

The Hang Up

Emmure

(Like, I listen to so much music, and they sing good, and they write lyrics good and also I'm gunna try and tell them again, and they're gunna come on for me)

I'm fucking losing my mind.
Yet again.
Everything you do just makes me sick.
Bullshit you say.
To get attention.
Shit's pretentious.
I'm growing tired of your shit.

When I'm grabbing the mic what do you see?
Image obsessed.
Go buy a motherfucking magazine.

Go home.
Die slow.
Nobody cares about you.
Go home.
Die slow.
And write a song about me.

You're so new school.
I wonder why everything you do is sick and fly.
Take off your shades.
You wanna talk about gimmicks?

Look at yourself.
You wanna talk about gimmicks?
Look at yourself.
When you're alone I know you're somebody else.

I'm the realest motherfucker in the game.
I see you faggots living perfect lives.
Selling all your bullshit angst.
Sold my soul.
So, Satan explain:
Where's my money, power, fame?

Satan explain:
Where's my money, power, fame?

I'm the realest motherfucker in the game.
So check yourself before you ever say my name.