

Pallbearer

Madchild

[?] like I was Shabba Ranks
Caved in, no baggy pants
Tryin' to get my swing back like Bangarangs
I took some pills but not for medical reasons
Inner demon's on the outside, aesthetically pleasing
Yeah I'm back home in my rap zone
While I snap, homes
Skeleton with the cracked stone
Heart dipped in black chrome
Elegantly, I grind
Trap the trucks on some rag bones
Old school
I'ma let that slide like your backbone
I ain't tryin' to fuck with these old lames
Or these no names
I walk with no regret
I got no shame for my old ways
Tired of missing the old days
Fuck it, I'll make some new days
All these rappers fruity
Eat a bucket of blueberries
Constructive criticism isn't what I'm after
Made some bad decisions, I'm a vision of disaster
Fast learner and a cash earner
I'm here to kill these artists once again
Bitch, it's mass murder

Hi there
MadChild, I am back up in my highchair
And I have done so much dumb shit
But why should I care?
And life can be a fucking bitch, it isn't quite fair
And I have done so much bad shit
I'm still a nightmare
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I'm a war horse on morphine
From corpse to warp speed
I've lost my hunger
Of course, I'll force feed
So hungry, said that I could eat a horse
No more horse meat
Was married to the game
But then that dumb whore divorced me
Spoken art from another rapper with a broken heart
Mad without blow is like Jimmy Hendrix with no guitar
Show, I'm a boatload of coke straight from Bogota
[?] my vocal box'll choke you hopeless locals off
Did nothing properly, I still feel numb
If you don't protect your property, the wolves will come
We all behold evil and good

I might not pull the trigger anymore
But I got some people that would
And I just need a damn good reason to breathe evil
Like, fuck it, my mind's gone
I'm leaving with these people
[?] lethal
To even a [?]
He's probably so broken
No reason to believe him

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