

# Put It To Your Head

Horrorshow

Uh-huh, uh-huh

From the spot where I sit in the middle of the playground  
I watch as the children accept their fate  
See round here, we never seem to see much change  
But they still providing us with hourly updates  
The bus lane's full of traffic and the train's running late  
In a city full of strangers where every smile is fake  
They pay top dollar just to watch you spill your sentiments  
"Looks like Nick forgot to take his medicine"  
Popped collar for the veterans  
Centre stage fright, late night hype eyeing my competitors  
And the cycle's set in motion  
With a money-back guarantee, the end result will get you open  
Picture me as Lucky Stripe in the clubhouse  
Love ain't enough now, they want your blood  
Hoping for violence, the first and second rules dictate  
A code of silence with fight clubs in every major town  
So come play around, but just know that  
We don't play around, quit holding your piece  
You better say it now, you so throwback  
What you afraid of now? Famous, take 'em out

So you a chosen one, or just a loaded gun?  
Better understand or get your shit overrun  
We ain't playing with this, so keep spraying your shit  
Fall back to the sideline and wait for the [\*click\*]

Ayo Solo, let's play Russian roulette  
Pick it up, spin the cylinder and put it to your head  
We keep playing till something connects  
We keep playing till something connects  
Yeah, Fame, I'm down to play Russian roulette  
So pick it up, spin the cylinder and put it to your head  
We keep playing till something connects

Okay, we in the centre right? Fight-night limelighters  
World stage pay with the highest prices  
Nah, nah, my mans ain't care who you're better than  
Old style weathering, end-tethering  
From out here, we never seem to see much change  
Re-up, re-hash but them all still sound plain  
Crumbs on swaps for the belt  
They ain't saying nothing proper so we gotta take shots at ourself  
Like please, someone put him in his place  
He getting complacent, we past that, Solo come on pass that  
Nah he ain't really bout it, he ain't really bout to blast that  
Ask that, I'ma make my own spot vacant  
So tell me what you want from me  
We so total now, ya know Famine keep it lowbrow  
Y'all keep score but I ain't about the know-how  
Mark this, boy we right on for the darkness  
They tryna get in, we only tryna get out  
Fresh out of fresh, I clown 'em like tadow  
Vicarious, voyeuristic  
All for the click, click, so down for the next round

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