

Man In Black

Seth Anthony

Ya gotta get it gotta get it out the mud
Middle finger to the haters I don't really give a fuck
Come out the muck in a rusted truck
Always kept it real cause it just a must
See where I'm from they play with guns
Never been a thug but I like to bump
Instead of the trap I like to sing and rap
Don't get it twisted bubba we used to push them packs
Daddy died tried to overdose
Whole bottle of blues damn near came close
Funny how the pain make the devil provoke
And take your mind to places you never been before
Back and forth, round and round
Prison wasn't real until I hit the pound
Walk in the track trying to find my sound
(Oh shit that's fire right there)
Wanna be the best gotta pay the fee
They say bad things always come in three
Well I been through it all it's plain to see
Man wrestling with them gators crocodile Dundee
Eye of the tiger, fast as a viper
Always on point, feel like a sniper
Past me the blunt 'cause I need to be higher
Call me Johnny Cash 'cause the boy got fire

We riding high, we riding tall
Black on Black Chevy we roughneck, we rebel, we outlaw
Look me in the eyes, that's where all my demons hide
What doesn't kill a man makes him stronger inside

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Hop in the truck, man shut the door
Let me tell you about a story you never heard before
Living in the street, man life was low
Just a drug addict, pills up my nose
Turned to a junkie, had to switch the flow
Buddy set me up, I got ghost
Living on the couch trying to buck the law
Trying to keep the shit going through withdrawals
Basically, I couldn't handle it
Just being in the street felt dangerous
They turned me in, I got paid the big
7 years in prison, that's where I sit
You talking about hell well I been the pit
Same shit everyday, same blue outfit
Loose lips sink ships tatted on my hip
Trust will get you killed (ahh shit)
Walk out the gates, and I'm finally free
Hoping the good things will come in a three
Move like a mason, I'm under the scene
Praying the devil ain't looking for me
Put down the pills and I picked up the pen
Headed back home, making amends

What doesn't kill you will make you a man
I rise above it, I'll do it again

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