

It's Okay

Fame On Fire

It's okay, it don't really matter if it's in my way
Finger on the trigger, no it's not your day
Funny how the money make it go insane
Bullet to the brain
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Reload, I'm out
Don't run your mouth
There's no way out
Surrender to me now
Bullet to the head, you're dead dead dead
I can't see a thing, just red red red
Angel and the devil inside my head but they bled
Nothing left to do, it's over
Get some rest, you're six feet down

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