

## Conan

Madchild

Hard for me poke her, god forbid, I offer man I'm far from medi  
ocre

I was eating like a needy greed ogre  
Now my heart is bleeding and I'm sitting eating yogurt  
Almost lost completely, see me on a milk cart  
I can't trust my sweetie, I'm defeated now the Hulk hurt  
Little giant lying in a puddle not to soak her  
But little giant getting muddy I'm the joker  
Study my report card, buddy i got four stars  
Everybody huddle while I'm bloodier then war scars

Underneath the north star, war horse  
Hoping that a porsche will be my fourth car  
Sippin' from a gold tea cup, girl B cup  
Wanna be a C cup, telling her to speak up  
Walk through night club, people still clearing space  
Keep doing shows, soon I'm gonna need a hearing aid  
As an old man I'll be Conan on a stone throne  
Pointing up to space saying phone home  
I'm Arnold Scwharzenegger with a chrome dome  
I'm a terminator, Imma burn em with these gold poems

Smoke you with this home grown  
Livin' in a glass house, careful of the stones thrown  
Roaming like a cellphone ya I'm in my own zone  
Killin all these drone clones