

# Crossfaded

Mann

Young and lost  
Living by different laws  
Baby, baby, baby...  
We lifting off  
Drifting off, getting cross  
Faded, faded

Life consist of living, dreaming and dying, no denying  
So sometimes I indulge in experimenting and trying  
New things, get high and visit  
All the places that I've been  
Without moving, mind traveling  
No time happening, tapping in  
Never tapping out, what you rappin' 'bout?  
Problem, where the molllys? Pass 'em out 'til we passin' out  
Maxin' out with a pretty thang, hit her with a bit of game  
Did she give me brain?  
I forgot, last night we could of done anything  
I'm livin' so lawless  
Trying to keep it all the way righteous, but a nigga aint flawless  
Crack it, sprinkle it all up in her drank, the liquor dissolves it  
Aw shit, we gettin' it started  
My niggas some smokers  
Her friends alcoholics, so we all lit  
All the drugs mixed in our system, we feel the difference  
Blurry visions, perception twisted, we went the distance  
In love we live in moments where I would've felt resistance  
Now welcomes me in, I basically melted in it, MANN

Natural blondes droppin' N-bombs, but I aint trippin'  
Puffin' that bomb, tippin' that dom, what I've been sippin'  
I hit this bad broad named Molly and she paid a visit  
The way we live it, specific, faded, is it  
Twisted sip it, twisted sip it  
Twist it, sip it, is it time to wake up?  
Is it, twist it, sip it, twist it, sip it  
Twist it, is it time to wake up?

Can't expect a man that's this high to not show emotions  
I'm quick to flash like cameramen, but never losin' focus  
The ignorance inside of... I had to learn to cope with  
So I use my mind to grow my grind without ever doin' hoe shit  
Like French straddlin', dick ridin', shit jump, no fist pump  
Just stand tall, no switch-sidin'  
Mountaintop, my clique climbin' - fly, we unparalleled  
I parasail, I'm zip-linin', yellin' "fuck pussies with a ripped condom"  
When I fuck pussies, need a big condom 'cause it's 'bout to be on  
All that scared shit, stop it, girl, get ready to pop it  
'Cause them thangs almost gone  
And it ain't about knowledge, but it's like college  
Shit, I'm all in my zone  
When I'm ballin', old bitches beggin' me to call 'em  
Enemies just pray that we stall 'em  
(What?) No Twitter, but if it's on, we at it  
When I'm molly-poppin', everybody droppin'  
My thoughts start gettin' erratic  
And I told Mann that one yam wanted him to hit, so he bat it

And knocked it out the park, knocked it out the park  
I grabbed a glove and snagged it

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