

# Blacklist

Ronnie Radke

[B. Lay.:]

Shout out to my motherfucking friends, all we do is win.  
Shout out to my homies in the pen doing ten.  
Shout out to my motherfucking hoes all across the globe, pretty girls love me every where I go.

[Ronnie:]

I got that double r, that stands for rapping and rocking.  
I got them battle scars I brush it off and keep walking.  
I've been to hell, every level, sold my soul to the devil.  
But this music's theraputic, it's what keeps me together.

I'm never gonna slack, motherfucker gonna get it.  
You rat motherfuckers always snitchin'.  
If anybody gotta problem cause I'm good at bein' honest when I started from the motherfucking bottom?  
I never wanna miss my chance again, I'm stackin' all my chips every chance I get.  
I'm back to the motherfucking lab with a mad rap on a fast track with a pad and a pen.

Severe the ties, I'm better than ever alive, doing it right.  
Never settle for lesser in life you feelin' my vibe?

Ha ha

Yeah they put me on my knees.  
Yeah they taught me how the fuck to think.  
Say it again & again; beyond, beyond, beyond the mask, there is a man.  
This is how you made me America, this is how you change me America.  
I am on your black list America.  
(Re)member beyond, beyond the mask there is a man.

[B. Lay.:]

Look so follow me all of me as I marvel in this life.  
So many people want the fame; Fuck that! - Fuck that!  
I fucked with a ouija board at least three lords.  
You can say I'm about that life, nigga.  
When it comes to my team I'm a bleed for them as they'll bleed for me, nigga.  
Cash mixed with stash in the backpack on the 'ave' 'till after dark, nigga.  
Raps in the back half, snows in the front half, it's blowing my mind, nigga.  
Who knew in a few moons my first tattoo would have rung true.  
No sympathy for the dead when I ETF, my destiny came true, nigga.

[Ronnie:]

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Don't push me motherfucker, I got that game on lock.  
Hip hop with a little bit of rollin' rock.  
I gotta get every itty bitty tid bit of every penny 'till the motherfuckin'  
day the music stops.  
Gold, motherfucker, from coast to coast.  
Got alot of fucking passion, I be killin' the flow.  
Ain't nobody hotter, gonna burn up like I'm sauter, cauterize the fuckin gam  
e like I go for broke.

[B. Lay.:]

[cough cough]

As I choke on smoke, pulled a gat on a nigga feeling overdose for raping my  
mothering his overcoat.  
It's never over-bro 'till your soul's exposed.

[Ronnie:]

Cha-ching, Oh. Sick & twisted.

Killing little bitches like I'm Mr. Vicious.

Leave you in a motherfucking sack with a black mask and a red cap, motherfuc  
ker, limp bizkit.

Severe the ties, I'm better than ever alive, doing it right.  
Right fuck you, you feelin' my vi-vi-vi vibe?

Ha ha

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