

Ill Scarlett

"Pimp"

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I say: To be living brings me down
In a way, I'm what you call a pimp

Soap won't wash away your shame
I'll sell, whatever there's to be sold
In hell, I'd sell my own poor soul

Where are you going with that mask I found you
You're running through the world
Thinking only about tomorrow
In your dreams, I'll do all the things you say

Your guess, is just as good as mine
But no, I cannot justify your ways
Take care, cause hurtful as hell
I wear, I wear the hardest shell

Daybreak, you're returning
And I know that you want to play
When I see the sun going down
The eyes in my head, see the world spinning around

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