

# Kombat

Dayshell

I'm feeling I feel come at me

I'm a cocky mothafucka  
Bitch, I'm different, now  
DOK/Dayshell got a brand new sound  
That's facts

Feeling so real so clean

Gotta keep it real, gotta keep it clean  
But, Imma knock you out, if you step to me  
That's facts

Your bullshit  
It smells familiar

Get the fuck up out my face, better find your hiding place

Reminds me  
Of a lie

I've been reminded, never gonna get blindsided

When you're gone know it's hard to miss you cus you're artificial  
When you're here it becomes an issue cus I'd rather kill you I don't want to  
diss you  
See I really hate you, but glad I ain't you and rather take you  
To the terror dome where ain't no possible escape route  
Like bones and promises how I break you  
Lookin to the sky like your God ain't forsake you

Your bullshit  
It smells familiar

Get the fuck up out my face, better find your hiding place

Reminds me  
Of a lie

I've been reminded, never gonna get blindsided

You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)  
Tombstones we cross off (I hope you're learning you lesson)  
You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)  
Tombstones we cross off (I feel the snapping of tension)

And what you see is gold  
I'm the Blood, I'm the sweat, I'm the tears  
But above all baby  
I'm your fucking nightmare

So just keep running from us

The murder premeditated  
The suffering delegated  
Lack patience elevatin'  
Over all of your bodies

The slaughters a hobby  
It's black magic frantic tragic  
I Trampoline off the hate in your pattern  
My presence a hazard  
I know that you talk about me, it don't matter  
There's nobody badder

You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)  
Tombstones we cross off (I hope you're learning you lesson)  
You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)  
Tombstones we cross off (I feel the snapping of tension)  
You came off all wrong (And I ain't finding it easy)  
Tombstones we cross off (I hope you're learning you lesson)