

It has been established that persons who have recently died have been returning to life and committing acts of murder. A widespread investigation reports from funeral homes, morgues, and hospitals has concluded that the unburied dead are coming back to life and seeking human victims. It's hard for us here to be reporting this to you, but it does seem to be a fact

Inochi

Devil inside me  
Meddling telling me get less alive  
Enemies die when they enter my sights  
In Hell everything's fine Inhale steadily high  
Float through the sky like it's Enter the Void  
They'll remember my voice if I soak em in fire  
Here's an open reply to all those who defy  
Get injected with poison  
Not innocent knotted in sin  
Nocturnal nights nodding to synths  
Nas with the pen monster within  
Pockets are lint not gonna win  
Gone with the wind walking the plank  
Talk to the fish God in the flesh  
Heart is abyss when I pop in a clip  
I still can't feel my face how am I moving?  
People were real at first now it's Kabuki  
My house is so spooky  
My outlook is gloomy  
You sleep with the sushi  
My mouth is an Uzi  
My sound is so brutal

My life is a movie  
My eyes are like rubies  
When I hit the doobie  
My eyelids are drooping  
My mind is so beautiful  
Dynamite booming inside of me  
I shine like jewelry  
My styles are so Gucci  
My lines are like Rumi's  
But I don't write like I'm an acolyte  
Now I'm so moody alkalines out of line  
Battle cry music ruthless and savage  
I sacrifice you because I'm never choosy  
And after more appetite I never lose it  
Like raw I only eat if it's raw  
Those who sleep on me can rot  
f\*ck all your Yves Saint Laurent  
I'll read Eliphaz Levi  
And be with the demons in fire

I don't fit in, I'm stranger (ayy)  
Circle stay small, no strangers (ayy)  
All my enemies in danger (ayy)  
All my enemies in danger (ayy)  
Gun cocked open wide, we don't ever go outside  
Don't blow my high

Rottweiler on my side, Don't blow my high  
I don't fit in, I'm stranger (ayy)  
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