

Murder Me

Russ

Hello Mom and Dad
Waddup Frank [laughing]
You wanted me to do this right? [laughing]
Yah, do it
Waddup Gianna

Communicating while anonymous doesn't accomplish too much
So I'm a get this fucking platform, keep on talkin' my stuff
Reachin' everybody
From the South Side of Atlanta
To the place I'm more familiar with but I paint panoramas
That'll make you trip like I love Lucy
By the way I took a trip and I love Lucy
She introduced me to the truth
I wrap a noose around your boss real quick
Kick his stool out, and make his boss' boss feel it
And nah my balls don't fit
In the palm of my hands
So don't ask me to grab 'em, I let 'em hang I'm the man
Fuck spelling it out
I'm yelling it out
Y'all flip then you flip
You're not hip you're not hop
I'm just a product of listenin'
To washed up artists submittin'
Feeble attempts to stay on, so all that garbage your givin'
Is getting you thrown out
I'm thrown, leave me alone I'm in my zone now
Too many clowns
Diemon is full of lions it's time to roam now
And my life, is a good book
Bugus, rollin' good kush
Never house a bitch because they bite and bark, woof woof
Look, look
The world is pulling me down I'm about to push push
And let the visions in my head pull my sled, Balto, mush mush
Y'all lay beneath the tush tush
And your pockets stay empty
Because your mouth is full of pussy
Go dive in ambition
Swim around in some talent
Bust a nut full of visions
Then hit it again with some passion
And get it crackin' like the sea monster
I see monsters with all that
Fee-fie-foh-fum
But y'all ain't scarin' no one so just fall back
Because it's D-I-E-M-O-N
'Till the motherfucking world ends
And I'm probably where your girl is

Now them same motherfuckers wanna murder me
And I wonder if the lord ever heard of me
I need loot
So I'm doing what I do
And don't say shit 'till you walk in my shoes

Now them same mothafuckas wanna murder me
And I wonder If the Lord ever heard of me (uh)
I need loot so I'm doin' what I do
And don't say shit until you've walked in my shoes
There was no other destiny to choose
I had nothin' left to lose so I'm singin' nigga blues

I'm a, heavy thinker, light smoker, henny drinker
Gotta gift, for the game, wrapped around my middle finger
No semi-circles in this DIEMON shit
Squares don't linger
I'm your dudes favorite rapper, and your bitches favorite singer
It's Jerry Springer in this hotel room, minus the violence
We questioning each other on some who what where and why shit
But back to the living out the dream or tryna find it
Fuck it I think I found it
Fuck that I know I found it
Y'all old dudes ain't new no more, y'all need a fountain
Y'all be king of the hill motherfuckers, I got the mountain
Y'all shoutin' making commotion
Barely making a wave I'll make the ocean
And park my yacht on your property with no apology for show boatin'
And I've met God a lot but I've never met Jesus
I've even met the Devil and kicked it with her on some G shit
She showed me how to get to hell
I showed her how to leave it
And close that fucking door shut as I walk towards my freedom (yah, do it)

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Don't get it fucked up you can still get dropped
Employees handing out fades to the boss
I'm not saying that I'm either one, nah
I'm just saying that it can be done, oh oh oh oh