

Oh, how long have I been in this grave?
Inside asleep but seemingly awake
It's not a nice way and I am ashamed
I walk around strange

Didn't I say don't care either way
If it's a bad day or a really nice day
I'm under your spell and this is my cell
I know it too well, familiar hell

You won't believe what they say about us, bad PR
Bad chemistry between the 9 and 3-Star
Only real fanatics know, TL;DR
In the ER, at the hotel, two key-cards
GTB, they still want to hear "GT-R"
Black Discharge top, G-Star Raw's
Sing Peroxide on the stage in B-sharp
Black windows on the strip, black Dodge Charge

Only real fanatics know, TL;DR
They still want to hear "GT-R"
And we still got bad PR
But GTB is up, all-star

They don't know
They don't know
They don't
I've made a lot of fucking zeros, but they don't know
They don't know
They don't know
They don't
They don't know
They don't know
They don't
They don't
Champagne raining, champagne raining everywhere I go
Diamonds raining, diamonds raining everywhere I go
They don't know
They don't know
They don't
Bank account on stacks and a Range Rove

On a nice day, rep the 9
In New York or Dubai
On the sick star, six sides
Let the sick star shine
On the low, keep your eyes on the prize
On the shores our horizons will rise
Make the goal, never go offside
Keep it cool on the rise until...

This this this this this distance
This this this this cold embrace
This this this this sunshine stopped by pollution, cold and grey
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