

# Come Down (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

I swear this world has lost its motherfucking mind  
And its like it's been up to public design to have us all undermine  
My DC's are primed to visit the finish line, but I just can't get out of this quicksand  
Every other second, every minute is another chance to get it  
When the president is [?], no pushing us to the limits  
I need room to breathe, and a room that sees all across the water, look at this city  
If you fuckers need me you know where I am  
Even though that friend thinks I ran like I wasn't never fam  
God damn what a scam  
They got you acting again like you lost your fucking mind, and I've been trying to reel it in  
But that ship done sailed  
I already knew what it was from the quick thumbnail  
This world has gone PC, and I don't mean the OS, fool  
I mean like in this world today I'm feeling like Deadpool  
Scared face where they just cut out the cancer  
Smile on it though, like I think I just got the answers  
But truth be told there's no control, Bruce Banner  
I'm just trying to stay alive and not get fucked, Sansa  
Stark on the crest, Stark I'm the best Tony  
Stark raving mad, Stark I'm the man, blow me  
Stark off the branch, Stark run the trap solely  
I'm like Thomas Shelby in this bitch, I'm feeling unholy  
See I got nothing left, but doing this music shit  
No that's a lie I got a few other grooves I'm in  
But I've been sitting here and holding the cougar in  
And trying not to let it blow like Vesuvius  
My Strange fam has been known to erase plans  
Of wack rappers trying to mumble over the bass and  
To be completely honest I ain't stressing on they clan  
'Cause bigger trolls are blocking the lane now  
Space Jam  
They got Mon-stars, I got King Kong bars  
Riding long boards tearing through a golf course  
This industry is shaky got us down on all fours  
Getting fucked on the screen with no soft core  
Just got my royalties back in the drop  
Feeling weird 'cause I think somebody's wires were crossed  
My songs streamed a million times  
Shit, well that's kind of boss  
It earned me just enough to go out for a KFC box  
So I focus on the fans out on tour shaking hands  
Sending messages again and again and again  
'Cause y'all keep me in this game shit  
So why don't they reply back?  
It would be real ironic if I couldn't Wrekonize that  
Strange game chained down to my waistline  
Second album for the snake and bat, It's about game time  
Stiff competition on that May 5th date line  
But a great move for culture, I'm ready to make mine  
So let this shit be known all around this sticky globe  
The season has begun, don't you leave your riffs alone  
I'm coming for the beats and I'm leaving them with murder  
One month until we eject Into the Further