

Let's talk about it, got a issue
Maybe we should talk about it
Can't ignore it
Man, I can't walk around it
Grab a drink with me at a bar that's not too crowded
Got a issue, no I don't, I got 2000
No I don't, I got 360
Think about my god damned life while I'm walking in a circle
Chugging some whiskey

Life is just another circle, friends and lovers that'll hurt you
Pain, agony, stress and death and a bunch of good feelings
In a rut about commercials, stories with a twist
You're for a young bliss

It's the circle of our lives
You're got young people feeling like they're 30 when they're five
And old people that are in their forties feeling six
I'm nice. Whoo!
Recently I'm hearing lots of people try to say
that I am undeserving of the fucking accolades I'm getting
So I tell these stupid motherfuckers if they do not like it, sorry baby, just don't listen
That's life!
And life is beautiful. And that there is the truest story
I don't understand suicide, I could never kill myself
Eventually my stress will do that for me
So fuck y'all
Knuckle up and brawl
Drank a little Jameson, got drunker by the bar
Now it's numbing up my jaw, I'm untucking my gun and just fuckin busting at you all
Basic pumping and dumping, the truth underneath it all there's a victim
And the person that can fix it is standing where the mirror is
When I die wrap me up in gold leaves and
And bury my body underneath a pyramid

I wish there was a button that I could press to erase my bad memories of my regrets
I wish there was a button that I could press to erase my bad memories of my regrets
I wish there was a button that I could press to erase my bad memories of my regrets
Well maybe in the next life I'll get it right
Maybe in the next life I'll get it right
Caught up in a circle

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Pain to me is a bunch of wack motherfuckers coming to get me
Can you imagine?

Back in the days if a wack motherfucker started rapping
You would snatch that mic from his god damned hand
Take one step back and smack him
Nowadays there's no passion
Everybody trying to cash in, jewellery flashing
They walk around showing off the newest fashion
All we care about is who has the truest passion though
Shogun assassin, break baseball bats over my head like I'm Bo fucking Jackson
Thirty for thirty, Mac Lethal killed everything
Hard nose like the narcos down in Medellín
Is every single rapper a thug?
If you ain't rapping about money, cars or bitches then it has to be drugs
Maybe you could tell us all a story about your life
Or maybe talk about a couple things you actually love
I mean, shit. It used to be a thing of beauty rapping a rhythm
And now the artists that are practically ripping up anything that's popular
And don't imagine the difference
This is exactly a symptom of fucking capitalism
And I'm not mad at the system
[?]
Cause it's just music, it ain't war, it ain't a maximum prison
But I'm just saying motherfuckers when I'm rapping and spitting if I just do
not do it fast
Listen half can you listen?

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