

Pulp Fiction

Huskii

Makin' magic
Marsellus Wallace missus munted in the Maserati music
Mike Myers on a massacre in Marrickville type shit
Let's go
Let's go
Let's go

People see me slippin, I ain't been at my best
I feel these demons tryna beat me with each beat in my chest
I don't believe in myself
So how can I trust you when I can't even trust my brain to stop from dreamin
g of death?
I wonder why I let bitches in just to see I'm a mess
Never taught myself to deal, I'd rather bleed and forget
Told myself I ran away because she needed a rest
But I was scared to say I need you, that's the reason I left
I hate you see I'm depressed
And you know I got battle scars
I'm scared to show her so I use these drugs to help camouflage
I hate the way I was made, she think I don't have a heart
When things are going good, I'd run away and self-sabotage
I got trust issues, I run from the truth
I swear I'd rather been in pain than feel as numb as I do
And this drug misuse just left me fuckin' confused
We gettin further apart with every substance we use

I'm just tryna make dough
Pour the liquor, make my head go
I used to catch the bus and read the Metro
I can tell you what it feels like when it gets low
Been in trap for two weeks with a dead phone
Kitty's injectin' buj and his legs go
I've got nothin' for a dead hoe
And I've got nothin' for a fed, bro
Made my youngin hit the nitty, twelve o'clock by the Tesco
Shout my mum, although she's worried and she pays for me
Fed chases, catch cases
Cats beggin' me for ticks just a day for me
But I'll make it out this shit one day, I'll wait patiently
T-t-t-t-tell my YG, "Stay out of trouble", what do I know?
I watched my brother smoke crack
But before all that, bro, he used to be my idol
I'm a sinner, bro, I never read the Bible
I don't sleep, get bad thoughts when my eyes closed
I don't feel my rivals, and I don't fear titles
I got the rock, my mum should've called me Michael
I knew better, I'd do better, now I know

Run inside of the environments, this and well
Run and speeding like thunder, straight from hell
Trumpets are blarin', the dimes come around
Satan is here to claim his crown

Whoa
Ba-ba-ba-ba
Big Benny, back with another banger
Benny Gibbs blazin' with a blonde bombshell on the balcony (Hahaha)

The big bunny of Blacktown, boom-boom (Hahaha)
Let's go

Gettin' faded, lately I feel like Freddie Gibbs
Reminiscin', jail was easy 'fore I had any kids
I block baby ma, area know what Benny did
Benny bitch, rappers they try, but they never better this
I get a brick of the base straight off a terrorist
Sad boy rapper, I still ain't gone seen a therapist
Pride of my leather, I two-step where the devil is
Karma's forever, there's LV on her leopard skin
I'm on parole, she hold the weapon when I'm steppin' in
Never been afraid to wreck the day of someone's next of kin
They never thought they'd see the day I'm at my best again
I'll probably do a EP, get a box and leave the rest for skem

Boom
Bye-bye
You back in this bitch, haters