

Damn It Feels Good to Be Input

Input

(Im gonna run through this bitch like a bitch runs through her own shit)
So, a lot of people, they wanna know about my life, what I do on a daily basis
So I got my man Satire, you know, he's gonna help me out with this one
Yo, yo Satire, yo tell them who the fuck I am

It's Input, same motherfucker that can radiate a million lies and still put a smile on your lady's
face
So Input, tell me what would Jesus do

I bet that if he lived my life, he'd have to have a drink or two

What's the deal with analysts and assholes actin' over zealous trying to confiscate the passport
Walks the modern walk, talks like a soccer mom, turnin' up the heat to try to melt away my
auto-pop(?)

This is ludacris, why the hell you mad at me?
Because I live right on the edge against the laws of gravity?
I didn't make a point to stand alone and run my mouth, like you and your crew that symbolizes
nothing underground
Learn to recognize the sum of all your failed nights

I bet you realize you're blowing steam like tailpipes
All this talk about monotonous development is seriously making me a little less intelligent

Turn your life around, maybe we can speak again
I highly doubt it 'cause your ego is a perfect 10
And don't believe your friends when they say your shit is dope
They're obviously just saying it for a hit of coke

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face
So Input, tell me what would Jesus do

I bet that if he lived my life, he'd have to have a drink or two x2

And I don't need to have a reason at all
To say the things I want to say without you acting appalled
And every Sunday morning you can write another verse
About your stupid philosophies and your date of birth

I don't completely understand how you get this far
Charging all your expenses to daddy's credit card
More importantly, who invests their time in you?
Talking this and that and thinking you can do what I can do

I'll just laugh it off and leave it underneath your skin
'Cause I can see the anger right behind that silly grin
This entire conversation you look desperate
I'll walk away before the cocaine sets in

There's plenty more topics at hand
Like recruiting your fraternity brothers to be your fans

Enough of that, I just need me a drink
I really hope that that's your girlfriend flashing me winks

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face

So Input, tell me what would Jesus do

I bet that if he lived my life, he'd have to have a drink or two x2

Whatever happens, I just want you to know
That I left your name anonymous to soften the blow
It doesn't matter how you go about interpretation
Beyond that, I don't owe you any explanations

Mr. What Now, Mr. I Don't Back Down
Go ahead and tell your sister that Im back in town
I reel 'em in with a dollar on my fish hook
Damn it feels good to be Input

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So Input, tell me what would Jesus do

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