

Mr. Inbetweenit

Yeat

We go back for back
We go back for back on bloodmas
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We go back for back
We go back for back on bloodmas
We go back for back
We go back for blood on Christmas

Call me Mr. in-between it
'Cause everything I said about that shit, I didn't mean it
I put a fork right in-between it
I fucked it up before I dreamed it

When you said you wouldn't kick it wit' 'em, that you did in fact
When you say you wouldn't do the things you did, you did in fact
When you do the shit you said you not supposed to, you a rat
I don't fuck wit' none of that shit, you can have it back

I don't fuck wit', you can have it back
I don't fuck wit', you can have it back
I don't fuck wit', you can have it back
I don't fuck wit', you can have it back
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I was ridin' wit' the best, yeah
I was ridin' wit' the best, yeah
Now I do the best
Now I, now I feel like the best, yeah
Now I feel like the best
Now I feel like the best, uh
Gotta X on my chest, uh
Gotta X on my chest, uh
Gotta right all my wrongs, uh
Gotta put it in a song
Gotta send it to the moon
Gotta put it on the moon
Gotta take the fuckin' room
Loudest in the fuckin' room
Brokest in the fuckin' room
Fuck what you assume, yeah
Call up the fuckin' label, uh
Tell 'em boardin' on a jet, yeah
Tell 'em I don't break a sweat, uh
I just pulled up to Tokyo and did a album in a week for the best, uh
I can put the fifty up, uh
I can pick the fifty up, yeah
Could you pull the fifty down?
I could put four hundred
I could drop five hundred
I could drop six hundred
I could put it all in it
I could fuck it all up
I could fuck ya brain up

I could fuck ya whole shit
I could kill ya whole shit

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