

Split-Screen

Paris Texas

We had to take a lil while with this shit
Had to figure it out
Bet you gon' fold under pressure lil boy
When them figures is out
Fuck all that rock shit my nigga
We letting this nigga shit out
Why would I hear any back talk
When I got my dick in her mouth

In school, I was made fun of
For the way, I talk my grammar
I'm Afrikan, like Bambaattaa
Bet they all, love hearing me now
Bet them same, ones lovin' our sound
Stayin' at home, was a problem I was playin' games
Running thru albums, meanwhile my grades
Would suffer, did that shit for a whole summer
Know my parents, thought that was a bummer
And I might, catch salmonella all this chicken
That I touch, ooo raw and some women
That I fucked, too raw niggas wanna play a game
I saw, now it's blood all over these walls
In my past life, I was a otter way I backstroke
In that water, overseas "Hey pardon, my manners"
This shit magic, pardon my mana
The swag, they steal like armor got blues
Around my collar, but I still feel I gotta work harder

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Bottles on bottles on bottles on bottles
I fucked up my kidney
You talking that bullshit my nigga
My nigga you cannot get rid me
I cannot fuck with them niggas no more
Them niggas is iffy
I do not fuck with one hundred no more
Better keep it one fifty
I had no roof over my head
Don't believe in ceilings
Had to plot in silence
Niggas couldn't hear this villain
Walked up in the building
Had one hand up on my phallus
Walked up in the building
Treat this bitch like it's my palace
Better come near me with good intentions
Not no mallace
Trust me I know niggas that bang
Harder than a mallet

Gave my bitch some shrooms
Now she starting to feel like Alice
Trippin' on me easy
Just because she think I'm valid

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