

Purple Blankets Everywhere

Ghostemane

We goin home
This the ritual
Don't you pack your bags
You don't need em where we goin
Sip up on this drank
That I made for y'all
Go to sleep
Don't wake up until I say you so
We bout to blow the plane
Bitch you never been before
Then we hittin outer space
I think a creep belong
As for all them other lames listening what they told
They bout to see a wasteland right beneath they toes
Bitch