

Flatline

iMayday!

Ooh...
Flatline
Flatline
Flatline
Flatline
(Okay, okay)
Flatline

My mother told me all you're missing is the pain
Only thing you in love with is the feeling in your veins
Cuz baby we all addicted to the ones we can't explain
And usually fallin victims to some self inflicted stings
Maybe that's the logistics wouldn't miss it for a thing
Wouldn't throw out the baby with the water in the sink
And as long as you feeling something baby boy then it's a win
Cuz as soon as the shit get easy you get hit

Yeah, you get split into the mix quick
Figure you disfigured and twisted
You walking on a tightrope broke and yo lips split
But you just keep it going you not knowing the shit's flipped
You did it to yo self might as well had yo wrists slit
Bitch this ain't a game you play casually no man
Insanity's so grand, you'll laugh at the program
And wonder if you ever really came with the stack grind
We ain't here to pass time we running from that flat line

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Momma done told me all ya missing is the fame
They been downplaying y'all I find it strange and deranged
I mean how many smashes does it take to see the blame
Lies solely on a system they arranged
It's insane but I don't really trip
I just load up the mossberg
I'm murdering dropped verbs
I'm killing the crosswords
Shit I'm trying to survive 30 days of night
With these bloodsucking fucking parasites

And it's aight talk ya shit now
Dog we all getting exiled
Eventually we all getting fed to the reptiles
We all on our own but feel like it's the best times
Like rocking new suits with Colombian neck ties
What I been on something hard to explain
It's hard to just frame and mount up for you lames
So every time I think about it answer's always the same
I hope they find that I been losing my mind
Avoiding that flat line

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