

## Prequel

Epik High

Cheot gyeyageun 500e 3nyeon  
Cheot sukso 500/30  
Cheot peineun yalbeun bongtu se jang soge man wonssik  
Yeot gatjiman mwo eottae?  
Oneureun anju meongneun nal  
Janeul wirot like we made it  
Fuck the world, we the shit  
iPod and new kicks  
G-Shock on my wrist  
Yeollyeoseot madissik gakkawojineun bucket list  
Jigeumui chueogeun jeonbu geuttaeui kkum  
Debwi aelbeom nogeum jung  
Comin' soon

Yo! bit bodaneun bit  
Mideumbodan bulsin  
Eumakboda deo gominhaetdeon meokgosaneun il  
"Jageun gijeogui bit han julgi nanwojugireul"  
Oemyeonhan jal nan haneuri  
Wonmangseureowo naraolla, kotdae nopeun haneul wi  
Neomeojin jeogeun isseodo pogihan jeok eopseo  
Sesangi jeonghan hangyen sijage neomeoseosseo  
Myeot beoneul dasi sseodo salui kkeut peijie  
Majimak munjangeun  
I was here

Back to the map, will you run with us?  
'Til ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
From the front to the back, if you fuck wit' us  
Tell me where you at  
We're back on the track, yeah, from dawn to dusk  
Turn ashes to diamonds, make gold from dust  
From the front to the back, if you fuck wit' us  
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Seupan hongdae jihaeseo kochella samak wi  
Baegyeongeun dallajyeotjiman nae ttameun mareuji anchi  
Mokpyoneun neul jigeumboda wi chukbaeneun 10nyeon jinan dwi  
Yeonggwangman namgigo oneureun seosasi manchwihaji  
Sewore gireul ileun chingudeulgwa  
Saramdeul gieok soge pamutin geu ireumdeul sai  
Urin yeojeonhi jonjae  
Gwageowa hyeonjae  
Neul chulbaljeome seon deusi mudae wi GO hae

To give you everything  
I cut my soul open  
My poetry was born from the blood that I'm soaked in  
Sesangeun wanbyeogeul wonhae  
Silsuneun not a option  
Silpaeneun seonggongui eomeoni  
Nae seonggongeun orphan  
My pain is real  
Pain is real, just to breathe I need a pill  
Swipjineun anketji, seoseohi ichyeojineun il  
Galsurok hwieojineun gil, don't worry my dear  
Sucheon beon neomeojigodo urineun seo isseo, HERE

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We mapped the human soul, got society high  
Sang our swan songs, remapped to stay alive  
The world tried to turn us to pieces  
But the E-P-I-K never ceases  
Had 99 problems, but it's do or do not  
Took our demons by their throats, stuffed 'em in a shoebox  
We did something wonderful, now there's nothing to fear  
When you're lost, remember, Epik High is here

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