

Bullet

nothing,nowhere.

I gotta bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
So close your eyes as I-

Reaper creepin' slow
Give me that motherfuckin' soul, mane
Tryna stop me now
I'm dead already, I feel no pain
No need for guns
Got a new scythe in the back, trunk
Gotta get right when you act up
Got a new blade, keep it up tucked
Yeah

If you want the smoke you better come with more than hollow tips
You can find me in the cemetery, bring the crucifix
Any weapon form against myself would never prosper
I'm a beast on any track and any style and any genre

I gotta bullet with yo-
Oh my fuckin' god, shut the fuck up
Tough luck, life sucks and now buck up
Tell 'em touché, we're gonna be breachin' it's too late
Send a bouquet and I'm done
I hope they got a TV in the afterlife
So I can watch the earth explode
And replay it like every night
I'm off of the meds and I'm already dead
And I can't find a reason to try
I'm tired of fakin' and tired of wakin' up
There ain't a trace of a god
So I'm feelin' something sinister inside again
You sending shots and missing every single one
So try again

I gotta bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
So close your eyes as I-

Walkin' right through the grate, okay
It's just another day, bitch
Take it all in and just pretend
There's no such thing as an-guish
Damn that's so edgy
Prepare for death, I stay ready
My sins, they weigh on me heavy
But let's just act like I'm all good
Hey, what are you doing? nothing
Where are you going? nowhere
I swear
I'm just flippin' through my chapters
I just stop, and I stare
Hold up, give me some room to unwind
Help me escape the confines
Ain't life so crazy sometimes
Wait my bad, I'm

I gotta bullet with your name on the fuckin' tip
Sorry I got existential

What rhymes with that?
Oh yeah, these instrumentals keep my mind intact
I flash the grin but oh no I can't hide the fact
That everything is undone
So what? I can't rewind it back
Yeah I take another hit
Let me go talk my shit
Only been a minute lemme run up in, and make you sick
Everything's fucked, and it can't be fixed
Left with no love, get what you give
I guess that's how it is, such a pessimist
I'm just carried by the wind
This is how it ends