

# Vanilla Paste

Tallah

I said I'm never living like this  
Here we go, heat the knife  
- Maybe end up dead  
Notice, everyone's a little red  
Could it be? Could it be?  
Could it be that you faked it just to push a narrative?  
Hide your kids, hide your wife  
I'm about to play God  
I've made a lot of enemies  
And I want their heads  
Eat up!  
O' here comes another full-course meal!  
You'll be fine

(Eat it up)  
Playin' God, Imma' act a heathen  
The bastard child and the non-believer  
I ain't gonna' lie; I get mad, but then I get even  
But I keep it'a movin'  
Bobbin' and weavin'  
You can't touch me  
I'm a slugger swingin' - I stay on my king shit  
Louisville City made like an Ali hit  
I see you through the screen, seethin'  
I can't stand how you' still on that poor, pitiful me bit  
They say success is the best revenge  
But honestly, I still wish that you'd stop fuckin' breathin'  
Your bitter bitchin' but I'm back and better  
Yeah - Some shoot to kill, now I'm aimin' to maim 'em to death  
Done shovelin' shit; you can go shove this here-bitch

I've gotten used to shoveling crap  
Hide your kids, hide your wife  
I'm about to play God  
If I gave you wiggle-room  
Would you make amends?  
Eat up!  
O' here comes another full-course meal!  
You'll be fine  
'Cause dead men don't vomit  
And you've all come so damn far!  
There's no need to call a cab back home  
You'll be fine

Tell them again  
They think I'm breaking in silence  
I'm just contemplating violence  
So sick of the bullshit, so sick of all of this hatred  
Can't take all the noise  
I make the choice  
When all I have is my fucking voice  
By now, you should know  
That I've had enough of your boot on my neck  
I've had enough

Well, I find myself sitting in the corner  
Contemplating what Hell looks like through these eyes

Well, I can't imagine Heaven looks any different  
From the Hell that's our life  
Our life  
So sick of pain  
So sick of the paranoia  
Sick of the rage  
Sick of looking in the mirror  
Seeing myself—a manmade horror—horror

Like a fly, you're so full of shit  
Everyone's a little red  
Everyone's a little red  
Everyone's a little red and so full of shit  
Crippled—corrupt  
— That's all they are  
But wait! You'll get what your heart cried for  
Eat up!  
O' here comes another full-course meal!  
You'll be fine  
'Cause dead men don't vomit  
And you've all come so damn far!  
There's no need to call a cab back home  
You'll be fine  
Everyone's a little red  
Everyone's a little red  
Everyone's a little red  
Until they show how they feel

Feel

Spew, I spew forth blades  
Just to get 'em out  
Just to get 'em out  
Just to get 'em out  
I know it's for the better if you just step aside  
Retching, pleading  
Trying to spit up what I'm holding deep inside  
Are you famished?  
Are you famished?  
Are you famished?