I'm at-I'm at Sueco's, bitch

I-I-I crash my car through the living room
My face gon' end up in the news
I push my fingers to my eyeballs
Fist through the dry wall
I crash my car through the living room
My face gon' end up in the news
I push my fingers to my eyeballs
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What a time to be alive
And what's the point of talkin' shit, if you ain't bouta slide
W-W-What's with the he say, she say
Seems like my name in they mouth like a keepsake
And I know you ain't got it, ain't no need to act
Got a poker face, she could probably be a actor
Arch in her, face down, and her ass up
Then I go ghost, Danny Phantom
Danny-, Danny-, Phantom

Knife on my neck, take my life Don't think about it baby, don't think twice Semi automatic with the red dot sight, point that shit right between my

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I try to run, I'm trapped inside this body can't leave
Rip out my tongue, 'cause it never says the words that I mean
I'm not the one, there's somebody else is controlling me
I'm dead but I'm not alive, it's like I'm stuck in, stuck in between

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