

Paranoia (Heartsteel) – League of Legends

Two sides to a story
But they never tell my side
Never been the kinda guy
To stay inside the guidelines
I know I'm the bad guy, I don't gotta ask why
If you try step to me, it'll be the last time
I got dirt on my name, six feet in the ground
I got people in my past try bringin' me down
Say I'm losin' my mind,
I don't wanna be found
Grew up in the shadow
But I know they watchin' me now
Paranoia, on the go,
I'm moving silent
Pull up on ya,
I got trouble right behind me
Bite the bullet,
Suit and tie, the silver linin'
I'm gonna show you how to crash a party
Every time you pop off,
They hopin' that you fall hard
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Ooh, they love it when you lost, boy
Now the low life at the top floor
Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
They talk about me, I forget to listen
At least I get the recognition
Heavyweight,
I pull up on you with the repetition
You in the pit, it's not no exhibition
Oh, they big mad, I'm the big boss
Talk a big game, take a big loss
Growin' up, I was the problem

That they didn't solve
I'm the piece
That wouldn't fit inside the jigsaw
I got a lotta punch lines and a quick jab
I'm runnin' straight through,
I don't gotta zig-zag
I got a heavy heart, it's hard to lift that
From the cradle to the grave,
Never changed, make 'em dig that
Paranoia, on the go,
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I got trouble right behind me
Bite the bullet,
Suit and tie, the silver linin'
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Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
They wanna kiss me long
Good night with a rose
Hoping that the Eiffel falls, of course
You don't understand the life we chose
I need my silence, my privacy so I can heal
And even rockstars
Got feelings that they feel
In reality, this just repeats like a drill
Always, oh-oh, oh-oh
Every time you pop off,
They hopin' that you fall hard
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Ooh, they love it when you lost, boy

Now the low life at the top floor
Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Pop off, they hopin' that you fall hard
They prayin' for the death of a rockstar
Everybody hatin' ever since you got more
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych