

I Believe You, But My Tommy Gun Don't

Ghostemane

I wasn't shit until I told you Take 7 steps back
Now these bitches throw my picture up and say that I'm they dad
I'm the mac
With a tendency to say just fuck it all and snap
See deep down I think I give a fuck but it's too late for that
You might wanna think twice before you set a foot inside my show
I'm just sayin' it's a 50/50 shot at a broken nose
Why promoters want to book me but they can't spell Ghoste
Y'all forgot the E for everytime I drop the room explode
You should never misunderstand that I am always down to die
And I know that I won't always feel that way if I'm alive
All these bitches wonder why
I don't pay 'em mind
Maybe cause it's everytime I see your mouth a rapper dick inside

Run up in a valley in the belly of a psychedelic entity I'm trippin' like I got my shoe strings tied
I'm on the rise and now I'm feelin like I'm Edward Kelly
Dropped out of college the knowledge I fathered through alchemy made me supreme
Pretendin' to be a disciple by quotin' and postin' up shit that you will never read

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That my soul made of solid gold
Would you cut me up and throw me in the rabbit hole
What if I told you I believe you but my Tommy don't
Pump you guts full of lead like I'm Al Capone

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