

D(r)ead

Ghostemane

Dread, dread, dread, dread
Dread, dread, dread, dread
Ha ha

I got a noose
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Around my neck, around my neck
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Talk about ya bad habits
Beating down ya god damn door
Pussy mothafuckers wanna be bad, they wanna be mad, they try to be sad, but
never had a reason to cry
Wake up every other morning with a reason to die

But I'm really looking for another reason for life
I'm ready to fuck, everything up
I took a swing at living by the book but never
(Made it past the prologue)

Shawty only like me 'cause her daddy don't (daddy don't)
Took her soul 'cause I don't got one of my own (of my own)
I'm too dead inside, I got no love to show (love to show)

Somebody stop this pain in my chest
Never gave into Satan, I'm putting that speculation to rest

I feel something
I feel something
I don't know, this isn't good
I DON'T KNOW!

I don't know if it's love or hate, and I don't really care
(I know I don't really care)
You made me into this filth, and it isn't really fair
But now you gotta deal with it

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