

Maybe I'm strange to you  
But I'm okay to me  
There's a cure for AIDS  
But they wanna clear the streets  
Your opinion is invalid please don't even speak  
But you can drop it and bust it open till it's obsolete

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I got myself too much, but then I think about it  
These rappers suck, you hear my shit you turning up the volume  
You at the club getting drunk and I'm sitting in my room  
Chilling like a wine cooler, one word to define Pouya  
I fuck with me, I love myself  
I hate you hoes, I hate your attitude  
But I love the way you fuck behind them closed doors  
Come closer to me, get comfortable  
I ain't Dr. Huxtable, I know it's hard to trust me though  
Your so cold you make my nuts shrivel up  
Morons taking Oxy till their body pretty ugly  
I can't stand them, selecting randoms at my show  
But sometimes it's just for show, I think this year I'll let you know

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Face cocaine white  
Pussy panther pink  
Fuck the sink  
I'm bout to lay you on that mink  
What you think?

I'm a put you on that bed and lay your head down  
You gotta pay your bills or it's man down  
There's 7 billion more like you  
And a good percentage of them don't even have no clue  
Fuck you I don't know what to do [x8]