

[Intro]

Sound so crazy

50 pull-ups on the pull-up bar
When I hit award shows I wanna pull up a star
Tank on E, got no time to pump
So I'm runnin on fumes cause I live life once
Duct tape in the trunk of, my corrupted mental
Mood swingin lyrics like a woman on her menstraul
Gold line, sleep in Union Station metro
Skateboard plus sneaks, high top retro
Special but can't blend in like a gecko
Fans runnin up, askin me about my next show
like, let me grab my friends and let's go
Rap is my passion, fuck tryin to impress hoes
I reach for the stars like NASA moonwalkin
Why you runnin your mouths, what'cha goons talkin?
Backstage with Left Brain in my own dream
And the haters is goin to sleep, they gon' dream soon

[Chorus]

I can't breathe I'm - claustroflowbic
Give me space I'm - claustroflowbic
Fame is a closet and I'm claustroflowbic
My rep, I lost it cause nigga I'm claustroflowbic
Claustroflowbic? (Claustroflowbic) [4X]

(Left) Pinky and the (Brain), noodles to the strain
Doggie to the dang, great
Told me the Tiger series or boxers, I ate flipped
accordians
Two-faced, two rows, two gates
Whichever way I choose is a new fate
New love is a new hate, she got a cute face
Bad attitude with a Haddie Q taste
Gettin at her, spittin at her, yeah how the boot taste?
Gingivitis, toothache, mouthwash, toothpaste, breathin
on 'em
Spit hot flows like the heater's on 'em
Pretty hood like I dickie wifebeated on 'em
Teetin material like our cousin skeeted on 'em
Don't lie, don't hi, won't lie, won't die
cause my music is alive
Don't lie, don't hi, won't lie, won't die
cause my music is alive

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Inhale, exhale [5X]
Exhale, exhale