

DEAD OR ALIVE

SXMPRA

I am the one
I am that mothafucka when I'm spittin I do it for fun
I don't want funds
Fuck all the drugs
Pussies be running away from they problems I face to the front
Bitch I never miss
Try not to fuck with the clique
Tasting the blood on my lips when I spit
I'm out here schemin'
Feel like a demon
Grippin' the blade in my fist
I don't really wanna put a slit in my wrist
But think if I did
The mothafuckas jump on my shit
They fuckin' with it
I think I'd be next big thing
I'ma give 'em a twist
Underground warrior
Stuck in dysphoria
Stallin' my hope for the
Future
I shoot for the stars
And my bullet go far
But I can't seem to follow
The hollow
Tomorrow
I wallow
In sorrow
I can't seem to swallow
The fact that I might just be rotten
I might just like what I've gotten
I like this knife in my pocket
Fuckin' with me and you in the coffin
Aye
Pussy mothafuckas wanna make it to fame
They fuckin' with lames
I never wanna be the one to do the same thangs
As the fakes so
Evade the games
It's schema the pose to the grave
Eliminate
Every mothafucka fuckin' with the posse
Takin' pot shots
With a sawed off
Ain't goddamn shots be connecting with the body I'ma be the one to rock it '
til I'm poppin' I'ma never stop

Jump off the porch I'm goin' head first
Grip on the steel I'm dumpin' lead first
Boutta to 'Eat You Alive' just like I'm Fred Durst
Vampire like Cullen I got the bloodthirst

Flow is telekinetic call me Professor X
Chasin' the bag you know I need the check
When I whip out the choppa you betta hit the deck
Think I'm losin' my mind I go Virginia Tech

I'm losin' faith lately
But they can't break me
I'm stressin' out daily
Homicide maybe

Always told 'real recognize real'
Guess that mean all y'all fake
Always told 'real recognize real'
Guess that mean all y'all fake

Yeah bitch you do this for clout and I got the passion
I be makin' a statement not talkin' fashion
Live and die by the creed bitch I'm assassin
I keep a pump in the trunk if you want the action

Post-traumatic disorder, I have a flashback
And if catch you it's on, and you gettin' bitch slapped
Know you know that I'm petty I gotta clap back
Six feet in the grave and you take a dirt nap

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