

My Song

Ramirez

Once the smoke clears I'm lookin' at the devil in his eyes
Is it a curse, or Is it a Blessing in disguise? I don't know why
Find myself walking on a tightrope every single day
Blowin' on that purple haze thinkin' imma die today
But it's okay
I ain't meant for this world any fuckin' ways
Pill poppers on my pain help them go away
Now I'm standing in the mirror beginnin' (to) see visions clearer and
feeling death is getting nearer

I lost my soul in the wind in the valley of death
I held my breath and I felt the pain in my chest
I fell to my knees thinkin' I was gonna die
Looked up in the sky then I asked God "Why?"

Does he pulleth on his shirt if he's feeling all this pain
Blood drain
Let the pistol grippin', beginnin' to take niggas names
Lookin' at the strap got a nigga steady trippin'
Punk motherfuckers can't keep it real so they shape-shifting'
You dressed in Louis but your mark ass still a bitch Cause
You think you wearin' designer gone make you rich blood?
Now welcome to the world that we fuckin' livin' in
Materialized punk ass marks who can't do it lit

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Bitch I'm a sensei from the dark age
Got a black rag restin' on my face
Katana blade down sharp, type while eyes creep through the dark
Don't feel shit just spark this blunt
Half let it full pagan by six months
The strong got caught but stayed in touch
Roll in the streets by myself on the low
Don't trust no-one so I trust this Dro
One shot to the dome and your wife's gone
Thinkin' that you're better but I'm grippin' on berettas
Stinging like a bumble bee but I come like a feather
Hold up I'm high, I'm rollin', I'm smokin' on that Bombay
Don't give a fuck and I think about my death every single day

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