

Rustage - Pull You Down

{Verse 1}

**Born from the feeling of hate, I am a mirror of mankind
Face what the demons were made, and they gon' say I'm the bad guy
Feel their hop beat in the place, but I turn it down to a flatline
Humans don't mean what they say, but they ain't relying my hand signs
They have to go and wreck the statue
But their life's a treasure like {?}
I could pain your jacket, paint them red like panels
They do things for pleasure, but forget the failures
Better miss thÐµse hands 'cause they may bÐµ fatal
Have you {?} 'cause there ain't no Fable
Giving gifts to baddies, let me laid the table
Call it sense of taboos, but I ain't no angel, ha!
{?}**

**Take a note, the way I roam is primal
Play like doh, I shape my own disciple
Change the flow, the stay is cause a cycle
Make them close to stage, ain't no reprisals
They can course their radios are finals
Bring the post, the pain is so delightful
Trade of hope, the faces know the smile**

{Chorus}

**I've been tempting to your villains and your sorrows
I been pulling all the stitches 'till you all fall down
Any battle that they needing be tomorrow
You'll be begging for forgiveness, but I won't back down
Down, down, down
I'm gonna pull you down
Down, down, down
I'm gonna pull you down**

{Verse 2}

**Uh, run on the time on the clock, I gotta masking the side where you on
Vision of death though I'm stitching up threads to the edge of your neck, a
nd I'm tying a knot**

Uh, I make 'em cry to the God, peering their eyes to the loss

{?}

**Roll the odd, you got load to die, seeing scar like I'm focused right
Every human has got assume that they could talk like it's an open mic
I'll make them eat their words like they don't know the lines, I'm the comp
eting version of the prototype**

**They acting weak and worth, that's when I speak it's perfect, when they rea
d my verses, they gon' know the price**

In their head like a target, they had started

Collabs crub at your last in the end part

Of the plan waisting your cars on the sand grass

And the man argue your life in the palms of my hands

Had to start scratching, my party torn the part of your half

These two as the person like the marks on the scan

If life is the meaning

I couldn't care less for your crimes of the mans, uh

{Chorus}

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