My family fresh black leather Portraits on my limbs Freshmen on my back An' people frozen in my fridge Sister think I hate her Cause I hate her shitty friends It's a party 'til the fire marshall Break the doors in, we squadded up So pitiful on that party shit Girlfriend in the studio, high off couple rips Got up for some visuals Homie call the flicks Tell 'em do it faster An' something in it for him and it ain't It ain't, it ain't really nothing easy fam Keeping up appearences just to keep a couple fans Ha these robotics got a evil plan That's why we the reaper clan Gave em all that snake and bats Ha! KC Tea and Whiskey shots War paint spread it 'round these Hollywood lots Touch me in the black is provin when I'm connectin' dots But maybe this shit Jenga and the bottom 'bout to drop Let it drop

Life's fast
I just wanna take it real slow
Real slow

Syrup's not illegal so it floats in my veins I'm chasin' after evil to get outta my brain This is right lane lifestyle Should've all kept it wild style But somedays just feel Sunday Dig the vibe child? You see I'm staring out my window sill Out upon a city moving With a tempo that kills Kids acting like they grown As if the elders didn't notice Doing 90 in the Jeep Getting mighty hard to focus now Let's pick it up and slow it down I just wanna spend time witcha We can hang around No cellphones, no iPads You, me and the sound All these freakin' bells and whistles Make it hard to know you're down At least for now We can pace it to the metronome Walking around the Terradome Tryin' to find the sectors own Wrek is home and the BPM is perfect

Bouncing down below Keeps it smooth up on the surface Real slow

Life's fast
I just wanna take it real slow
Real slow

I just wanna take
I just wanna take it real slow
Hey, I just wanna take it real slow
I just wanna take it real slow
I just wanna take it real slow
Hey, Mayday! Everyone
I just wanna take it real slow

That shit sound like weed bro Hehehehe, that's dope man Mayday man, Believers Yeah!