

Blue Shell

Seth Sentry

Yeah

Seth Sentry, Super Cool Tree House: Episode 4

I don't wanna live forever

Yeah

Shoot, punch, loot corpse

I ain't tryna live forever, yeah

New gear, same stats, I ain't tryna live forever

Next coin, make it to the next coin

You grind or you figure out the exploit

Well, fuck 'em, I'm just comin' for your neck, boy

I don't need to save a thing, I don't need a checkpoint

I been indoors through the summer, yeah

I started out dumb now I'm dumber

Lived enough lives, I don't really need another

I don't brag about a come up, I don't really need a 1UP

Man, whatever, I told 'em I ain't tryna live forever

Yo, fuck a vendour, where you hidin' all your treasure?

Yeah, take it from the expert

When you start a brand new level, check if something's on the left first

Fuck a "yes, sir", fuck your Mana's, I don't use spells

I just hit the corner with a slide and then I boost out

Gettin' tired of winnin', I'm just tryna see you lose now

Rollin' through your lobby with a shotty full of blue shells

I just killed my way through the player base

I assume that everybody's AFK

I don't press X, I don't pay respects

You ain't got game, you a Beta test

Headcrabs, death claws, fuck 'em

Cazadors, fuck 'em, teammates, fuck 'em

Pockets E Honda got the green like Blanka

But I really ain't tryin', I'm just mashin' all the buttons

Man, whatever, I told 'em I ain't tryna live forever

Yeah, no scope, take your motherfuckin' head off

Oh, you care about your numbers and your hits?

Numbers poppin' out your head when I hit you with the crits, man, whatever

I told you how it is, I don't wanna live forever

Yeah

No new game plus, I ain't tryna live—

This road is so lonely and dystopian

Nobody spits dope, if they're GOATs, well, then bitch show me then

Crept to their door, opened it slowly and tip-toed but shit

Somebody set the bar too low and I tripped over it

Whoops, jumped up, tried to throw in a quick ultimate

Just hopin' to scare 'em but, oh, it just killed both of 'em

Bodies with slit throats on the linoleum

I just throw 'em in dumpsters, the shit's appropriate

Now I ain't tryna follow what the guide says, yeah

Find the treasure just to buy the treasure, life

I ain't tryna live it like a side quest, yeah

I'm nice enough to kill 'em all with the kindness

I've been indoors through the winter

My dick's worth a 100 plus charisma

Cold as Winterfell, they ringin' out the dinner bell

I hit 'em with a little stealth, kill 'em like it's Splinter Cell

Whatever, the overrated rapper that you'll grow to hate

Hold up, wait, all you phony rappers need to know your lane
Catch you on the motorway but you gon' need a coat of paint
When I kick your Toyota till it's totalled like a bonus stage, whatever

Perfect, yeah

I told you how it is, I ain't tryna, ah, forget it

Yeah

Kill boss, game over, I don't need another credit