

It's so beautiful in here  
Outside now is a no-go  
Why though?  
Dark in the days so the gray gon' show  
Okay?  
Everyone seems contagious  
Death toll stays outrageous  
So in my brain every day is Las Vegas

Inside I-  
I'm running and swimming and laughing and flying  
I got sunshine and cherry wine  
Floating in the ocean of my mind  
Every time, yes  
Floating in the ocean of my mind  
I found myself a pick-me-up  
Don't get stuck 'cause this life is fucked up

Health stores closed but not the golden arches  
Purchase a gun at Walmart and they see an open Target  
If you're a certain shade  
Your working days it'll be curtains paid for the person's played jerk and spayed  
See the cursed in graves  
It's really shockin', how quick we fill these coffins  
St. Louis still the top peally spot where we kill we often  
Learnin' that the Bane days they sent the silly cops in  
We turn into back to the same page like we milly rockin' (what?)  
Outsiders without pride  
Beef with nothing but some stout guys and about die  
In my head I never mouth lies, I shout whys  
Come outside, it's fam without lies on the southside  
Wasn't many we vote for  
Cause with grim mean these po-po  
I'm Public Enemy's logo  
Rubbage been with me so yo  
This fucking energy grow though  
So I duck within and below low  
Really nothing limits me (oh no)

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I am not oblivious though!  
Even though I live in my head, the Killer City is so  
Over men crazy, cause we can get in the busiest bro  
Pity is all I send 'em where the idiots go  
My bad, I'm back  
In the inside, no sin rides  
Nothing but the zin fly  
Come out and the ones who wouldn't run and hide

Been died  
Evil men tried them bin lies  
The devil in stride, your grave will been wide and inscribe  
Damn  
Total chaos, I'm guessing it's strife  
And an evil person flexing his rights  
They just want Tech and his mic  
But if we get in a fight, complexion is right  
All he gotta say is that I threatened his life  
I'm laughing in my head  
But I see the demon staring at Aaron  
But it ain't no sparing the chair  
When they think I'm glaring at Karen  
Another sucker they love to cut ya  
And call you an accuser of the brethren  
You fucking motherfucker!

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