

Ripping heads off all my Barbie dolls
Toss them to the side, give them convertibles
Click boom, I like the way your ride's up
Can't have it all, skip the wanted boy
Watching from the sidelines, wish that she had it
She wish that she had it
Hearing a bad guy, build in a fantasy
Fuck reality, do you want to know, know, me
Do you want to know?
Stuck in Nintendo, get the controller
Street Fighter sin search
I'll finish him
(Down goes Frazier!)
I'll finish him
Come Desdemona
Othello the tragedies
Shakespearean sorrows
When do I begin?
When do we begin?

I got L's on my record
Weed on the vinyl
Keys open doors when them keys are albino
I'll knock on my door when my stars is aline-o
I've been fishing for a minute for a minnow
Only I know that a pawn is a trade
And a rookie for a castle like tuition for a final
Playin' hooky for a tassle, spend a minute on the minor
Winds on my window
Ash on my skin, when the record low temps for the wind blow
Only write rhythm to the tardiest of tempos
Only ride shotgun when the car is a limo
Y'ar see
My crowd surf in a cypher
Scuba in my shower, take an Uber to my neighbors
Used to pay the piper, till peter picked it better
Now the first thing you should tell is where the hell is all the paper
But memories keep coming back
All the nights that we used to laugh
Wanna know how I used to was, how I used to was

Memories keep playing back, all nights we used to love
Just wondering how we used to was, how we used to was