

Take 2

Lancey Foux

Pedal bike, rider high
Two phones, every different type
I'm living twice, I already died
I need a hundred mill, might take two
And I talk to the Lord like mates do
Got a thousand dimes to attend to (Woah)
Pedal bike rider high
Two phones and they different types

I'm deaf by choice, I ain't tryna' listen
You hear the Backwoods in my voice, honey berry rhythm
And I'm coming in [?] chip of my shoulder still chippin'
Wesson Smith, we gon' shoot to your position
I was tryna pedal bike outer space like I was ET
I don't see myself where I play myself like a CD
You are what you eat, put the money in the goats' cheese
The priest confessing to me, all my dimes having a eulogy

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Keep the bandage on me, bag of safety money
Keep the ballad on me, choppa sing a song
Put cocaine in holy matrimony, fiends wanna ring or suttin'
Got my ringer buggin, can't get rid of them
And the waitress asked my order I said "Million" (Woah)
I had to go Aunt Jemima, sweet my sentiment (Woah)
Pull up on baby tonight and tease her temperament
She look inside my eyes and see a vacated soul
I see a fiend hit it twice, yeah he [?]
And the block wasn't nice so we trained up to go
I'm in a box on her mind, [?] straight to the dough
And she gotta call me all the time cause she hate being alone

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