

1000 ROUNDS

Ghostemane

Bullets fly, legs buckle, bodies pile to the sky
Thousand rounds will lay you down, we got enough to go around
You fuck with me, yuh, yuh (You fuck with me)
I pull up and make it a scene (I pull up and make it a scene)
Yuh, yuh, I pull up and bust out the beam
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Throw another one up in the grave, I don't need an AK
Put a double-sided blade in the main vein
Watchin' you leak like a broken pipe
I'm the soft-spoken type but when I channel the archetype
I cannot speak, only dig deep
Into abysmal depression to find what I cannot unsee
I'm a fiend for the Secrets of Alchemy
Calculate everything, reincarnated Crowley
Fuck the fame, fuck the drugs, I'm on cloud nine
I meditate, fuck LaVey, you so fake divine
I'll bring you back to life to shoot you in your fuckin' face
The Blackmage, flip the page while I burn sage

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So many people all around me, yet I feel so alone
I'm a dead man walkin', zombies singin' my song
You want that fuck you music? Go blow your brains out to it
Florida's finest, you'll find us inside that broke down hoopty
People in front of my face but they really wanna bust a hole in my back
I been on go for a minute but they really wanna move me off of my track
Yeah, I got a bitch but I still got a thousand nasty hoes on my sack
Underground Underdog, a hunnid racks flexin' but still roam with the rats

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