

## 2000 Rounds

Pouya

Another thousand at your face  
You gon' remember me  
Better run and hide, no one's safe  
You are no friend of me  
Blackmage and Buffet the sets everything  
Gonna get a dagger up in your chest  
Summoning baphomet I met him then I jump to my death

Swangin' like an orangutan  
Blood stains gon' hit the floor  
I broke my nose and forgot my name  
And who the fuck gon' take me home  
Lost my phone in the pit  
Swang and I miss  
Kicked in the jaw for flaming a bitch  
My eyes twitching, full of blood dripping  
Hundred one thugs and they roll with me  
Got a mini MAC in the Cadillac  
With a thousand rounds that'll send you back  
To your granny's house with ya panties out  
Got you looking like a fucking faggot now  
You can't hang with me  
Stay low-key that's my mystique  
Grew a tree and bought a hammock just to hang my feet

(I thought I'd be dead by now)  
Comin' up and never going back  
Never going back to when nobody had my back  
Still I won't crack a smile until my pain hits the brakes and just eases up  
off of me  
Let me breathe  
Let me breathe  
Why can I not keep up with all of the  
Self Deprecation, Brain fading  
Leave me to die on the pavement  
(I never wanted this)  
I fucked that bitch  
Till she bled on me  
Under the trees at night  
Dirt all on her hands and feet  
Then left her red on read  
Alone like she found me  
I'm cursed to die alone, I think I hear my daddy callin' me

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