

# One Wing

iMayday!

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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