

Leprosy

Ghostemane

You say that you got your own shit
But you got no whip
You say that you got your own shit
But you got no crib
You say that you got your own shit
But you got no chick
Don't say that you got your own shit
When you got no ends, bitch

12 noon and I just woke
In bed alone still fucked from the night before
I look around, where my bitch go?
Then I remembered wrappin' tight rope around her throat
I'm the mage and I wake when you eyes close
Hair long, face tatted, I'mma lost soul
Fuck cliques, I'mma solo
You don't got a whip so you ride a dick to your show

I don't need you
Black mage til I die, bitch

I don't owe a thing to a muhfucka talkin' your shit I don't really give a damn where you been you ain't never gonna be a motherfucka that I really wanna be matter fact I never wanna be another mothafucka but me
Keep on pretendin' that you are the prophet but one day you will be alone
Left in your misery nailed to the front of a crucifix of stone
A loyal bitch is hard to find like a Ghostemane tee
Yeah they rare but mane just keep you fuckin' head up like a king
Most of all don't ever trust a man or bitch that got no brain
Bitch I stay well read and elevated way up in the plane

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