

Angels With Dirty Faces

Social Club Misfits

Social Club is the best
Martymar is back

Yea
He asked me if I was happy with my life
I couldn't tell the truth
Cause last night I felt like my nightmares were coming true
Walk into my own funeral with a suit
All black everything
The darkness is the proof that I'm fading
Should I go back into the image I was a made in?
Rappers shake my hand but deep down I know they're hating
It's hard to be happy for the guy who just made it
All the while the reason why I left is cause I hate it
Feels like I been through everything
Good, bad, ugly
And if you knew everything, would you still love me
Baby you could tell me
I'm calling up my parents on the phone
They can't help me
I haven't slept in days it's not healthy
Plus I'm tryna act fine, it's really not helping
Yea
Ok maybe I just need to get away
You can only see it leave you can never see it stay
I'm tryna make it count so either way, I'm good
I wish that everything would go back the way it should
It's like I gotta be perfect because it's normal
But if you're not perfect they will stone you

This is different music
If you listen to it
Then you'd know that our aim is more than influence
Social Club is the movement
But our God is the focus
Sound doctrine my friends but the method is dopeness

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Ferny, powerful music
They saying Fern slow down, bruh you speeding baby
I'm in the HOV with my wife and baby
I feel different inside, I look back and think
My passion much richer when I rhyme for Him
I'm just a regular person
But It's amazing how I spit out these irregular verses
I'm just saying it's no pressure, I been rhyiming
The old rookie who bakes cookies and wears diamonds
I'm diverse
It's no problem, it's so easy
I'm this I'll, it's this real so please believe me
And this the flow that the master done blessed me with

I'm more than honored, I'm the vessel blessed benefits
All bestowed upon me, Lord right beside me
Cause I'm living for the Father I ain't going high in, uh
And let me be a blessing to my daughter
Double-digit unemployment, man we headed to the slaughter
But you can see me catch it in the clouds
When the father call me home
When I hear that trumpet sound, you'll see
Say you can see me catch it in the clouds
When the father call me home
Boy, I'll hear that trumpet sound

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