

No Strings

Confetti

Like it or not, I fill the room like confetti
I've had enough of industry fucks

Suck sum' heavy won't ya
Cuz everything sounds recycled when the labels poach ya
Road kill for the aging vulture
Pray ya mans he better stick to culture
(Shut the fuck up man)
What's the drop? No love
Need the dance floor moving kick the tempo up
Got a tree full of lemons just to juice a couple finished
Then replenish while the others decompose and we forget em

No you don't want no problems
No problems with me
Don't fuck with a puppet, with no strings
No you don't want no problems
No problems with me
Don't fuck with a puppet, with no strings

Better find your people
The eyes wide, inside, outside people yeah
The world got a lot of evil
If you dope enough don't open up your wounds to the needle
Cuz these motherfuckin beetles and roaches
Don't want the commotion
Don't like when your famous
Cuz old money say when new wave is
And bitches hate when you don't know where your place is

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Got no strings
You won't be the boss of me
I won't be
Something I'm not supposed to be

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