

You'll See

Death Plus

Hold up
Project Infinite
Hey, what happened?
Aye, aye
Hold up, hold up, hold up

Look
You don't love me, you just love how I don't love nobody
No one love you 'til they know you give no fuck about them
I ain't proud to be a piece of shit, the pain made me this way
People strange, bitches sway like some trees in a hurricane

Touch up on me and you end up the same way
Restin' in piss in your motherfucking grave
You'll never know what you are 'til you see
The remains of the physical in your face
And everybody wants to say the same thing
Well, I don't really give a fuck if you hate me
Talking that shit but you don't ever wanna play me
You got some issues? We can pull up, where you staying?

We can sort out all your problems
Trigger solving trigonometrics
Kamikaze ain't nothing to me, homie, suicide don't give me solace
Smell like [?] vomit
Bitch, you looking at some garbage
Moonlight on a garbage bag, baby, Ouija gon' shine regardless
I just won't give you the business
I let you witness the carnage
I just won't roll up my spinach
Panic attack and I'm nauseous
The oxy be stuck all up on me like two-part epoxy, I'm tryna be honest
Then I put xan in my lean like I'm tryna wake up in a coroners office

They wanna put themselves in danger
They don't really know what's in for them
They the ones that [?], I'ma finish them
Throw 'em in the basement, smell is makin' me wanna kill again
But hell won't be much worse than the place that we're livin' in
[?] I be counting dividends
They don't wanna see me do what I do
They say it's a sin
I be in this bitch, makin' moves, yeah you with the shit
You ain't with the shit, you should quit, [?]