

Zorro

A.CHAL

Ooh-ooh, ooh
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Ooh, ooh

Tell me who to trust when I'm always out and leaving?
I just do it for the rush, I don't even need it
If you back-stab me I will always see it coming
Busting through this bag
hundred miles and I'm running, my man
All this shit on my conscience
Driving down to Tijuana
got the plug out in Juarez
I been laying low in London
Got too much I don't wanna lose

These days I never know
Tinted all black, move like Zorro
Preying on me, I pray for their soul
Seeing through the blindfolds like Zorro

Close my eyes when I fuck around, I see the vision
I'm so locked in, I don't know what I'm missing
No tengo sentimientos, ma I got no more feelings
Had to vent, so now I'm chopping off the ceiling
Peeling Cartiers while I'm grieving
See myself in my demons
Designer cover my Achilles
Took a drag while I'm peaking
Looking at life with no rear-view

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