

# iAmJakeHill, Voidwalker

Playa shit, Frayser shit, that's what pimpins' all about  
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Playa shit, Frayser shit, that's what pimpins' all about (Perfect)  
So keep that same energy when you see me out here bleeding  
Bring the pain enemies R.I.P. they seem deceased  
Now call me out, cut the shit  
Speak about what you ain't in  
You runnin' your mouth  
But you ain't about the fucking ruckus that you spit  
Look at me  
When I speak ain't wasting time, my talk ain't cheap  
I walk in clean it up and mop 'em  
Wipe that dust-up off my feet  
I'm coming with the hate no time to debate  
Disgraces, this won't be in vain  
Run and hide from demise, you know that's my favorite game, uh  
Pull up with the all-black soul heart made of coal  
I think the night is mine  
I flourish in the dungeons keep on running it's my time to shine  
The call of the void, the sound of my voice  
It's echoing through the pipes  
Just softly whispers in your ear  
It pulls you in it's time to die  
Playa shit, Frayser shit, that's what pimpins' all about  
Playa shit, Frayser shit, that's what pimpins' all about  
I got one too many bad days on my fucking case  
Found a soul to drain paint your name on my fucking face  
When you see me coming it's too late to say goodbyes  
You know why, try to lie  
You won't make it out alive  
So keep that same energy, when you see me out here bleeding  
Bring the pain enemies R.I.P. they seem deceased  
Now call me out, cut the shit  
Speak about what you ain't in  
You runnin' your mouth  
But you ain't about the fucking ruckus that you spit  
I got a problem  
Holding grudges don't say nothin'  
Smoke 'em if you got 'em  
One too many shots missed me  
Think you need some ammo  
And some practice paint the target on my back  
A little larger so you hit it, you ain't shit, but a bitch  
Now you fucked up  
Bitch I'm coming now you turn into a suck-up  
You can run but you can't hide  
Looks like your luck's up  
Grow some nuts you just a punk without a bone  
In your spot, should have known  
Now it's time to keep that same energy, when you see me out here bleeding  
Bring the pain enemies R.I.P. they seem deceased  
Now call me out, cut the shit  
Speak about what you ain't in  
You runnin' your mouth  
But you ain't about the fucking ruckus that you spit  
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