

Brain Dead

Vin Jay

Yeah
Back to my roots
The spark that fueled the fire
The hunger that started it all
Yeah

I'm back to mauling the game and keeping it merciless
With bloody rhymes, y'all couldn't stop the flow with a tourniquet
They want some melodies from me but I prefer to spit
Cus every song I makes a hit record it's like a nervous tick

But all this paper got me cold and emotionless
If you saw the bank, you'd think I made my dough flipping opiates
Went from broke to a mogul known as the dopest of vocalists
So the only thing that y'all can do now is hope that it's over with

I've been a legend never questioned my worth
At 15 knew this rapping shit was destined to work
Don't get it twisted when I pull up the Chevy Traverse
Cus I'm a Semi truck bitch I make a mess when I swerve

My trajectory is wealth and that's predictable as fuck
I'm in love with the paper plus addictions in my blood
I never been the type to get convicted with some thugs
I'm the type that if you tryna run a business I'm the plug hoe

Y'all got no accolades
Nothing that I'd congratulate
I'd call you serpents but y'all are rabbits and I'm the rattlesnake
It's clear as day I don't see the need to elaborate
Y'all living with your mamas and jerking off to some anime

We're not alike and I've proven this shit consistently
Just try to follow my path homie you'll fail miserably
Fuck the 1st and the 3rd I give em burns in 5th degree
Simply put, this rap game without me is history

I made it mama take a look at what your boy did
Came a long way from stressing bout unemployment
Use to work with pesticides just to make a coin flip
Ironic cus I still get paid to spray poison

Remember skipping outta class so I could blast shady
I'd lock myself in my room and master my craft daily
Now fast forward a decade passionate fans play me
I'm past wavy I'm the hurricane that crashed Haiti

Category five
Water half a story high
Stop complaining, quit your bitching, just be happy you're alive
I got 'em all offended but it happens all the time
Ask me how I sleep at night it's in the laboratory high

Been a dope showman
"Fuck you" is my whole slogan
These woke folks are probably products of broke trojans
My rap styles first degree murder with no motive

My foes choking harder than hoes who condone throating

Your hate is obsolete I've been winning beyond belief
Y'all should just stop the gossip and focus on dodging poverty
Life is on the road but my hobby is copping property
Ballin' but still driven my life has turned into Rocket League

I got em wondering how much hotter the flame get
But it's mother fucking REDRUM until it rains red
Flip off my doubters numb your feelings with some pain meds
I'm on the throne bitch and I ain't moving like I'm brain dead

I'm on the throne bitch and I ain't moving like I'm brain dead
I'm on the throne bitch and I ain't moving like I'm brain dead
I'm on the - on the - throne - throne - moving like I'm brain - brain dead
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