

7 Words (RDHS Remix)

Deftones

I'll never be the same, breaking decency
Don't be tree trunk; don't fall on my living roots
I've been humming too many words, got weak self-esteem
That's been stomped away from every single dream
But it's something else that brought us fees
Keep it all inside until we feel we can't unleash
I think that you made it up; I think that your mind is gone
I think you shouldn't have glorified; now you're wrong Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
They fuck with my head
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck it, bitch You and me are here alone, face flat along the edge of the glass
But I'm not here to preach; I'm just sick of thugs
My parents made me strong to look up that glass
So why should I try, act like I'm a little pissed off
With all that shit that needs to stay back in the shell?
Because your punk ass made it up, your fucking mind was gone
Should've never glorified; now you're right Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
They fuck with my head
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck You don't know me; shut up; you don't know me
Squeal like a pig when you big fuckin', big fuckin', ah Well, I'll tell you about my smoke stack
What's coming back, Jack
We'll turn back
Curse for in their words in their words
Tell them that you fucking heard
I mean, they know that's what's coming, nigga, and you're a quitter
I thinking 'bout something naughty and won't tell anybody
So thinking of me by now, but you go grab it
I'd like to think for who I down this shit
I belong where they be 'cause we can not get back those lives We exist to cease, understand
That God hates blacks, shades, and all the players
Mr. P.I.G 'cause I fuckin' see
Sure already done crushed all of my brothers dignity
And to the jury can't be no turn is all; my skin looks colored
Does that mean I'm burnt
'Cause your punk-ass made it up; your fuckin' mind was gone
Should've never glorified

WrongSuck, suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
They fuck with my head
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
Suck, suck, suck, suck, suck
You bad, boy

Songwriters

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