

Shut your fucking neck off, your fucking neck face
I'm a poor white trash can, Shut your fucking face off
I'm a poor white trash can sitting on a suburban lawn behind a sidewalk that
stretches as far as I can see
I believe in God, mailboxes, and capitalism
But that's only cause if I didn't... I couldn't be

Lines

Read between 'em, color outside of 'em
I go beyond the lines you let define you
Line up at the table we gots lot to draw
Cause it's a thin line between a thick line and no line at all

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When God cries, acrylic paint drips from his eyes
He puts a rainbow in the sky for you and I both to openly despise
I take in the last breath with the lips touchin'
And when it's all over I'll probably feel like I missed somethin'
The feel good music ain't as bad as the kiss was
And it's nothin' to say I live under construction, obstructed, distracted
Corrupted, directed abstracted. corrected conducted
And laughed at by nothin' but fascist robotic plastic psychotic toys in the
attic
Crafted by bad actors turned narcotic addicts slash black magick adepts
Practicin' maskin' skin graphs with pins and needles to fool the feeble mass
es
So it's no obstacle to rob the soul of its only assets
Pay heavens border patrol to control the traffic
The face the angels wear is cold but classic
So with my foot on the gas the world's wishin' I crash
Cause I turned the lines they built to hold me back into an infinite graph s
ip it and laugh

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I rock the kinda smile you only see in a casino
On my way to my trial for killing the machines
I'd die to put a lot of wear and tear on the regime
But it ain't what it is cause it's barely what it seems
Rhyming's in my blood so it's carried in the stream
Nothing but a fairly poorly narrated scene
I can't name all the therapists I've seen

But I still have the little house on the prairie in my dreams
The cream of the crop rise to the occasion
There's more to hip hop than what you got in your basement
Instead of condemning yourself for all the peace of mind your wastin'
I'll draw the new blueprint you just take the time to trace it
I'll draw the new blueprint you just take the time to trace it
I'm pure bashin' ears in a non-linear fashion here
Ask if we're out of line?
You're God damn right
I redefine the boundaries every time I touch the mic and spit my lines

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I'm the reason that your girl thinks she's a quantum physicist, alright?

Die