

# Pulse

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Yea help, in this junk  
I'm drowning, drownin'  
How long till I sell  
My mothers?  
So I become important to you  
In this junk  
Drownin'  
How long till I sell  
My mothers? Must I tolerate your shit?  
Dwell in your shallow pit  
Now they thought police  
Are following me everywhere  
Eyes are always on our children  
Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>