

Fuck you!  
Well I'm screaming, "Fuck you!"  
Middle finger in the air  
And all I want to hear is you  
Screaming, "Fuck you too!"  
I'm out of the stratosphere  
And a brand new loon, new atmosphere  
I wanna blow a chute till the cap is clear  
Cause I never thought I would've made it out of here alive  
From the land where the people put the eve in evil, the night ride  
You'll never see an equal to my kind  
So blind to anything, the line to life and mine is right now  
Looking for another mind to fight foul  
Bringing everything that you can bring down to the ground  
Like a hundred and fifty pounds of C-4  
I'm looking for key for kludge  
Well I'mma need more slug  
Cause I wanna see more blood  
You ain't never seen gore like us  
They don't want to make 'em anymore like us  
Put 'em on tour with the paint on  
Hoping that anybody'll know your little lame song  
Fuck right, I'mma stay wrong  
Blackout with a ray gun  
Looking for anybody in make up  
Motherfuckers, we need you to wake up

When you realize  
There's nothing really you can say  
That's ever gonna change my mind  
I'm on some fuck that shit today  
Just say fuck it, I don't care  
Our middle fingers in the air  
Only killas up in here, only killas up in here  
Just say fuck it, I don't care  
Our middle fingers in the air  
Only killas up in here, only killas up in here

Fuck this!  
I said, "Fuck this shit!"  
I was born a son of a bitch  
And always talked a whole gang of shit  
Even though that I win the worst spit  
Now tether the game up faster  
Whole world revel in the wake of my dad's disaster  
Had to talk to a pastor  
Told me sit down, handle my shit  
And tried to figure out what the fuck's really the matter  
Hating animosity, only the guy wicked  
It's the last, the victim, from your offer to the premises  
I never know peace cause the nemesis there  
'Fore I cover up all the scars and all my blemishes  
Needing that x, another interest  
Nothing form and I manage to myself with a run-on sentence  
And I hang out of shape, put my bat head down  
Got my eyes closed, watch as I swing for the fences  
Home run, even a base hit'll get the job done

Me and my brother both 2nd 2no 1  
We the ones who come for your young  
In the depths, and at midnight, to free them from...  
That they call the world, that's right  
Hold tight till your reality swirls  
And it curls to the audio medicine  
There's never been a better prescription  
Than the one that your listening

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