

Yesterday I had a talk with my reverend
About how I traded my soul to get a skeleton
Of Lucifer, so a nigga can mount it on his wall
Hella high, hella high so an angel can never fall
Smoking on the mystical chronic from a shaman
Disguised as Andre Young with razor blades under the tongue
Hopefully his speech impediments might call upon, petchulants
So he can rip the wings off Cosmo, and Pegasus
Eating Flapjacks with a cannibal Captain K'nuckles
Kamakaze, jeepers creepers, read the power, ate his tonsils
Threw it up, gave it to an asthmatic
Swapping spit with crack addicts, Complex magazine and mathematics
Dilated with the ganja and peripherals
I look at things as cynical, I put the fun in funeral
A misty, mystic, mischievous one
Burning papers of the book, Fahrenheit 451

Can you see, what I see?
Look at life, in 3D. (Widescreen)
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Trying to achieve the same color as pawn tyler scalp forest
I see everything like I'm Horus
So watch man, like I'm into Rorschach
STD's and bullets, that's what happens when them guns clap
Wickedly sticking these bitches, g, I'm Ice Cube Jackson
5 fingers of death, I'm packing
Something that will make you feel like a paraplegic
Paralyzed when folks no habla murder thesis
Told based god I'd give him a virgin sacrifice
And stepped into a Pantheon and said "Yo, which one you like?"
Step to Aphrodite with an amethyst rock
Crystal, get it dog? nah that's a Shih Tzu
If you don't really get the moral of the song
Basically I see crazy shit, when I grip the bong
So maybe right now, you know what that means
My eyes are dilated, all 3 in HD
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