

DEAD BEATS

Mori Calliope

(Dead Beats, lurking now, Dead Beats, lurking now)
(Dead Beats, lurking now, Dead Beats, lock it down)
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This song makes no sense

Gettin' kinda "stir-crazy," you heard this
I wonder what the meaning of "lazy" or life without work is
Kawaii shinigami at your service
Mark your enemies, and I'll show them what hurt is!
Merciless, but what else should I be?
Sudden nice-guy gap, but that's honesty
A blood price to be paid, but I promise
It's worth this on-demand-homicidal-circus
All ya really gotta do is sign on the dotted line
It's probably fine, right? Sike! Your soul is mine!
It's all good, being a Dead Beat's got benefits
We'll be "best friends," that's the end of it
Then I get a rush of adrenaline, I think I like you!
Wanna feel my 5-foot scythe inside you!
I would die for you, and that adorable scream
Curious, would you die for me?

We'll lock it down
So when you bitches need me, call
(By your side with my scythe and red wine)
I'll make 'em wish they never lived at all
(I'll fuck 'em up, Gucci?)
Just leave it all to us, 'cause in the end
We on another level, when the dust settles
An actual scene outta hell
We'll lock it down
So when you bitches need me, call
(By your side with my scythe and red wine)
I'll make 'em wish they never lived at all
(I'll fuck 'em up, Gucci?)
Just leave it all to us, 'cause in the end
Not a lot that opposers can say
To counterpoint the wise ass words of my sensei

(Skip class)
Okay, next?
(Take rips)
Eh, thought so

Make no mistake, these are "killer vibes"
I don't "take breaks" 'cause I'm taking lives
To die by the scythe? It's the highest honor
Run and hide? You can try, you're a goddamn goner
I could play the game by the rules, hell, I'd lose it
Drop names, drain fools dry, I'm ruthless
Grab a little auto-tune, then abuse it
2-clicks "beep-boop" , sounds like music!
New hits, cheap loops, samples, free beats
Loose fit, shit design like a pair of Yeezys

Rapping's easy, music's hard!
Slapping fair-use material together, I could never be
The star I seek to be, swear I'll make ya proud
Dead Beats cheer for me, and cheer loud!
Decimate the crowd, that's for sure
Got a little sentimental, back to murder!

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Just leave it, just leave it
Just leave it all to us

Calliope Mori on this goddamn mic
I don't want your fuckin' money, I just want your life
I'm filling syllables with curse words, because I am an amateur
Everybody likes self-depreciating rap
I'm gonna stop, like, I got nothing
I'm, I'm so tired man, I'm so tired
"Don't quit your reapin' job."
Got 'em

Dead Beats, lurking now, Dead Beats, lurking now
Dead Beats, jerk it now, Dead Beats, jerk it now!
Yo, yo, yo, stop. Stop! That is so inappropriate
What? What, I don't get it? "Jerking," like... do a jerky dance, yeah?
Jerk to the left, jerk to the right...
Dude, dude, just stop talking
Okay

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