

The lust that sold the story, grodier than Mr. Crowley
For those embarrassed to know holier than thou Imoli habits
Paris to the Gobi, bring 'em up to speed slowly
On the low key, Kindles is phony D
Tastes stale - see the words in shades of grayscale
Right there in black-and-white, protected by chain mail
Today's the day made your way to see your sister'n'um
Took my little mens with her, told her loved 'em, kisseded him
These oversensitive youngins is on some new stuff
Can't sit still and focus, the time it take to do enough
From the mean streets of the "Can I get a dollar, dude?"
Above measure, the singular pleasure of solitude
It's your poison, if you so choose, absorb it
Veins to the brain, shoot off into orbit
How you know octagon?
Or much less tetragrammaton?
To get the good stuff, you gotta get out to the Amazon
With any luck, your mic could score locally
Keep it on the hush when you speakin' on it vocally
Then you gotta be on the in, a known member
I think I still owe him little somethin' since November, whatever
Who need credit when cash speak?
Get it - sweatin', sittin' on his package since last week
We all got weaknesses, even the functionin' dead
Some will end up fudgin' numbers, buggin' and lunchin' instead
Netflix in the head
Second best trick to get chicks into bed

Uh, I've been hit, I've been
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