

Slay

Down with Webster

Feel us in the night, take the wheel
And if you want a thrill to save your life, make it real
Ready, close your eyes, count the deal
I see a fire in the night, once again
But I was knocked down
Growing up but I'm my own man so I'm gunna own up
I got you off tour, saddle up and rattle all the editors

Best of luck when I
Slay...
Slay...
Slay...
Slay...

Relay in the street, back to you
If you can't take the heat, what's the use?
Blinded by the lights on the verge
Ready to ignite, fight the urge
But I was knocked down, growing up
But I'm my own man so I'm gunna own up
I got you off tour, saddle up
Imagine the incredible

Best of luck when I
Slay...
Slay...
Slay...
Slay...

(Back, back, back)
Back to life and feeling fine, bitch I'm still reclined
Blowing clouds, baby, none of them are silver lined
I'll go to war and never spill the wine
My glass is half full
I'm just killing life, while they're killing time
Chains, whips; demons on my six
Tryna catch up, they'll never rest up
So I keep peddling
In the here and now's what you're hearing now
Monsters in my closet; peering out, I kick the door in an clear 'em out
Slay, slay
Swear to god I slay upon whatever's in the way
Then roll the windows down and ventilate
This car was meant for getaways I never hesitate
Put the pedal to the metal in the hopes that I see better days

Slay...
Slay...
Slay...
Slay...