

One Wing

!Mayday!

Motherfucker I've got problems
But them'll never make the columns
Taxes baby mommas and they mommas' drama
Run and fuck the commas
Swimming with piranhas
Sharpening katanas
Decompress with ganja before all of y'all are goners
Unruly with the cowards
These truly last hours
Homie crank it up, bust it down, make it into powder
Take it out of space
Before these fuckers jump the counter
Me and Wrek are both tipsy from the whiskey sours

Come at they macs
A venomous track
You gentleman lack the better
This is sediment rap
The leather's the map
Your lack is in costella
I tesseract and yes in fact
My lessons cold fellow
You've been beckoned Jack to get on back
The game is Old Yeller
So what the fuck you really want from me?
I've been holding it down so long my palms no longer bleed
This is that cacti skin
Sweet tea, get a sip of this
And back up while we blast the fuck up out this insignificance

They say that birds of a same feather flock together
And some never get to sing
So that's probably why my whole team's locked forever
You can't fly on one wing
They say that you can kill two birds with just one stone
Well go ahead and take your swing
But one shot ain't enough when you're facing the kings
You see you can't fly on one wing

Bottle full of Mezcal, lemon lime demeanour
Throttle push down with a pocket full of heaters
Burning I've been serving lines since back before the streamers
Ran in and changed the meters
To way beyond the fever
We kept on rocking like the stones
Got million dollar options with no profit off these poems
Well that's fucking fine
Thought out the box but they wanted you to be stuck inside
We brought the past into the future now let's up and ride

Stay in a fading polaroid with my droids
Trying to get these bitcoins lined up for my boys
Just keep these hard drives spinning and these trailer wheels taught
Keep 'em pressing all these bitches and they mommas for sport
See I got no chance left
Never out of breath
Loud child

Wild style
Grew up in the centre isle
This for all my people now
Homie there's some dark days
That's why it's so hard to shine
Time to hit that time off
Redefine your state of mind

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I hang-glide through the thinnest air
They fly on a wing and a prayer
Taking dives
Kamikaze pretending the engine's stabilised
And since I'm able I'm handing out chutes and saving lives
They want to be strange to be playing and tied to labels
Why I lead way
Coming from dilated days of Day 5 and Jean Grey
And I make time, from the Bayside
To the BK
My mind state stay on
Trains getting defaced
B-boying rocking shows
Deejaying me and my team
Straight up

Headed for turbulence, Bernz shit is ridiculous
I caught Wrek off a few dabs, now I'm ubiquitous
So witness this
Crew getting cut up if there's playing
I couldn't give a flying fuck no I swear it I'm Eric Draven
Out the grave quick
Coming in just to devour crews
Piling in the prototype in an hour with Howard Hughes
Call me a dirty bird, I agree that I'm quite gutter
It's stranger nowadays cause I got with the right brother

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