

Janie always said I was a mess
Sorry bout that mess
I made her bleed
I'm planting my seed
Still I knew it could take it if I opened up the rhythm
I knew it could make it
I hope her parents love her
So feelin the acid on the brain
Still I got that frame I made
Her bleed yeah she wants that lovin you see
Well if you live you wanna give or get old
And if you never knew that we get old you live it up
You get old believe me when I say
It's the same shit everyday
But I got to know my place
And if you don't it smacks you in your face
I know I know her parents love her
So billyed back in 1983 what did you do for me
I made her bleed
I'm planting my seed
I knew we could make it
I only knew that the bitch would break it I hope her parents love her
So my God look at me
If he had to go I know
I know I'm barely lovin' my holy creed
You never knew that was what you need
Oh my god honestly believe it or not its a disease.