

## Scavenger - Don't Look Down Pt II

Seven days left till my death

Burning up all that is left

Cough up a lung, got that smoke in my chest, overcome by my demons, do i look blessed, got a hole in my chest that i never express, that i never addressed, now i topple from stress

All of them days serving pills to the kids coming back to bite me, i gotta get a grip

Getting rid of the pest, bitch you ain't no guest, got a nest of snakes living under my bed

Every fucking day, hearing voices in my head, saying shoot em all up, leave a body laying dead

Black as the night, catch a body, fuck a fight

Show no mercy, you denied that you lied, look me in my eye

Asking yourself "are you ready to die" better say goodbye, i creep through night, i don't care if i die

Nowhere to run and there's nowhere to hide

Fuck you mean god, i'm the one who killed christ, when my body fucking gone, i'll be a poltergeist, i fucking hate you all, seeing faces in my walls, and it ain't my fault, that i can't sleep at night, people waiting for my fall

Say you all love me, i ain't get a fucking call, and i don't recall a check up, how i'm doing

Everyday, i'm losing

Friends, but they proving, that i'm right on how they moving

When i make it big, i don't want a reunion

I don't feel shit - i don't even feel human

Look in the void, and i'm feeling at home, bitch i'm popping them pills till my mouth start to foam

Fuck getting help, did this shit on my own, got a blade in my hand and i'm

**slicing your throat**

**Saying i need god, bitch i'm already damned, i'm trying everyday, doing all that i can**

**Always alone, bitch you don't understand, don't mean to be edgy, that's just who i am, i'm a dark motherfucker like i'm from africa**

**Tripping everyday, got an eighth in my cup**

**That ain't really much, but, i don't give a fuck, cause, it still fuck me up, bitch i ran out of luck, hoe**