

I Ain't Depressed

Dropout Kings

(Get gone, get gone, get gone, get gone, get-)
(Get gone, get gone)
(Look at 'em, look at 'em, look at 'em)
(Get gone, get gone, get gone, get gone, get-)

I won't forgive you, fuck that shit (Yo, fuck that shit)
I'm lookin at your picture, now it makes me sick (It makes me sick)
I hate your motherfucking guts and let it show
Wear my motherfucking heart out on my sleeve just so you know
I'll cut a bitch quick if she gets on my nerves
Kill your God, burn your town, bet my bond is my word
They say "hey, you'll be okay", but I crash and I swerve
Rolling up with these mutilated fingertips

Bitch, I ain't depressed (Yeah, I'll admit it)
Yeah, motherfucker, I'll admit it that I'm stressed (Yeah, I'll admit it)
But I'm a boss, I'm a beast like I'm the best (Yeah, I'll admit it)
I'm 'bout to put all of this other shit to rest (Yeah, I'll admit it)
Just gotta tell myself that I ain't that depressed (Yeah, I'll admit it)
When you're coming up and tryna make a name (Yeah, I'll admit it)
Motherfuckers get you caught up in the game (Yeah, I'll admit it)
But when you get the money and you got the fame
Your life can never even be the fucking same

I don't really give a fuck about the cash or bling
Came up from the gutter, think I'm not gonna swing?
Internet gangsters trying to get underneath my skin
I got punchlines and I'll aim for your chin
Yeah, I get stressed, but I ain't depressed
Play another fest, get it all off my chest
Niggas wanna test, ready for the beef to commence
Come to your ends in a bulletproof vest
No whip, pull up on a black BMX
Now these pricks all wanna make amends
Know about my gang from the east to the west
Fuckboy, you don't wanna see me vexed
Look at them swinging their fists
Fights in the mosh pit making a mess
Front line reciting lyrics I wrote down at my desk
I don't do this on purpose, cannot resist
What did I do to deserve this glorious gift?
I thank you, yes, you
For giving me the power needed to
Defeat this beast with his hands around my neck
I grab his horns and I rip them out his head
Yeah, I get stressed, but no way

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Not giving up, I'll hunt you down, this my revenge and shit
You been a fake, you brought me down, claiming you fixing shit
Say you're sorry, hate me no more, wanna kill that shit?
But I don't feel that shit, not even a little bit
DOK turnt in this motherfucker
We back, big dick swagging, nuts still hanging
And I'm feeling like a Super Saiyan, you feel me?
Watch your bitch before she gets snatched up

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Look at the crowd, look at it
Look at the style, look at it
Look at the clout, look at it
Look at me now, look at 'em
Look at the moves, look at 'em
Look at them boys, look at 'em
Look at 'em now, look at 'em
(Look at 'em, look at 'em, look at 'em)

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