit movin' like a car tire
What you want a necklace
I'll make you a chain out some barbed wire

I got his Earth on my shoulders, real life for rappin'
If you threw the planet at me I'd headbutt it and crack it
On another tax bracket and I been cleanin' my house
But my old habits are in the attic, I'll pull 'em out
And keep reminding y'all you ain't got it all
Devil keep pulling me by the drawers
Not at all amazed at these haters
You've seen my catalog
Speaking and we keep flying over 'em like a cannonball
Think I'm this comical, swag follower
Just rhyming over beats
While these leakers suckin' all of us off (hell no)
Still got your mama covered in vomit in my cellphone
Y'all really got me fucked up
What you mixin' up in that cup?
What the hell you sprinkle in that blunt?
.44, make him sober up

I got an addiction to all these prescriptions
Need an intervention, someone to listen
Catholic or Christian, fuck your suspicions
(Bitch! Gimme my molly and stop bitchin'!)
Turn it up (turn it down)
I be blowing on half a pound

Pass it around and pass it around
Merry go-round, merry go-round
She say she love me, but this bitch is ugly
(Shit, you ain't even know it)
I'mma still let her fuck me

They say the devil is a liar
Nigga don't worry 'bout that loud mouth
Bumping his gums and babbling
Watch for them quiet niggas
On the real, you should come ride with us
Crew full of riders; Optimus
My back, seems like you got your facts all crossed up, no Swastikas
Fadin' in and out of my consciousness
Tryna fight this feeling I'm conjurin'
That's why I wear a hat so low with a mask
Really feelin' like the Lochness
No bullshit, these bitches are more grimy
Doing a nigga real slimey
Had my little homie stretched out, death untimely
Need I remind me? Hold up
Yo, don't get doped up
Heard rumors that niggas wanna clap at me
Well actually, I was just over there
Niggas ain't really do jack to me
That's why I keep this mask on, straight face
Only thing that's missing is my [?] get my Runyon Ave soldiers