

Something I Can <3

Mac Lethal

I wanna give a big rest in peace to one of my fucking idols: Nate Dog
God damn it why did you have to die man, fuck! (it's so incredible)
North Korean barbeque
Black clover
Burn rain clouds burn
Burn rain clouds burn

You know I wiped the blood out my blue eyes
People looking at me thinking that I'm too high
But no, I'm just saying goodbye, to the snow
Waiting for the fireworks in July, here we go that's
Something I can heart (whoa)
Something I can heart (whoa)
Something I can heart for life (okay!)
I'm looking for:
Something I can heart (whoa)
Something I can heart (whoa)
Something I can heart for life (okay!)

You know I'm rapping beautiful to drums
I'm looking in the mirror asking who have you become?
Me? I've become a monster, stone
Hearted like a kid from the foster-homes
But I ain't seen my home in months, I don't have the luxury
I make my living on the road, can't say I'm living comfortably
I'm looking in the mirror asking who the fuck is he?
I dip my paintbrush in the blood that's on my upper teeth
Damn, I'm a glutton for the self-torture
Tell the devil thanks for punching me I fell forwards
I only started screaming when I felt cornered
At the record label meeting I could smell hors d'oeuvres
They told me I should buy a new toupee
They'll put me on the charts I could climb, I'm to hooray
Imma never let you do me like you do Lupe
Keep your blood money bitch, good day!

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Phoenix in the sky
We will never die
Sprinkling the ashes for the people in disguise
Phoenix in the sky
We will never die
Sprinkling the happiness we need a new july

I'm like a classic impressionist painting
With negative space covered by excellent shading

I'm watching lots of these veterans fading
Cause they ain't sacrificing nothing to better what they brang
And that's their own fault. Imma melt the snow with my bone salt
Me and my stress can take a slow waltz
Grab it by the hand, I throw it off a tall bridge, catch it if you can
But you don't even want it. I separated from it
Now I'm gonna live until I'm 1 million and 7 hundred
So even when I die I'll be chillin in heaven blunted [?]
And probably hangin' out with Jesus' children; forever young kid
It's a quality of life, see now I got the juice
And me and all my demons made a truce
I promise it's a quality of life, and this anxiety is drug-induced
So my sobriety will cut me loose, next! (Next)