

Bullet with a Name

Nonpoint

My disposition is in a position for all to see.
Regret-less for how it feels.
I got a bullet with a name on it.
Bullet with a name.

Because the cause for all, the pause you think you see
is really concentration on the steel.
I got a bullet with a name on it.
Bullet with a name.

See everybody watching and passing judgement
on every little move and decision I make.
How can I be an individual with the weight of the world
with 8 other planets to take?
And with everything happening;
gunshots clappin' and people all
runnin' in every direction
with their hands up prayin' for the drama to end,
I got my hand out lookin' for some money to spend.

R: The price tags on the things i need are getting bigger by the day
I got a bullet with a name on it.
Bullet with a name.
The way I work so hard for things they just take away from me.
I got a bullet with a name on it.
Bullet with a name.

I'm workin' harder than a hundred black mules down in Mexico.
No water, no clouds, no cover,
from the hotter than Hell no dinner bell,
empty oven again from another bad opinion.
I mean who doesn't want the cars,
money, fame, attention, bars, honeys,
games, attention, stars?
Funny how we say we don't need it
then turn around and try to achieve it.

R:

Everything that they say about me.
And everything that they make me need,
are nothing when they're taking everything away from me.
Everyone trying to make it harder
and everyone saying I would never be.
You're nothing but a name on the bullet that I aim...

R: