

# I Ain't Depressed

Hacktivist

Get gone get gone get gone get gone  
Look at em, look at em, look at em

I won't forgive you, fuck that shit  
I'm lookin at your picture, now it makes me sick  
I hate your motherfuckin' guts and let it show  
Wear my motherfuckin' heart out on my sleeve now so you know  
I'll cut a bitch quick if she gets on my nerves  
Kill your God, burn your town, bet my bond is my word  
They say hey you'll be okay, but I crash and I swerve  
Rolling up with these mutilated fingertips

Bitch I ain't depressed (yeah, I'll admit it)  
Yeah motherfucker I'll admit it that I'm stressed (yeah, I'll admit it)  
But I'm a boss, I'm a beast like I'm the best (yeah, I'll admit it)  
I'm bout to put all this other shit to rest (yeah, I'll admit it)  
Just gotta tell myself that I ain't that depressed (yeah, I'll admit it)

When you're coming up tryna make a name (yeah, I'll admit it)  
Mothafuckas get ya caught up in the game (yeah, I'll admit it)  
But when you get the money and ya got the fame  
Your life can never even be the fucking same

I don't really give a fuck about the cash or bling  
Came up from the gutter think I'm not gonna swing?  
Internet gangsters trying to get underneath my skin  
I got punchlines and I'll aim for ya chin  
Yea I get stressed but I ain't depressed  
Play another fest get it all off my chest  
Niggas wanna test  
Ready for the beef to commence  
Come to ya ends in a bulletproof vest  
No whip pull up on a black BMX  
Now these pricks all wanna make amends  
Know about my gang from da east to the west  
Fuck boy u don't wanna see me vex

Look at them swinging their fists  
Fights in the mosh pit making a mess  
Front line reciting lyrics  
I wrote down at my desk  
I don't do this on purpose  
Cannot resist  
What did I do to deserve this  
Glorious gift  
I thank you, yes you  
For giving me the, power needed to  
Defeat this beast with his hands around my neck  
I grab his horns and I rip them out his head  
Yeah I get stressed but no way

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Not giving up, I'll hunt you down, this my revenge and shit  
You been a fake, you brought me down, claiming you fixin shit  
Say your sorry, hate me no more, you wanna kill this shit?  
But I don't feel that shit, not even a little bit

DOK turnt in this motherfucker  
We back, big dick swaggin, nuts still hangin  
And I'm feeling like a super saiyan, you feel me?  
Watch your bitch before she gets snatched up

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Look at the crowd  
Look at it  
Look at the style  
Look at it  
Look at the clout  
Look at it  
Look at me now  
Look at em  
Look at the moves  
Look at em  
Look at dem boys  
Look at em  
Look at em now  
Look at em  
Look at em, look at em, look at em

Get gone get gone get gone get gone  
Look at em, look at em, look at em