

Yard Sale

Abhi the Nomad

If I had a penny
For every change that id fake
I'd trade it for twenty
Of your thoughts
If you'd give me any
Of the pain that you make
I'd steal the shoes of your feet and walk

Smoking cigarettes, so fuck with me, buck fifty for that shit
Shorts, jackets, hats and tennis racquets to practice
Old vinyl records, a couple poleys to fish with
And over there, we've got some shit ya kids get
Moms are bending over, reach for clearance, get too close, and I will smack that
Ya closer to getting half off, pack it then you'll get half that
The underground menu is more than what you can bargain
The shit that we have sellin is doper than that of target
Bitch, it is cash only, no checks allowed
Check it out
Slap you in the face my dick, really do check it
Ok, I'm going to far, so please just buy something, times coming to close up
, uh ya dig
Ok, the reapers coming to close it, so get your purchases and get the fuck out
Holy shit grenade, get the fuck down
I'm dipping out of here, but first I need to grab my hard ale
Garage turned to yard sale

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It's all sales final
If you don't like the sound
(Get the fuck out)
Still cruising in that old Toyota bumping Aesop
Arrogant as shit
It's all sales final
If you don't like the price
(Get the fuck out)
Cracking open up that peach Arizona with the cool ranch Doritos I'm the shit
Well shit son I be swanging in this bitch like orangutans, kicking it in my white vans
Banging like some pedophiles in white vans
22 beers and I still ain't feeling buzzed tho
Diving in that pussy then I'm swimming in that butthole
Yuck, what a cutthroat
One half of the legendary el cap
Creep into your dorm room when you're sleeping
Do you smell that?
Farted on your face and gave you pink eye
Brown in the summer and surrounded by some pink guys

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