

# Sycamore

Chester Watson

A cup of acid down the hatch and, spit it up  
Cause he don't give a fuck 'bout what you saying, rock the Saiyan cut  
Brewed it, she the newest nigga blazing up (Vagrant strut)  
Cruising for a bruising, you's a loser, nigga (Poof! You missing)  
Peruvian and she Buddhist, fruitless movements lead the group  
She whip em spiff as fuck, ancient technique, he roll the spliff and puff  
Hit the Dutch, hole in his heart but he don't give a goddamn  
'Bout the sleep, catch him resting in peace  
I told 'em I would be the dude flying in jets, smoking keef leading 'em  
Fucking these foreign bitches in hotels overseas  
Well, I would be, so now I'm just chilling in the woods  
Smoking good trees, dust is the look  
Could give a fuck 'bout the book, but catch me reading 'em  
I'm looking for the method to chef gourmet with no seasoning  
The witch's stew is brewing, I'm tripping fumes in the room, I can't believe  
it  
He's a thief or he's a genius, atheistic, breathing demon, what a  
  
Silly little joy, stop and watch it happen  
Wanna save the world, but the world is steady laughing  
Take another road, swallow in your fear  
Closer to light, but it's far away from here  
And you, you didn't hear that from me  
You didn't hear that from me  
You didn't hear that from me  
You didn't hear that from me

Smoking 'til my chest is yelling, "Fuck you, Chester"  
Conquest needs hustle, bet you lack black  
So you could say that I am what is crack-a-lacking  
Hit your dip like "Hey, batter, batter, hey batter, batter swing!"  
Miss the world's ending, wave shatter  
Aliens will tip the loft and the [?] drifting cough  
And I'm chilling like a supervillain should be, yelling [?]  
He trying to save 'em, but the people petty, praying sickness kill him  
He reminisce of lost evidence, fit the description  
Less sane than the average factor in his mental giftedness  
(He get symphonies twisted) Tainted by the ancient Japanese  
He bleed ritualistically, indeed the kid's a mystic sent from Venus  
To invade us (hate 'em), spawned of death in Hades  
Watch confetti hit the blades and change the way we see the ways we in  
I'm faded, you could tell, it's in the gaze I give (Praise the land)  
Had so much to do and barely grazed the list  
Cheers

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