

Death Race

Madchild

Run Forrest run!

I'm doing battle with imaginary demons
You can hear 'em, inner savages are screaming
My life's a fucking nightmare so I keep dreaming
Feel like I'm trapped in a prison, not a free man
But I am just trying to stick to my agreement
My loyalty to those who helped with my achievements
Yeah
All the others they can kick rocks
I'm trying to open up my heart but the shit's locked
So many people in my life fucking did squat
They think I owe 'em, they can eat a bowl of pig slop
Bloodhound bound for glory, astounding story
I can tell that everyone around me's worried
Yeah
I can tell what everyone around me's thinking
Will he ever go back to the drugs and drinking?
And will he ever go back to the hoes and sluts?
Will he start walking 'round again like he knows too much?
Will he ever go back to the games and start making videos with strippers while he's singing Bang, Bang?
Ha! Not in this lifetime. I guarantee that
I was being stupid as fuck and now I see that
And I don't need to wait and see the people's feedback
I put that shit on everything! I'll never have a relapse
And I can tell the ones I love, they finally see that
I'm staying in my lane, fuck a speed trap

What up tho!
I'm just staying my lane
Here to finish what I started, got my head back in the game
I could tell you things will never be the same
And I'm still the same G, but a whole lot's changed

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The way I rap, you would think I got a power pack
Everything I spit is wet, get a shower cap
I'm getting old, midday take a power nap
Give me any motherfucking beat, I'll devour that
I'm so alive that when I spit, these rappers seems dead
Make you bleed Supreme red, rapping with a clean head
I'm like a bat out of hell ready for liftoff
And I still rock a mic and rap like I am pissed off
Classy like the Walldorf, game like a ball court
Style, I got all sorts. Child, in a small fort
Compatible with radical rap-stars to rap hard
Bad scars, fucking glass shard, I smash bars

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Ok

Still a hypochondriac
Cleaner than a Laundry Mat
I am still a psycho and at night I'm an insomniac
Thoughts still dark without a forgiving head
At night, in my apartment, it's Night of the Living Dead
Yeah
Used to be a zombie, now I'm just a vampire
Hotter than a campfire, flowing like a hand dryer
OCD? I got OCD
But my rhymes are fucking dirty like the ODB
How many people down with OPP
Get yourself stuck for pussy, oh that won't be me
Still, they love the kid, 'cause I'm very strategic
Make these other fuckboys look paraplegic
Fuck with Madchild? I will bury your legion
Make your whole damn region compare you to rejects
Trippin' if you're thinking that I'll swear to allegiance
I'll just have my little young homies tear you to pieces

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Yeah

I'm a motherfucking super beast
The little monster's back
The little monster's back
With the six kin
Rob The Viking in the house
We in the studio killing shit