

Guyana, Guyana, organic banana
Pull up on your shores like the Spanish armada
A god is among us your smell on my jumper
That pussy is sweet, bitch can I touch it
Like pussy can I touch it, sorry for swears
Apples and pears, everybody is fed
I change up so much just because you request
I'm sorry I'm faulty and not what I said
I would be, I stay north of the river
With all of the scenesters docs got 'em fitted
Seems like yesterday you would call up and visit
And I was excited you more than delivered
We made it a mess, how else could it happen
I'm always tied up with my selfish shit rapping
I'm always tied up I don't tell you with passion
I feel you, I feel you, I feel you

You should start a cult
I would join it

Now look at all that you made
Before I started calling you names
You didn't make me wait too long
Didn't make me wait too long, maybe like 1 or 2 days
Now I been walking through flames like Chaka Khan
Know a small part of me really wanna fuck it up
Feels like Christmas, feels like ramadan
Hanukkah i know everything is gonna come at once
You're quick to tell me who's fake, who's real
2 years I've known you - and it's you still
Everything i build and you send me blue steel
To my phone when I'm far from home you're the new zeal
Shout out Auckland, when I'm alone you're my stockton
Jerry Sloan to my ferris wheel when its rocking
At the show used to drink goon on the lawn
With the moon and the stars may I say that I feel you
I feel you

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There ain't nothing to worry about
With me around
Even though I be running around
Feeling down
Feeling bad feeling sorry for myself
I'll figure it out
I'm saying you're my main ingredient baby
I'm in the house
And I know that you been around and trying
You deserve something like a thousand diamonds
You deserve better than me out here lying
Make me breathe shallow like mountain climbing
No talkin' bout the future fuck that
Make me wanna be alone, be alone