

Bitch I'm running a fucking muck, eyes closed, straight blastin
g
Sipping on this liquor and smoking until I'm blasted
Ready to fucking go, I'm 'bout to blow and now they know that
That's why everybody hit my fuckin phone but where's my coat at
I got ice cold shoulders, they be like, "Omen
You've been snapping so much lately, you just keep going"
Bitch I fucking know that, they said I should quit rap
Now I've been doing this so long that I could never go back
I had 300 songs last year, real shit
Now I'm going out on my own, and I'm traveling coast to coast
They see now I got my own tours, now I got my own shows
But it's funny when they try to tell my I'm not original

Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time
Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time
Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time
Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time

If I'm not original, I am just a synonym
Don't need to see the difference unless the picture's anything
but real
I could be your antonym, I could be your antichrist
But when I come around its resurrection, never suicide

Bring me back to life, bring me back to life
Bring me back to life, bring me back to life

Bring me back to life, bring me back to life
(Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time)
Bring me back to life, bring me back to life
(Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time)
Bring me back to life, bring me back to life
(Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time)
Bring me back to life, bring me back to life
(Let me write rhymes, in the right mind, in the night time)