

Infinite Mass, Bullet

[intro: Bas]

[Chorus: Roger Daltrey]

Load up your bullet, shoot me through the head
you ask from where you standing, you must think I'm dead
Load up your bullet, shoot me through the head
you ask from where you standing, you must think I'm dead

[Cham]

It's law of the land when I say go, move by the plan
No time to look back and excuse
You lose yourself and win you lose
Chose the way we like to pray
Say what you say, no way you gotta get away
Bring me joy, bring me life, bring me some that feels right
negativity (thrashy) conspiracy
I've got a mirror in my pocket pracks lookin hard, that's reality
I say!!, free the mass for the riot
or something things at night, quite!!
am I right or am I right?? Infinite for life!! Rrrru!

[Chorus]

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[Rigorod]

gotta get my feelings across in a world full of snake lies
frauds and fakes, take advantage of another man's loss
do whatever it cause, is your force, To be divorced
used to be the model right now in this day age and time
That's with the redlines, when the mass say, take contact
they send out our rhymes, get a part of this, gonna be in fire
we hate to be manipulated, try to get away instead focus
locate we for what ill created
Can test the rest of luck, tryin to change this motherfucker up
tryin to shut me down, seem another man within that, let's do infinity!!

[Chorus]

[Cham & Rigo]

Our time is gonna come, that's why we don't run
Now if you're thinkin I'm dead, put your bullet in my head, uh

[Chorus: repeat several times]