

I bet you thought I wouldn't show
Up to my own own funeral
You left me out for dead and now I'm back
How did our love become so murderous
What happened to us
Because you left me out for dead
And now I'm back with vendetta-etta-etta
I'm back with vendetta-etta-etta

Let me get one thing clear, my problems know no fear
Could get dangerous round here, here
I was love drunk but I'm we're getting sober
Looking down on you like a vulture
Coming back for the ones who fucked me over, over

White bitch fucking with some black magic
White bitch fucking with some black magic
White bitch fucking with some black magic
Bet you thought I, bet you thought I

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You got blood on my diamonds
I get em, one kiss to get violent
But you cross the god damn line
Yeah, I've been thinking
I got hits, better after healing
Still this is just the beginning
My crew are damn strong

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