

D Money Pros

"What Are You Made Of?"

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Too much time looking at the specs and the
happenings back in the rear view mirror
Cozy sitting upside down king flipped throne in a
personal theater
I flipped the mirrors and suddenly all this shit became
clearer
Deal or no deal with the cards you're dealt what you
made of? this is where the plastic people melt

Done losing sleep and upset hearts to things that don't
matter
I'll tear through everything until my blood floods these
streets
Truth lays out i'm not afraid of dying
As a matter of fact i'll let my ghost roam these streets

I feel like i'm in a corner searching for the corner of a
round room
Tossing subpar ideas off the wall roll around pile up
they all blew
I think about starting to think of thinking what can i do
Making moves to be moving wondering what's worth
wondering to get through

My only escape becomes the back of my lids and 11 on
my headphones
Everyones on my case my back my dick my toes and
then some
I flipped the mirrors and suddenly all this shit became
clearer
Deal or no deal with the cards you're dealt what you
made of? this is where the plastic people melt

What are you made of?

Done losing sleep and upset hearts to things that don't
matter
I'll tear through everything until my blood floods these
streets
Truth lays out i'm not afraid of dying
As a matter of fact i'll let my ghost roam these streets

Till my blood floods
Until my blood floods these streets

I'll let my ghost roam
I'll let my ghost roam these streets

I'll let my ghost roam these streets

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