

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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