Nails

Ghostemane

Nails

I got nails on my back, scratched up like a cat attack
Throat grab, now she throw a jab, laying all blind and gagged
Life is a bitch tryna fuck (tryna fuck)
But I don't wanna fuck, rather she suck on my dick and throw up

Bitch you didn't give a fuck who I was (Who I was)
Till I got a bit of buzz but I'm still not really shit
Fuck up anything that get up in the way of being a level 11 mag
e
And I really wanna thank
Crowley and light
Why try? Do or die
I pretend I'm doing fine
Really, I want to get high
But I refrain 'cause it never did help me
Show a sign
That I'm meant to be alive
Looking, I can't find the light (Can't find the light)
I don't give a motherfuck about a bitch
Every bitch only want one thing from me
Back up, let me be alone
Let me self-loath
Vulnerable soul with nowhere to go
Nail me to the cross and watch me bleed out
I'm sick of living like I'm already dead

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I've got nails on my back
Hammering into me, when will it end?

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