

INTROVERSION 2.0

\$uicideboy\$

Barrel full of gasoline and still they try matching me
Plague with the wicked ways, it's back to the rapturing
Actually capturing souls in a black canteen
Open the cap and become blackened
Back to the back of the 'llac
Flicking cigarette ash
Got a chain made of crack
I smoke diamonds and laugh at y'all strapped with the gat
Like I'm actually scared to die
Pull the fucking trigger, blah blah blah blah blah
Back to the back, eyes rolling back
Spent all my racks, spent it on crack
Spent it on smack, look where I'm at
Ain't going back, ain't going back

Got a heart so cold, remember selling dope
Remember selling coke, DEA pulled me over
Plain cars, plain clothes
I didn't bend an inch, I'm strictly sticking to the code
Few years ago was masked up, robbing stores
Set 'em up on Craigslist, then robbed 'em at the door
I'm at the bottom trying to eat, I got no hope, fuck
Big Ben's death had my head fucked up
I'm popping roxys with the benzos, chest fucked up
I guess my luck's up