

Lost Souls

Wrekonize

Ha (echoing)
Ya (echoing)
Ha (echoing)
Ya (echoing)
Ha (echoing)
You already knew, knew
Ha, ya

Break bread and pour the wine down (down)
Ya see I don't know whose body I'm in
And every time I try to climb down (down)
I find another soul under my skin
Ya need to handcuff my wrists
To the same justice
You used to keep my pops out this bitch
I told you a million times I'm sick of the lying, they kickin' and cryin'
I'm tryin' to find some peace of mind if ya don't mind
I'm 'bout to pour the wine down (down)
It's the lifeblood that keeps me adrift
And every time I try to wind down (down)
The TV gets me into a fit
I need to just close my fists, load guns up quick, and drop anybody trying to resist
I told you a million times I'm sick of the lying, they kickin' and cryin'
I'm tryin' to find some peace of mind if ya don't mind slime
I'm at a cross road
With a group fulla people who don't wanna go home
And so we lock load
And be ready for whatever comes outta the cold
We got the will to succeed
Got the hustle to eat
Ain't nobody gon' be stoppin' us, please
This could be you
This could be me
You see it only takes a few seconds to bleed

Lost souls!
Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh
Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh
Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh
Lost Souls
Lost Souls
Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh
Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh
Lost Souls
Lost Souls
Lost Souls
Lost Souls

Break bread and pour the wine down (down)
Ya see I'm not supposed to drink this today
But every time I try to wind down (down)
Somebody brings a shooter my way
Now what are you supposed to do
When your conscience moves to keep you from really tryin' to be you
I told you a million times I'm sick of the lying, they kickin' and cryin'
I'm tryin' to find some peace of mind if ya don't mind

I'm 'bout to get my grind down (down)
It's a lovely day to bloody my shoes
And every time I try to rhyme now (now)
I end up only singin' the blues
I need to just close my fists, load guns up quick, and drop anybody trying to resist
I told you a million times I'm sick of the lying, they kickin' and cryin'
I'm tryin' to find some peace of mind if ya don't mind slime
I'm at the cross road
With a group fulla people that don't wanna go home
And so we lock load
And be ready for whatever comes outta the cold
We got the will to succeed
Got the hustle to eat
Ain't nobody gon' be stoppin' us, please
This could be you
This could be me
Ya see it only takes a few seconds to bleed

Lost Souls!

Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh

Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh

Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh

Lost Souls

Lost Souls

Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh

Uh oh Uh oh oh oh oh oh

Lost Souls

Lost Souls

Lost Souls

Lost Souls