

Barcade

Atmosphere

Uh, duck, duck, I'm too next
Punks jump to get suplexed
My two cents is y'all fucked up
Should come buddy up with these moose heads
I get blood and guts on my work clothes
So no turncoats and no funny stuff
I go turbo, ya do run run, or get chaperoned back to bumblefuck
Rabbit holes on rabbit holes, with no long goodbyes, I just vamonos
I might reappear as some vagabond who yell dirty words into a traffic cone
Ain't shit but some sick joke, I don't mix well with this milquetoast
Day ones get wished well, but I give hell to these bridge trolls
It go late night, I'm no saint, I'm so gone
Don't change
I ain't old school, I ain't new school
I'm more no school like snow days
Stowaways start popping out, posse up on y'all stomping grounds
Mainstays turn nomad, it's still no match for these foxhounds
Smoke stack, I'm dead inside
Four wheels, one hell ride
Two hands with ten middle fingers, one shit grin, two pecked eyes
All pressurized
Ante up, my tantrum is on full tilt
Drum roll, come talk tough, I'm like cough cough, it's all bullshit

Shitty fingers in your weed jar
This whole world is like VR
Free shows at the rebar
All hokey and yee-haw
Keep plucking your guitar
See par dipped off the price is right
Free car, we are
Bob Barker, much darker
Black parka, fat marker
Mic sparker
Metal face more bodies than a
Night stalker
Ramirez switching all that he says, she says
Prefer to follow her
Unless she itching between these legs
Meticulous, hero shine, with zero swine, green eggs
Pack got more whiny rappers that's more annoying than scene kids
Villain crush green dust into fine powder
Vanilla dutch pop clutch feel rush
Feel up on the real nuts
No pause, rappers
All broads, no bras, violating all the smoke laws
White lies, folklores, bleed out, no gauze
Zombies with their headsets
Nah, he's not dead yet
(Bet) Been centuries fighting armies and these death threats

Take a breath before we sink into the depth of darkness
The rich people are tryin' to eat you, better protect your armpits
Mommy, pick up your telephone and accept the charges
I'll see you next thirsty Thursday when I collect your garbage
They unfamiliar but they still present respect regardless
Never starvin' for attention, never begged for pardons

I checked your references they all said that you're extra harmless
I'll straight up fuckin' son you then I'll catch some bargains
I might be your plug, it depends on where your heart is
You might be my plug, it depends on where your farm is
I'll take a smart dog with sauerkraut and Parmesan
And you can find me tryin' to make party until the stars are gone
First time caller, tryin' to holler at Martians
I might be servin' cauliflower at the farmers market
Rest in peace to all the energy outside of the margin
And leave a candle in the window, that's for Michael Larsen