

# 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 trigonomics  
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, [?]