

The 27 Club

Xv

[Hook] Jones, Hendrix, Joplin, Cobain
Sex, money, liquor, cocaine
Rock, Roll, Peace, Love
Now welcome to the 27 club

[Verse 1] Spit that wonder rhymer shit
That blow ya brain, Kurt Cobain, that Nirvana shit
Who gon? bring the game back?
The same dude who spits rhymes 'bout dimes
and gives pennies for thoughts
Wont break for a dollar but 'bout to change rap
Endulging myself in liquor and wealth
With a chick who says she's a Christian herself
We talk, our upbringing
Before she go down swinging
Just a couple 80's baby's who walking around dreaming
I'ma die young is what we walk around singing
Mind full of ideas, who can't him out of believing
Sink to the bottom, it brought up all of our demon's
When we playing we have to face 'em
Bring us those gold bottles
F-ck it we have to taste it
America's role models but we're no Channing Taylor
Closer to forty we get, is probably Casey Case
27 year old legends, Devil can't wait to take 'em
I hate 'em

[Hook] Jones, Hendrix, Joplin, Cobain
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Morrison, Winehouse, Joplin, Cobain
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[XV - Verse 2] Stairway to heaven I'm on my last step
The first 11 would lead me straight to my death
And that hotel room that's a mess
I hope every secret is kept
21 and shot for his Nike's
The things we do for a check

6 more years can make you a legend

A lot of pills for digestion

A lot of real life in question

A lot of sex and with less feelings

Abusing these substances like step children

Tell me my wrongs and read me my rights

Be honest, the excuse is I'm living my life: ironic

The devil in my like Jin on Tekken, with tonic

What the doctor give us for it? The Chronic

No wonder we are slaves to the night

And we only break free on the pages we write

Fall into the darkness on a stage full of lights

I told you fame came with a price

Ya life!

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[XV - Verse 3] The meme generation where everybody is famous

Blue check next to ya name or remain nameless

When friends get jaded cause all you do is get faded

Play Gears of War and hit Vegas with all my niggas who made it

Maximum Drive but only minimum wages

You close ya eyes as soon as you get on stages

Got homies who died at 27, not in those pages

Thats when I realised, life is what you make it

Kids want my career and I tell 'em 'love it or hate it?

Put fame on a scale and you'll be glad that you weighed it

When miracles get credited to elitists and sadists

At 27 just praying, you here, happy belated

Middle fingers whenever you take pictures

When life gives you lemons, use it to chase liquor

Consumption's our destruction if you figure

Theres a whole generation full of wild little niggas sayin?

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