

Lost (Skit)

K.A.A.N.

Stella, play Bad Luck

Shit!

Testing, testing
Can anyone hear me?
Can anyone hear me?
Fuck!

Day 246, I still have yet to hear from home base
I'm officially running low on food, water, and oxygen
Still no sign of a neighboring base to refuel
I have one day's worth of fuel left
S.O.S!
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My label, I can't go on forward cause they playing
Taking my jacket, yeah, but the faggots
Come in with some ransom, for man, super magnet
Can't play here with the crowd, let's go, right now
This life we live, it might get fouled
It might get right, don't get burnt out, like woah, woah, woah

I get too much to claim
I get too drawn to fame
I get in on my own way
It's always that one thing