

It's so loud,
Inside my head
With words that I should have said!
As I drown in my regrets
I can't take back the words I never said

Yo,
This is more than music,
It's a way of life,
You can call it stupid,
You can hate it, right?
This is not some torture,
This is self-inflection,
It's what happens when you scream
And no one else is listening,
This is ugly,
This is tasteless,
This is imperfection,
It's adultery,
This is hatred,
This is indiscretion,
This ain't David Blame,
This isn't misdirection,
The music is the drug, the lyrics are the intervention,
This is placebo effect man, this is Panadol
It's free falling,
No, shoot down that rabbit hole
It's the equivalent of text, guns, lock and load
It's the epitamy of sex, drugs, rock and roll
It's your deepest fear, unbearable to think of,
It's what I see when I'm staring at an ink blot,
This is my brain,
My eyes,
This is my spinal chord
This is my state of mind,
This is my life support,
This is the truth underneath all the lies,
But they know,
That they fall deeper and deeper the higher they go
And even though you're on the edge 'n' you're trying to say no,
You end up right back here, so might as well just let go!

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Yeah,
With this,
I can reach a higher state,
But without it,
I'm fucked up and wide awake,
I can't handle thinking anyone's above it,
Can't even live until everybody loves it,
And now I've gone and found,

The rules that I live and die with
Found myself trying to fight those who criticise it,
Try to prove what it meant,
When they'd simplify it,
Too realise, that,
I'm the one I'm in the fight with!
Because,
I don't need this,
But if I'm happy with myself
Then they won't mean shit!
I dropped names,
So I might see some repercussions,
I'm being honest though,
So if they get offended, fuck em! '
I'm not a fighter; I'm a lover mate,
But if you were standing in my way
Then I'm a' bite you in ya fucking face,
Wait,
Because that ain't even a threat at all,
I'm just never stopping in this shit that I was destined for!

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Never said...
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A gift can be curse
A talent can be a burden,
Can mine be one of those talents that's never hearda'?
Just another echo in a hallway full of has beens?
Just another rapper who will always be the last in line?
To get my piece, hungry,
Like my last meal,
But forget my priest, look,
I ain't dying,
I'm fighting to live
The only real fight that I gotta' win
Is the fight in my head!
And such is life,
Cay-sa-ra-sa-rah mother fucker,
I'm on my grind mother fucker!
And such is life,
For us generation F.L.Y
So stay tuned,
The revolution gone be televised,
In the comfort of ya living room, watching us falling,
Fly and find out what a mother fucking milli do, yeah,
So we'll see you when we touch down,
Matter of fact, fuck that!
We ain't gonna' come down...

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