

Rustage - Dark Knight

{Intro: DizzyEight}

**Roaming through the city on a dark night
I had to isolated, get my doors right
You might think I'm wrong tryna do what's right
Can't you see that we avoid beckon with the price**

{Chorus: DizzyEight}

**I might come alive through the night
Coming from the side, they don't see no light, no
I struggle with life, I wanna get right
I might cross the line, and that's got several lights, I ride**

{Verse 1: Rustage}

**Ay, out of the line
Born in the shadows, the darkness is vibe, cross 'em to nine
I make 'em hushy, can't argue with silence
And borrow these villains like Arkham Asylum
Light in the sky, and I start to get violent
Breaking the bodies like part of the science
Courtesan night might discard them high
And I feel like the prince in the arms of a riot
Uh, if you wanna do what is right - call it better man
Straining up a goon in the night with a speller, man
They wanna square up, but running circles 'round
If they get boast to the side - parallelogram
Had make a man with the green like a treasure map
Back in the line, calling sums with the weather man
Measure your traps, doing fax like a telegram
We don't need a point, cut a man like a terrorhand, ha
Roaming through the misty streets
'Cause I'm cold-blooded - Mister Freeze
I'mma Dark Knight Trilogy**

I don't kill a man, but still
Dropped in obituary
Man's like half of see a fishing with delivery
Galaxy, my Justice in the different League
Gallery, if villains want a piece of me
Ay, fuck do you want, you can't hang with the band
Pulling these pussies like Cat in a half
Choke on the gas like an asthma attack
If you counting your days like a count on demand
Calling you crazy, the pattern is bad
Do with the chest, so I handle the rack
Man is so hot that I've vanished the caps
So of course all these Pinguins gon' matching collapse, hah
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{Verse 2: Rustage}

You don't wanna go to tell it's open now
Moving like a pack to cause a Joker's out
I don't ever torn it down
They be acting so scared of the Bat like the Crow is out
Got the money so high, it's a known amount
Deadshot with no loaded rounds
Several names 'cause they're known around
Hear 'em popping the streets with no rusting clowns, and their jokes are loud, bitch
Fuck 'em if they need different forces
Had to make a peace from my traumas
All my enemies make a steeple disorders
Know my Hoods Red, leaving deep in the water

Slaughter, all bar with no quarter
On the case like I'm Gordon
There to face with endorsement
Want to play with distortion, I'm gon' stage my performance
They don't wanna fight me
Acting like I'm Holmes on the street in the crime scene
Acting like I'm goons with the spear on a tight beat
Venom in my words like I'm drip with the IV
Bitch, come and find me!
They don't wanna fists, gon' assist with the quarries
Come and ride you in if you insisted to find me
Just another tick on my list to keep tightly, man's to deny it
Thing on the powers, but I'm undefeated
Scum of the year, but they talk elitist
Face the absurd, and gon' shake comedic
In the grave of my city I put bad in pieces, call that my feces
I do my strain from my life of weakness
Symbol of hope for the nonbelievers
They didn't even know of the shit I deal with
Hope that my parents look down and see this
{Pre-Chorus: DizzyEight}
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