

Electronic Relaxtion

GoldLink

See I used to love this shit
More than I loved myself
I used to push for that bezzle
And run away from the cops
And pop pop pop at windshields
And bust you smooth off the block
I did this shit before PAC
And way before Drake wore Versach
And no more rocks man I'm done
I'm done with dumb bottled rum
Run fast rabbit run run
I run away from this music industry shit til I die
Mothafuck you faggot niggas mothafuck you all, die
I fight for peace no more beefin'
Yo girl hear my voice she queefin'
And we change up like the seasons
As far as good music go
Cause I got four hundred fifty million rap styles I done flowed
And y'all got like six hundred and seventy million y'all stole
My flow is stupid and cold and fluka flow like I'm old
Did Joey sacrifice Steez, and Aaliyah wouldn't miss her plane
Would this shit just be different or no Beyonce or Jay?
Do I ask too many question to see how you feel inside?
Like, girl
Is easy to love me now?
You ain't talk to me before
Hayfield, the class whore

Bitch fuck with me I'm on top
Bitch I ain't gonna flop
Now make them panties drop
Droptop and see the city lights and drive to Gotham
I don't even use a Notebook I ain't Ryan Gosling
I'm more 1964 Brooks Robinson
The MVP of MLB the B'more hitta' bat and shit
Gimme a break kit kat and shit
Beat his ass and park the whip
Wop wop nigga wop nigga we on

Hear the backseat jump we on right now
God I need yo hand
Lead me to the rock
The promise land
'Caus I don't even know what to do
Real shit
I don't know what to do
I don't wanna fuck up
And don't wanna lose anything with you
So... uhm

Pray pray pray pray pray harder
Which art in heaven our father
If I die, like right now
Lord take care, of my girl Bri
And cut her friends, well not all. Uh. Er
Maybe some, shit
Start over

If a nigga die right before a nigga wake and I pray up to The Lord that my soul is my to take

Real nigga shit
I don't give a fuck
Fuck that beef
Real nigga shit, uh
Um ah um, yeah
I don't know what
But I flow so crazy
Oh my God, oh yeah yeah yeah

Girl
Is it easy to love me now?
'Caus you ain't fuck with me before
You a fuckin' ass whore

YEE

Put my hand up on yo' hip
When I dip, you dip, we dip
So c'mon baby, just Pop That P'
And watch Freak Nasty Throw that D, yeah
Ain't nuthin' like a 2 live party
When them girls freak everybody
Those other girls, those other girls
The 2 Live girls make me so, me so
I had a girl doin' S & M
Marquis had a girl doin' her and him
Chinaman had 'em gettin' down low
And m' boy King T was bringin' three mo'
Come one come all if you can hang
But you gotta Move Somethin' and Do the Damn Thang
Clay D got the bottle and I got the blunt
2 Live, Freak Nasty, what's up!