

# 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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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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>