

That's Me

Dark Lotus

"The music might sound strange and beautiful. you might feel disembodied,.. boundless, spinning helplessly through space..."

That's me,
the one you see awaken in dreams
Saint or sinner,
the message is embedded in the mixture
Hungry as they might come
Raised from the dirt and scum
and programmed to be no one

That's me,
straight up out my tree and out my shit
In the alley, with a gat looking to bash your head wit it
Watch your blood drain outcha skull onto the ground
And take ya to my grave where you will never be found

That's me,
Not giving a fuck again
unstoppable and crazy I don't have to pretend
Not Rocky, but I'm sure to rock your skull
Drink saki, when I'm smokin' monkey paw

That's me,
kids call me Cousin Louie
Cause my slug of rocks by my side on the daily,
It talks to me
It tells me who to ride on (ride on)
We are a team and it's your life we decide on (C'mon)

You think you know me
And my Juggalo sound (DARK LOTUS!)
Who dat is? (THAT'S ME!)
Who dat is? (THAT'S ME!)
Who dat is? (THAT'S ME!)
Who dat is? (THAT'S ME!)
And in the end
They all wanna be down (DARK LOTUS!)
Who dat is? (THAT'S ME!)
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That's me
Standin' in a puddle of blood
Smokin' a fat ass blunt cuttin' it up like WHUT??
Feelin' really lonely, and all my homies are dead
At least that's what the voices in my head
Just said

HEY!!

That's me
I'm all up in ya mug, don't get it punched
Knock knock (who is it?) Now ya lips all fucked up!

When I stop, my rims stop too
Then I peel back out on ya face ya muthafucka you

That's me
Crazy, in a fucked up van
I gotta hostage and the cops are just making me mad
Negotiations fell through
Watch it on the news
Because I shot that muthafucka right here in plain view

That's me
What bitch? You got something to say
While my knuckles always Got your teeth
Prints all up in 'em, ooh
I skin 'em, why your face so rough?
Little duct tape on the fingers and I back the fuck up

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That's me
Right behind you, mad as hell, nose flarin'
Makin' all the strange sounds in ya face, starin'
Knockin' over trash cans, breakin' fourty bottles
Killin' from the streets, I'mma killa role model

That's me
In a clown wig, swinging a machete
Pig blood on my chest to bring the party like confetti
That's me
Spittin' wicked shit, fuck Horror-core
I Throw knives in the crowd and have em running for
the door.

That's me
that's right, ya should'a known a little betta
I be squashin' muthafuckas for whatever, whenever
Sprinkle dust from the dead inside your favorite drink
and sit back and laugh and watch that fat ass head
shrink

That's me
the virgin pussy popper, neck chopper
Swingin' blades like a helicopter
Murder-a lotta
That's me
And know this
I die for the Lotus
Like a kamikaze I hit the vocal-both and blow this
(Background) (The Fuck Up) (So get the fuck Up)

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