

## Mudvayne "L.D. 50"

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MUDVAYNE - Dig Lyrics

I would love to beat the face,  
Of any mother f\*\*ker that's thinkin' they can change  
me,  
White knuckles grip pushing through for the gold,  
If you're wantin' a piece of me I broke the mother  
f\*\*kin' mold,  
I'm drowning in your wake  
Shit rubbed in my face  
Teething on concrete  
Gums bleeding

Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I am rearranging  
Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I was slowly changing

I struggle in violated space,  
Sell out motherf\*\*kers in the biz that try to f\*\*k me,  
Hang from their T's rated P.G. insight,  
I ain't sellin' my soul when there's nothing to buy  
I'm livid in my space  
Pissing in my face  
F\*\*k you while you try  
To f\*\*k me

Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I am rearranging  
Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I was you ain't f\*\*kin' changing me

Let me help you tie the rope around your neck,  
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge,  
Let me help you hold the glock against your head  
Let me help you tie the rope around your neck,  
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge,  
Let me help you hold the glock up to your head,  
Let me help to chain the weights onto your legs  
Get on the plank f\*\*k

Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I am rearranging

Dig bury me underneath  
Everything that I was slowly changing  
Wish you were committing  
Suicide suckin' on a mother f\*\*kin' tailpipe  
Dead man dangling from a tight rope  
Limbless in the middle of a channel bob away

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