

Get With Me

Fit for Rivals

Hey, my conscious on the run.
It's only because I forgot to tell you that you're not the only one.
Come, and show me what you got.
My guess is better than yours about what I am and what you're not.
Whoa, come on and hate me.
Whoa, whoa, baby come and get with me.
Whoa, whoa, I'll show you the time of your life.
Whoa, whoa, baby don't say no to me.
Whoa, whoa, I'll show you the time of your life.
Breathe, in your fascination.
About how I overcame, how I suffered, with our asphyxiation.
You, you're not all that I got.
I hope with these last words that I scream from my mouth, that you.

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