

## Off His Shit

A-Wall

Can I talk my shit  
Can I talk my shit  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Can I talk my shit (Can I really)  
Can I talk my shit (Can I)  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Cause I'm off my shit

Can I talk my shit  
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Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Can I talk my shit (Can I really)  
Can I talk my shit (Can I)  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Cause I'm off my shit

Machine guns straight to your faces  
In your head  
I text her back  
Grease go faces  
I'm dat boy talkin' hot shit  
That's crazy  
Take your mans, now they askin' me

All these boys  
Like your friends go ahead cause I already played I  
Already said that I'm making that bread  
No Nutella  
No butter  
Tell em' that I'm fuckin up the world  
With no rubber

Ever wonder why  
Every body gonna die  
Every body wanna fly  
If I don't like the future ima change it with that butterfly  
Found his wings a couple times  
When the lord will let me in the gaze cause' I'm a decent guy

Speaking of the afterlife  
What if God is really like a ball of spaghetti flyin' in the sky  
If all of y'all is wrong and then the other  
Who the fuck is right  
Just be careful not to tell to Christians "Jesus wasn't white"  
(Yikes)

Can I talk my shit  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Can I really  
Can I talk my shit  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Cause I'm off my shit

Well can I talk my shit  
Can I talk my shit  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Can I talk my shit (Can I really)

Can I talk my shit (Can I)  
Yeah I just wanna talk my shit  
Cause I'm off my shit (Ohh)

Machine guns  
Still got 7000 heads  
I take a couple lives at the school  
Now they dead  
I'll paint the whole cafeteria room red  
Now they all really tryna' act like they my friends  
But instead I buried them under me

How I got this gun well  
Uncle Sam just give to me  
No body even checked to see what was wrong with me  
Just another day  
Another dollar  
Another tragedy

I know I sound so sicko  
I feel like I just stepped on a fuckin' lego  
My president look like a fuckin' cream sicko  
My idol wear his hat how the fuck do I let go

I'm gone  
I've lost it  
I'm way off, my shit  
I can't stay, long  
I need you to  
Pray for  
Pray for  
Pray for me