

Smash And Grab

iMayday!

DJ Green Lantern, Green Lantern
Mayday, we out here on the corner right now
[?], Its crazy, its a fucking smash and grab
Going on out here, I'm tryin' to put you up on somethin'
Right now you can get somethin' real cheap to nothin' right now
Smash and grab!

[*Laughing*], fight or flight
Yeah, check, uh

Livin' in constant battles, wild animal
Jungle, hope you never change the channel
Drive manual, poison all inside your coffee handle
Lost valuables, thou' I usually aim to kill
I sometimes miss just for the thrill
She want a doctor she can feel, but I ain't, that malleable
Firecracker lightin' type of kill, son of Samuel
Bring a bucket full of counterfeits, bomb avenues
While I take over this bitch and grant her every fuckin' wish
I know it's thicker than some gritz but I ain't let it break my hustle
Thick as elephant skin, I never tore a single muscle
Memorizing a pen, I'm tryin' to Hampton with the Russells
Thinkin' in zoid brussels, dank by the duffel
Muffle all my foes, close goals, to the dogs of the town
Sometimes you can catch em' outlined on the ground
But, most of the time you'll find em' lost deep in the sound
It's for the city that I'm tryin' to hold down
But ya'll don't hear me thou'

Smash!, Grab!, Smash!, Grab!, Smash!, Grab!
Get it while you fuckin' can
Smash!, Grab!, Smash!, Grab!, Smash!, Grab!
Ain't no way to stop it man
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You already know the goblin with a drinkin' problem
This IPA has got me thinkin' bout' extinction often
To early to tell, I treat my wounds with razorblades
And bandage applause, to keep they nerves up on the edge
And all my ego dissolved, It's simple mathematics
Every symptom is an instrum average, walkin' around with the taste of stress
on my tongue
I try not to be to hypocritical, in this world it's so cynical
Like to tell you I got your back and then run
Up and muff behind you ducks, then look like "I can't believe it"
That kind of shit is cowardice, you save that for the bean dip
Be easy with the snakes and serpents in this lake they lurkin'
I've been needy with the paper hurtin', fake friends are diversions
And it's rushing me to drink, Soviet boozin'
You wouldn't want to blink baby girl it's only delusion
I'm two tigers short of my fuck you circus
And I'm lookin' for nothin' but plenty of lovin' to get me through the servi
ce
Daddys little girl is now Papas grown slutbag, fuckin' every creep

And where you sleep is made of nutsacks, back it up and make it pop again
Just for the snuff mag', atleast you got the cover, I just read it for the m
uff tags
Is anybody out there still? I think not, postcard from the edge, and my head
is full of inkblots
See iMAYDAY! 's on the move, stop and sling blocks, leavin' all competitors
just dead
And now they stink box

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Messed up radio signals