

Deceased

JME

I didn't think it would feel this good
I'm lying on the floor, man, it's real in the hood
I'm not sure if it was steel or wood
All I know, it was a baseball bat
They had knives as well, man, I'm bleeding good
Someone said "run Jme", I should
Instead I stood there like a fool, good
They're all gone now, it's just me
I'm lying here on the floor and I'm feeling faint
Invincible? I really ain't
It was close, I nearly escaped
But now I look like a decorator
I've got blood all over my clothes like paint
I think I've lost feeling in my face
How am I supposed to communicate?
Don't matter anyway, I think I'm dying
Nah, wait, I can feel my leg
It's not a good sensation, it's all wet and cold
I can feel air in the gash
This is what I get for airing the gash
Look at me, I'm on my deathbed
And I'm still tryna strap some lyrics in my head
It's mad, the guys that did this to me
Would pay good money to listen to me
I'm the person they're wishing to be
When they see me, they don't know what to do
So they get excited and hype in the crew
But on their Js, they're kissing my feet
There's nothing nobody can do now
I'm over, down and out (gone)
Blud, I swear I'm dead
All I can see is clouds

It's not all jokes and games, blud
It's not a joke or a game
It's not all jokes and games, blud
It's not all jokes and games
It's not all jokes and games, blud
Serious
Keep playing games
Until you're deceased
It's not all jokes and games, blud
It's no jokes or games
It's not all jokes and games, blud
It's not a joke or a game
It's not all jokes and games, blud
Deceased
Keep playing games

Nah, wait, wait, wait, wait, I can't die
Especially here, man, where am I?
I don't wanna be this MC guy no more
I ain't even got my degree
Shit, my mum, what's she gonna think?
Her son's another dead black statistic?
Why didn't I run, man? I'm such a prick
One of them was hench, though, I ain't gonna lie, but

Imagine if I tried to run and I tripped
Or tried to do something dumb and I slipped
Should I carry a gun and a clip?
At least that way, I wouldn't be here now on the floor
I got stabbed in my bum and my hip
If I make it through, I'm done with this shit
My mouth is filling with blood, I'm scared
Crying won't help me now, I'm dead

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