

# Dragon

## Martin Garrix & Matisse & Sadko

Ryan pump blast shattered glass in the classroom  
Penny tried to hide in a bathroom  
Homicide scream from the hand held dragon  
Mental flame from the barrel claim twenty five angel, mercy  
Long as the black board, splatter with his inside  
Never had a chance to ride his new skateboard  
Billy didn't shake, Lord, he fell silent  
Died in the pantomime of cold violence  
His killer didn't even blink, he couldn't think  
Even when he heard the sirens kept firin'  
Pupils dilated, possessed and perspirin'  
He grew up admirin', thirty auts and calicos  
AR-Fifteen and long barreled forty four's  
So on the story goes  
He went out in a blaze of glory  
He went out in a front page story  
He went out in a front page story  
My soul can't rest today  
I can't bring myself to pray  
I get down on my knees  
'Cause you will always be six feet under me  
My soul can't rest today  
And I can't bring myself to pray  
I get down on my knees  
'Cause you will always be six feet under me  
Frank, I'm sorry you didn't get to see  
Your cell phone tape, hear yourself  
But to the motherfucka's who took  
Frank Williams aka Fast Black, fuck you  
Dear God, I've messed up again, I'm sassed up again  
Vodka spillin' out my mouth onto my chin  
I've slipped into the darkness of the heartless  
Those barbarians carry savage weapons and they start shit  
They hearts is cold as the arctic, these men motivate mobs to lynch  
These monsters are men who I hang with  
These monsters of then are who I bang with  
Who I bang with, Crips, Bloods, BG, VL  
We have created our own road to hell  
We train to kill and not to feel, reactin' with a mac

But no matter who I kill I can't bring my nigga back  
My niggaz dead and I can't get my fuckin' head around it  
We was just smokin' blunts of the best chronic  
And now I'm wearin' a t-shirt with his picture on it  
Staggerin' about to vomit, consumed with vengeance  
With my vengeance I am all consumed  
By mid afternoon smokin' blunts in my room  
To whom ever this letter may concern  
When bullets strike they burn more  
Than the flesh of the ones hit  
You took my nigga, my heart split, it's broken  
Shattered in a million pieces, help me Jesus  
Help me Jesus, just help me, Jesus, thug niggaz killers  
They victims was screamin', help me Jesus  
My soul can't rest today  
I can't bring myself to pray  
I get down on my knees  
'Cause you will always be six feet under me  
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