

Director's Cut (Michael Myers & Superman)

Travis Barker & Yelowolf

I took my Buck knife, stuck it inside my bag
In a black Jansport that I've had since 2000 class
And some duct tape, the last of a roll I used
The first of it I used to patch a hole in my bedroom window glass
I broke into my trailer because this bitch locked me out
She took my keys and threw them into the yard, but I haven't cut my grass
Plus it was dark when I got home, I was driving fast
But the fog made it hard to see the road and I drove right past
Had to turn around in a cul de sac, dead end
And I barely made into my dirt drive, running out of gas
A late night at work, another tailspin
Got fired so I hit the bar and I got trashed
I stumbled in to find a note, "I'm gone"
"No shit, bitch"
I crumble the note, and threw it on the ground, and picked up the phone
"Fuck", she cut the wire, busted the jack with a hammer
I know, cause I can see that the plastic got bashed
I was so mad, that I went sober
With a forced laugh, I reached for the last thing that I need in my sack
(haha) A picture of us in a cab, the night we said it would work out
That didn't last, a couple dollars short, or maybe just the wrong path
The reason was irrelevant to me, cause I just wanted payback
So I jumped in my truck, put the dash, spitted gas
And a bag pack duct tape and buck knife, and that was that
Thinking This must be a movie
Cause I'm about to roll tape again
I'm about to make a movie
Michael Myers and Superman
"Look up at the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane!"
Michael Myers and Superman
Is it a game? Or is it insane?
Michael Myers and Superman
I pulled out the driveway, took a right on Rainbow Drive
While I tried to keep my truck alive, pumping down the street
I believe it was 55 outside, cold, and the window was frosted
Truck died and then I crawled into the pump station
Barely making it to the pump
I walked in, put my last 10 dollar bills on the desk
Snuck a pack of cigarettes in my pocket

As he reached for the register, the thought sparked in my head
To leave him dead, but no, fuck it
I'll save his life, and put 10 in the bucket
I ain't killing in public
It ain't in my budget
The door, I budged it
Slid through to the pump my gas as the thought
Of all the shit she put me through, but I was glad
I had a reason to go see her now
Other than to lay her down
I got a reason to treat her like a voodoo doll with this blade I found
I made the sound of screeching tires as I pulled out of the station
Mind racing for the placement of my rage, I was impatient
Movie in the making
So I punched the dash and my front windshield cracked
Made it harder to see what was in front of me
But I mashed on the pedal, stomping through the floor
With a leak in the door
The wind whistled like a missile in a war, or a bullet from a pistols draw
Reached under my seat for a bottle of whiskey and took a shot
While my stomach was in a knot, nerves shot
I mulled over the plot
"When I find this bitch, I'll put her in a throat lock, with a rope and a sock
Duct taped on her mouth and make her look at a clock
And every second, I'm going to pop one of her boyfriend's fingers
With a vise grip, while he's screaming at me, "No! Stop!"
When I make it to his knees
While he's tied to a metal chair, with radio wires hooked to a live battery
I'm going to grab his head and make him stare at you
While you drill holes in his kneecaps with a screw
And this is only preview to scene 2!"Look up at the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane!"
Is it a game? Or is it insane?
Michael Myers and Superman
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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