

## Deuce Deuce

Attila

Every day we are force fed with compiling stress  
But not a single worry will ever cross me  
Choices mean vices we all have our thing  
The party's in session so crown me the king

Do you like to lose control?  
Sex, drugs, and death metal  
Fill out the form and sign below, so  
Choices mean vices, we all have our thing  
The party's in session so crown me the king

What the fuck is up?  
When everybody fucking talks shit  
Everybody fucking talks shit  
What the fuck, what the fuck is up  
When everybody fucking talks shit  
Everybody fucking talks shit  
What the fuck

Yeah were gonna break it down like nobody ever has before  
Cuz were young and fucked up, poppin' da blunts up, high in the  
dirty south  
Until the breath is taken from my lungs  
I'll be spittin' a fat-track attack like a rapper on crack

Lies gargle through my veins  
Minds start to go insane  
Where do we put the blame?  
Emotion is just a fucking game

Oh, pieces are shattered  
None of this mattered  
Disregard the fine print

So do you like to lose control?  
Sex, drugs, and death metal  
Fill out the form and sign below  
So choices mean vices, we all have our thing  
The party's in session so crown me the king

Oh, it's apparent, haven't you figured us out by now?  
Oh, where my bitches? Haven't you figured us out by now?  
Oh, it's apparent, haven't you figured us out by now?  
Oh, where my bitches? Haven't you figured us out by now?