

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?