

# All Hands on Deck

Dominic Fike

I want your germs  
Sick is a word  
Death is a state of mind  
Like time  
But I'm not, I'm real  
At least I think  
Dare I say

You know cash is king out West, and mattresses open up  
As often as bugs land on bums' hands on  
All hands on deck, we all dying out here  
But I smile out here in the face of death  
Funny how we all stuck but you can't connect  
And everybody looks at you and breaks their neck  
And you can't get rest, you can't even get arrested  
'Cause we all doing the hawk tuah, get famous  
Hop to it, get sober, now do it, now do it, motherfucker  
Man, you got a son, you gotta get to it fast, man, you gotta run  
You gotta come up with sum, you better come up with something  
Some type of fund, some type of trust  
But don't nobody trust nobody, so what the fuck?

So try your hardest, you stale and starving dying artist  
You mailman hotel front desk, working that same job  
Hoping that same job pays off, but it don't make no difference  
So make your living, make your missus happy  
Go down on her, don't fuck around on her  
I did, you see how that worked  
Could I get a luya?

Breathing  
I wanna help without breathing  
I wanna inhabit your safe zone  
Ah, leaving  
I think we're better off leaving  
I wanna travel ya  
Ooh  
Ooh