

DEADMAN

Who the fuck is that?

Hey do you see that over there?

Who the fuck is that?

Said he's a deadman waiting

Said he's a deadman waiting

Said he's a deadman waiting

Said he's a deadman waiting for his death

I'mma need a little more than that

I've seen that shit up and down the internet

Existential dread. Running clock inside the head

Self diagnosed. Self treat until he's dead

Wait a minute. Let's not bury the living

Everybody's Dr Phil up in this bitch and man I get it

But let's fucking hear it from the man and not the spirits

Wait until the funeral. Get our answers from religion

Like it's penicillin. Cross ain't nailed up to the ceiling

Everybody's in their feelings. That's why we never hear them

It's so loud

Woah

I'm alright. I just thought right now I just might

Drop all these motherfucking bitches on sight

Fuck the feelings. Right now I'm trying to fight

Deadman. Deadman. Why you so upset?

So worked up. Emotional. Making threats

Why fight now? We're so close to the end

Just chill out. You're scaring all your friends

Pop in a Zyn. Leave it to the wind

Don't look in. There's something waiting there

Cause now they see it

I feel em looking like paintings in museums

Holding on to my angels and my demons

But to fill these coliseums

I got something to feed em

And shit I know how to cook it

Betting man better line up at the bookies

Life savings on Soto for the rookie

Of the year

GIA certified keeping it clear

Say it so they hear it. Fuck the ideas

Slow roast cooking. Waiting 10 years

For this shit, man.

I'mma keep it a buck. 100 percent my fault

Could have done this a while ago

Put my people on

Kept my ceiling anonymous

Drowning in my thoughts

But now I'm swimming

Back the Brinks trucks up

Call uncle Stevie

Don't show me numbers until they're getting unseemly

I'm a number one pick. Tell the Titans to come see me

I'mma blow up quick. Undeniable demeanor

And I'm only getting meaner every second that I'm Cena

Man I'm done

I got a question

Do you do it for the money, adulation? Mann Soto in every conversation? does your ego need love or cremation?

And what about the rap? What about the culture? The people that built what you profit off of?

Have you thought it over?

Do you need that comfort?

Is it all indulgence?

Is it for a woman?

Is it for your people?

Will you ever reach the

Heights that you need to

Realize your visions?

I don't know

I'm tired of anxiety from bills

And for clarity I'mma keep it real

I want all the luxuries. I feel

I want both my countries to rebuild

I want all my ideas on films

Feel the prologue's already gone too long

Clock is running man I've been standing still

try to erase the places that I come from

Fucking stubborn I'mma die in these hills

Before that moment I'mma make it ideal

No going back. I'm staying out here

Dealing with devils trying to watch what they steal

Give up my soul for this game till I'm killed

And I'm gone

Deadman? Deadman? Hello

Nah he's gone