

[?] allegiance, flat Jesus
Adam and Eve and barnacle breathing
Under partisan particle leaving
Case complacency, I'm stationed facing my maker
Mouth full of braces, crutches touching under my ankles
Barely a body, more just a screen with a hanger
Anger a hobby, chose rigid gaps for slaver
Task for labor, bastard cashing in where he tasers
Mask in the gutter with shea butter
I shake, shutter
Shiver in the river capsized
The glimmer that baptized
To simmer with tape decks
Old heads relate well
Peel the skin from the apple slow
Slice my mouth in cold
Knife breath rose deeper
There's no songs left, just a fever
Foggy blades I've eulogized
Grave digging the supersized mind of gluttonous puns
Dumb subtleties cumbersome
Bed wetters are troublesome
Past age six, I was already an old man with a death wish
Now a middle-aged escapist with no room to grow
Wombs like rubrics cove
Walked a maze in the garden rows
Take my face from the shelf
Talk to the lake and the elk
They say the same thing
"Where have you been all my life? My life, where have you been? My life, where have you been?"

I was on that [?]
Letting my mind drift
Girl do not trip
I will not dip
I was smoking that [?]
Letting my mind drift
Girl do not trip
I will not dip

Warrior one, the euphoria of the allegory is shunned, so pour me one
You gotta have a dick that's twelve stories and forty tons to think that you
the motherfucking one
I'm warning and quarantined while boarding the morning sun
You niggas are boring, I'm storing while courting your hun
I'm from the roaring twenties, you know we get the shit done
Now throw in a roll of twenties into a hot dog bun
In an outdoor park, so I can do without your remarks
When it comes to leftist yuppie squads I'm Groucho Marx
So come to Cali and get served, fool
At the rib joint you get served
While we pinpoint that pinched nerve
By chilling, puffing on a lit joint and big CERN
In an awkward spot, I'm tangling my guts in an oxford knot
Spazzing for a stomach full of water drops
Man, I'm so raw I can't get a show in my own city

Blow fiddy, so witty, control-alt-delete your whole city
The console's mini but the soul's nitty-gritty
Mississippi mockingbird landing on the turtles nest
While ethnic whites bicker over who runs the world best
Man, why you staring at my girl's chest, fool
Yeah, uh

You're cursing heavens from above
Who you hate and who you love
But you should keep them apart
Because you won't dare use your mind the way no one can
You won't propose the plan
You won't dare use your mind the way no one can
You won't propose the plan
You were supposed to expand
Expand, expand

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