

1000 Rounds

Pouya & Ghostemane

Bullets fly
Legs buckle
Bodies pile to the sky
1000 rounds will lay you down
We got enough to go around
You fuck with me, yuh, yuh
I pull up and make it a scene, yuh, yuh
I pull up and bust out a beam
Bullets fly
Legs buckle
Bodies pile to the sky
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You fuck with me, yuh, yuh
I pull up and make it a scene, yuh, yuh
I pull up and bust out a beam
Throw another one up in the grave
I don't need an AK with a double sided blade
In the mainframe
Watching you leak like a broken pipe
I'm a soft spoken type but when I channel the archetype
I cannot speak
Only dig deep into abysmal depression to find what I cannot see
I'm a thief for the secrets of Alchemy
Calculate everything
Reincarnated Crowley
Fuck the fame
Fuck the drugs
I'm about to die
I meditate
Fuck Lavey
You so fake divine
I'll bring you back to life and shoot you in your fucking face
The black mage
Flip the page
While I burn sage
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I pull up and bust out a beam So many people all around me yet I feel so alone
I'm a dead man walking
Zombie singing my song
You want that fuck you music?
Go blow your brains out to it
Florida's finest
You find us
Inside that broke down hoopy
People in front of my face but they really want to bust a hole in my back
I been on go for a minute but they
really wanna move me off of my track
Yeah I got a bitch but I still got a thousand nasty hoes on my sack Underground Underdog
Hunnid' rack flexing
But still roam with the rats Bullets fly
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