Yeah. It's a fly love song. Ha Back myself in a corner, just to fight my way out Bothered by my persona, fake friends run they mouth Half of them fucking goners, other half just don't count It's cool; I'll be a stoner Be a guy on the couch I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got myself some whiskey; enough to last the night I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got some darker shades, for these brighter nights We let these biters bite Gonna get up and I'll take this stage I've got no face to save No bridge to pave I'm nothing but a paper slave But I play this ancient game Like I never had a piece of something So I'm keeping all my speakers bumping For the ones who're waking up and keep us plugged in I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got myself some whiskey; enough to last the night I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got some darker shades, for these brighter nights You may be dangerous, but I don't see you You may be God to them, but to us you're see through We tryna to take the day, 'cause ain't nothing left to take No longer have to wait; we living shorter days with Darker shades, darker shades, darker shades for a brighter night Darker shades, darker shades, darker shades for a brighter night They say that we too rowdy, carry a dead man's rhymes Miami's got these vices, I can't get out my mind Everyday walk a wasteland, wasting our urban life Lately my mind is racing, but there's no finish line I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got myself some whiskey; enough to last the night I'll be alright I'll-I'll be alright I got some darker shades, for these brighter nights [Wrekonize:]: We look with hypersights, seeing out into the future still Giving dummies a bit of bloody and running with a couple buddies If he tryna shoot to kill This here's no movie reel, no Cool Hand Luke appeal Where the youth is real, you gotta move to still survive

When they want to nuke our fields

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I'll-I'll be alright
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I'll be alright
I'll-I'll be alright
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