

Armor

Ronnie Radke

I'm armed with my armor, be alarmed I'm a Martian
When it comes to these bars I'ma raise it higher than starships
Out of orbit, mighty morphing, fuck a ranger and start shit
Fuck a nark man, I'ma hit the fucking target regardless
Cause I'm a Marksman but I ain't a mark, man
Send these lyrical hollow tips quick than you can say car sick
Cause my cars sick, 600 horse is no barfing
Cut the charges, retarded where I started from that shitty apartment
From that jail cell in august, 08, let's be honest
It must be great to watch me rise, and it's awesome
From that grave to the stage, from that stage I have made
A better version of myself and I am thankful all the way
There ain't no going back to that wasted life, been pushing that weight I said
goodbye
All I need is a goddamn mic, alright? I'm never gonna let a bitch kill my vi
be
My kanjem whip, gonna kill this shit, gotta give him the grip, enough to fee
l my fist
This shit keep fuckin rappers always bitchin, what kind of shit is this?

One time, going back one time
Going back one time
One time, going back one time

I might've been an asshole but
I feel I'm moving past all that
I wish that I could just start fresh
Going back one time
When I was feeling all them hearts
And praying I could cash it
Wearing bitches out
Like it's the latest fashion
I'm going back one time

Yeah, this is lyrical content, physical gauntlet
Criminals get with their nonsense
Lived in a mosh pit
When you were licking your mom's tit
Kid is an artist
Flippin and spittin retardeds
Switching the cartridge
I took a shit in your office
Big as the parkus
I put the Mr in markus
Tripping on pausing
Haters be clicking and blogging
Whisper when talking
I'm trying to figure it out
Why your parents had you?
Should've just did an abortion
It's exhaustin
No one to gain married you bums
And when she had the chance
She didnt divorce em
Niggas lost em
You should just sit in a coffin
When it's all said and done

And your demon is right in front of you
The Lord never comes
When you cough up every lung
Up out of your body
You go from Smeeegel to John Gotti
'Fore I'm back in the lobby... [?]

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As much as I wanna look back on it
I gotta stop, my past is dark
And my future is going one but the more I flaunt em
The more I feel like I'm being haunted
Haunted
My visions of my shallowness
My passion for swimming in the shallow end
The shallow end
Woah, woah

Yo, I was born for this, be forewarned I'm a war corpus
Ready to storm your house down like the shores of Normandy in 4 minutes
Fuck a door hinge, your miss informed kid
Cause I'm enormous, watch me transform into something so glorious
Cause I'm a warrior, your an orphan, fuck a molly, no morphine
Fuck that red and blue shit cause I'm victorious no forfeit
I'm notorious for the stories of overcoming all obstacles
Do the impossible, walk from a box to a booth
Babe Ruth it out of the park into a parked car on a spark
I hit harder than Darth Maul cause I'm at war with the stars
I harbour hate in my heart from the start I've been apart
Of a bigger picture but I've embarked on a mission through the dark
And da decision to get on my feet
Was the only other option I had in me
I'll never wrap my tongue or clench my teeth
I'm at war with the motherfucking moon
A piece of meat I'm about to eat
Cause I love me some beef
Fuck your magazines
Cause of the facts they say are something that isn't actually happening

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