INK DON'T BLEED

ft. Anderson .Paak

Music by Jairus Mosey & Brandon Paak Anderson Lyrics by George Watsky



All You Can Do

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INK DON'T BLEED ft. Anderson .Paak

Verse 1

Some got hits about the racks that they earn Say there's Benjamins and Jacksons in their pocket to burn

But when they shoot the video producers pass around a bucket full of rented jewelry for them to rock and return I know a straightedge rapper who acts like a sheepherder

A vegan on the mic who's screaming that meat's murder But when everybody's sleepin, he be creepin slugging back the whiskey, hating himself and sneakin a cheeseburger

There's a pop idol at the top of the charts and when her record's being cut, she's on the beach in St. Barts

while a session singer who didn't have the face to make it

signs a nondisclosure agreement and belts out her parts It's hard, cause I got bars that are big-uppin Woody Allen

But maybe he's a predator who's digging in his talons There's a balance, and often I don't know how to feel In a fake and tainted world, seek the real

Chorus

Now, I can't change the past but a man's gotta man up It's hard to believe. Sometimes I get the best of me Now, I'm doing what I can but I'm a man, not a damn chump

I can say it if you need, but I'd rather let the ink bleed

Verse 2

We dismiss our heroes' skeletons no matter how grim My fans saying "I'd be honored to be injured by him" Well fam, this branch is thin, but I'll go out on a limb to say she didn't love her ulna poking out of her skin being pumped full of morphine and tied to machines They cut off my jeans, I heard her in the ambulance scream

She's in school to do tattoos and mighta had nerve damage

So I coulda cost a girl a chance at her dream Meanwhile he pops painkillers, until the dude is numb Knew I was a stupidass, just not that I'm a ruthless one Youth is easily influenced so should you be rooting for me

if I touch a thousand lives but on the way I ruin some? The rule of thumb is all publicity's your advantage but human lives are not collateral damage bandage the wound and then vanish, blank as the newest of canvases

When they zoom in the cameras give em the truth

Verse 3

Megachurch leaders sleeping with male hookers
Mayors hitting crackpipes with their cookers
Each week a crooked politician gets caught
We're not shocked when they're cheaters
These days we're shocked when they're not
Are they the person you thought? If they're perfect and
hot

often we blame the victim, scoffing, "they deserved what they got"

Actors sweep it under the rug and resume with the plot but they're amateurs and we can see the boom in the shot

If perception is reality then this could be a shocker: I've done my share of fucked up things that didn't get on Gawker

Lots of tiny indiscretions way beyond the public eye that if you saw would out probably out me as a complicated guy

Mike says you gotta separate the person from the art But if the art's about that person you can't pull em apart So you better watch the choices that you makin now because

they aren't something that matter, they're the only thing that does

Outro (x4)

Everything they say conflicts with everything I do But I must admit I did it so I guess it might be true