

# Outland

Ghostemane

When I open up my door  
See a waste land  
Everybody packing heat in they waistband  
Smog filling up the sky far as you can see  
I'm trying to get the killers back for what they did to me  
Leather jacket, black boots and a fresh cut  
Top long sized  
Gone  
Girls going nuts  
I'm on quest  
Let me end up, I'll be your guest  
Tell me what I need to know and that's for the best  
Come across a few friends if you call them that  
Count 'em on one hand  
But no more than that  
You see a lot of motherfuckers that won't hesitate  
To leave you dead in a long burning at the stake

At least I got my Pip-Boy, least I got my Pip  
Least I, least I got my Pip-Boy  
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I be thinking too much about anything  
[?] It don't matter, shit  
I keep pretending to [?] so hesitant  
I see an elephant up in the room  
[?] keeping your mouth shut  
Stuck in a rut  
All I ever need was a big fat butt in my face  
And a little bit of cash  
Everything else, take care of itself  
I'm ready to shop at the top of the shelf  
Help  
[?] self  
Don't play myself, but everyone else  
Throw a pity party likes it's 1999  
Since you wanna be in the time  
I'm bringing the future funk  
Ask me if I give a fuck  
If someone you know is [?]  
Then no doubt about it  
Them motherfuckers ain't about it

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You see the land radiate in the missions  
It's clear to me now

That everybody you know is dead and gone underground  
Them bodies never found  
But now they're here and it's on  
The ghost that scared them the most  
Was they own soul  
You may not understand where I'm, where I'm at in my mind  
But you gon' know by the time we're done killing your time  
I'm not a rapper  
I'm an entity who know how to rhyme  
I dare you to find another light be in our time

He skates, smokes, drinks (yeah!) and even takes psychedelics (whoa)  
He gets so pissed that he breaks shit in his room (God damn it!)  
Shortly before fucking his bitch to sleep (moaning)  
He's GHOSTEMANE  
Weekdays at 9  
Only on...