

Your Love

Mallrat

I know your type, what you likes
A young corpse bride, cold as ice
I'm alive but I'm on fire
If that's alright, I want

Your love, your love, your love, your love
Your love, your love, your love, your love, your love
Your love, your love, your love, your love
Your love, your love, your love, your love, your love

And I know that you wanted me like her
In the palm of your hand like a lighter
All the lights make me wanna be lighter
I don't care if I'm wrong, I'm a writer

I'm alive, and I'm on fire
If that's alright, I want

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Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on it, name on it

Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your, bullet with your...

Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
(Killa, killa, what the fuck you gon' do?)
I've got a bullet with your name on it, name on it

Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
Hiding in the bushes with a mask and a pistol grip
I got a bullet with your name on it, name on it