

Don't go to clubs and I damn sure stay low-key  
Still them little jitterbugs wanna start shit with a creep like  
me  
This the type of shit that you bump when a mothafucka wanna fix  
that fade  
Bitch I'm on a gallon of Henny see if I really give a fuck if I  
die today  
Bitch ass  
Hoe ass  
Runnin' at the mouth ass fake wannabes I see  
You know I really try to stay cool  
Sometimes Buddha can't save me  
Stuck with the fucked up brain with so many voices talkin' I ca  
n never sleep  
Soon as I shut my eyes all I can see is a start of a darkenin'  
dream

Tropical depressions hittin' me again and I don't know  
Which of the voices all up in my brain, is tellin' me the right  
way to go  
Hoe, you speakin' bout Satan, but I can see you know not what y  
ou're sayin'  
My eyes roll to the back of my mind  
All I see is tainted

Ridin' on '95  
Junt to the brain I fly  
One cloud in the sky  
Wonderful day to die  
Trippin' on shroomz I'm fine  
Everything straight don't mind  
Negativity go bye  
Let's see how long I can try  
Take a trip the plane go Ghoste  
This time I am not alone  
I see some others that know  
Buddha chillin' on a throne  
Question everything you know  
Religion and even the Pope  
Mistaken for Satan the goat  
Ignorance ain't no joke

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