

## Too Cruel

## The Dirty Heads

I got an open mind, like a golden child  
You try to go for points, I try to go for style  
I do my city proud, I try to keep it wide  
Ichiban, wicked one, Okinawa loud  
I drank Guinneses and go to dinner with my nemesis  
Have a couple laughs while they plot how to finish this  
Interested on how to get up on a wizard list  
Senseless, you sense I'm the Sensei you 'prentices

I'm the salt up in the cut  
Who you tryna play but us?  
Like a DJ turning stuff  
Who you tryna fool?  
We all know that shit's unplugged

We're so cruel  
Yeah, cruel  
Yeah, cruel  
Alright  
No, we're so cruel  
Yeah, cruel  
Yeah, cruel  
Alright  
No, we're so cruel

I'm howling at the moon  
Harry fucking Henderson  
Catch me in the mood  
I ain't too cool for wrecking shit  
Stoners on the loose  
Call that shit a hippy flip  
And we just getting going  
Yeah this shit's just my starter kit  
I'm on a good one, real fucking good one  
I'm feeling brand new, yeah I'm talking redone  
I'm talking 'bout me, talking 'bout the real one  
I'm not with Jenny tossin' rocks at the building  
How they stoned, all that shit  
So fly, call me pilot  
MCs getting turn a kit  
Body bag that murder vic'  
The seven dance is evident  
We stampede: an elephant  
We crash out on king beds,  
Y'all bitches soft like pillow mints

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Alright  
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Yeah, cruel  
Yeah, cruel  
Alright  
No, we're so cruel

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, no we're so cruel  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, no we're so cruel  
Act so pure, but you're far from farm breed  
Think your charm could disarm an army  
Said it's hard to stop me, I'm far from obvi-Us  
When a bus parks fucking hockey  
Her pot of coffee went Abu Dhabi  
And my dick went limp like some Laffy Taffy  
But her body stopped me, and I'm tired of talking  
You want an accent? Here's a mouth full of Cockney  
Said you wanna ring and you think that I'll drop me  
Just for some pussy that'll bust outta Box Spring  
All of the times that you tried to off me  
The tables are turned and now the music is offbeat  
You wanted me back, so you keep kissing me softly  
I'd rather jack off in a sock with some hot tea  
I'm over and out, we're like a walkie-talkie  
I'm leaving now bitch, try to stop me

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Oh, no we're so cruel  
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