

CTRL ALT DELETE

RÉN

I say slow down, preacher man
The love won't stop
When a beat this tough
They're gonna lose their top
They told me thousand times
They said Soul Boy start
I put my middle finger out
Say fuck you, watch

I played the cards that I was dealt
My hand was bad but I'm a fucking lion in this bitch

Turn a bad thing around and make it feel good
Feeling myself right now I really could
King of the world, so hot man
I'm frying in this bitch
Top Trump when I hear the world gonna go bang
Gonna go to bed when the planet get peak
Man I'm gonna CTRL-ALT-ALT-DELETE

I said slow down
Stop and breathe, relax and inhale
Lost myself inside the spaces between heaven and hell
You see we gentrify the fibres of the human condition
Excavate the soul
Replace it with materialism
Hold up, watch it

Watch the kid, I'm in the cockpit
Bass line riff, it hits right in the pocket
Drop it, sick the Sick Boi spits rockets
Rain on the rhythm precision
It's hypnotic, sucker
Music for the gutter
A mean motherfucker
If you not a butter
I'm a certified nutter
Who, the force, the typhoon, the music tycoon?
I'm steezy, my brother

I played the cards that I was dealt
My hand was bad but I'm a fucking lion in this bitch

Turn a bad thing around, it make you feel great
Pick it up or pressurise the pressure deflates
Pour a little gasoline and make a bonfire in this bitch (fuck off)
Keep drumming with the 808, damage so bad
Think I'm gonna turn it in, I feel a little beat
Man I wanna CTRL-ALT-ALT-DELETE
Man I wanna CTRL-ALT-ALT-DELETE

And then so my story goes
Girl meets boy, let's go
Of the things they love and the things they do
Together
And then so my story goes
Girl meets boy let's go

Of the things they love and the things they do
Together
And then so my story goes
Girl meets boy let's go
Of the things they love and the things they do
Forever

Run like I'm Usain, true pain, you gain
Profane bars are fat like the buddha
Come like I'm Bruce Wayne, old game, new lane
Propane, lightning strike like barracuda
Microphone abuser
Cyclone maneuver
Tyson-like movement
Striking twice using
Mighty right bruising
Line of sight humans
Nighty-night s'cuse me
I'm polite, usually
Sike, I'm a sick Boi
Have you got a light?
I don't like that, so the fishy won't bite
How'd you even get in a dress so tight?
The nights still young, but I think I just might
Humour me, usually I'm in the mood to be
Moving with you, that's a unity
Choosing me, choosing me, beautifully stupid
Enough, that's a lovesick lunacy

I played the cards that I was dealt
My hand was bad but I'm a fucking lion in this bitch (I'm a lion)

Turn a bad thing around and make it feel good
Feeling myself right now I really could
King of the world, so hot man
I'm frying in this bitch (Sick Sick Soul)
Top Trump when I hear the world gonna go bang
Gonna go to bed when the planet get peak
Man I'm gonna CTRL-ALT-ALT-DELETE