

## Soiled in Regret

Madchild

It's fun murdering words that are blood-curdling  
By now, you must live under a rock, if you ain't heard of him  
Madchild, I don't need a shoulder to cry on  
I talk soft, and I walk with a firearm  
I just need to put in work and I will flourish  
I'm hungry, I'm snapping on these tracks like I'm malnourished  
No more light to these fakes and these hoes  
Making cake off my name, now the bakery's closed

It's fun gathering  
It's fun gathering  
It's fun gathering  
Words, I'm staying ravenous  
It's fun gathering  
It's fun gathering  
It's fun gathering  
Words, we plain savages

Brain, never seen a carnival that's this large  
BAX general, honorable discharge  
Ruthless on a loop troop, my boots laced  
Uptight, still walk angrily with a screw face

Time to catch a red eye flight  
Black hoodie on my head, like a Jedi Knight  
Do some stupid shit again, you can bet I might  
200 shows straight and my head ain't right  
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Automatic weapon and my firepower murk em  
Fuck these Satan rappers, a higher power lurking  
Met so many fake people out that I stopped mingling  
I'm burning every rapper out, chop kindling  
Razor under my tongue that's still a buck-fifty  
Weigh a buck-fifty, stacked another buck-fifty  
Thanks to all the people out there that fuck with me  
I miss the homie, like what happened to Buck 50?  
How much more fucking spoiled can you get to  
Now I'm drenched in misery and soiled in regret too

Little bad wolf's back, gonna get you  
Trying to find time to see where my mind gets to  
Hard to be a leader when your ass don't function  
Followers don't know you're on a path of destruction  
Self-sabotage, shit, I'm a savage God  
Shit, Mad is frothing at the mouth, I'm a rabid dog lit

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(I dunno, man, I think I like this one better than the last one)