NEED FOR SPEED (GET HIGH)

BEXEY

I got a need for speed, ya know
Try ya luck, roll the dice, bite the dust
Huaaaah
Gdumm, dum, dum

Air Force one on the pedal, hit the metal
Need for speed, like vroom, vroom, vroom
I'm higher than the wheel of a Baltimore bike rider
And she lower than a Chevy body kit on west side of the coast
Get low
Yoga practice, touch ya toes while I stroke
Praying mantis, she she flexible
Kinda like Jeff Hardy on the top rope
Fuck her on the window
Wave to the new neighbors
I don't know their name yet (Get low)
Don't even know, don't care, so that's cool
Drifting away like I'm in Tokyo
Need for speed, I'm still chasing the high
Sick of them asking me 'bout the pain in my eyes
My sanity declining while the cash flow rise
The annual salary sacrifice suicide
Ooh, I just wanna glow like the neon lights under the skyline
Full speed ahead, nitrous oxide
Enjoy the ride, soon I'm gonna die
Mm, tried to make this song a bit happier
Clearly there's underlying issues I ain't handled yet
Wish I was like RX-7 with the handling
I hit the barrier, lost control and I'm crashing it
Body kit damaging, that alcoholic neuropathy
But I can't hit the brakes, so fuck it, then I'm outlapping

Get low (Get low), get low (Get low), get low (Get low)
Fuck it, get high, get high
Fuck it, get high, get high
Fuck it, get high, get high
Fuck it, get high, get high

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