

Gasoline

Prof

Well I have a woman, some type of woman that won't let me breathe
Every time I try to go out at night, she always brings gasoline
No longer scared of the fire it just gets hard to breathe

(Do re me fa so)

And I've been putting out this fire for days
And I've been putting out this fire for days

Baby I'm just try to make a livin'
Swashbuckling scraping up chicken for the kitchen
Pardon me, I'm honestly gonna take a couple dishes
Silverware for instance, it's all in good business
Practices. Every morning I wake up and think of robbing
Yup I start my motor then I'm floating like a coffin
Coffee is a problem, these waves make me nauseous
When we catch your boat it becomes such a fucking process
I know I should be sleeping, yet I'm stoking fire
When you say I shouldn't do this
Then you're preaching to the choir
Ah fuck it I'm coming on board
I'm eating what you eat and I'm drinking what you pour
It's probably a Monday but I haven't a clue
Oh you too? Just do like I do

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This is the youngest that I'm ever going to be
So I'll spend it in a fire storm continue on my spree
Aye! Can you help me sir my house is burning down
Grab a can of gasoline, can you spread it all around?
I smell like a mistake but I'm living in a fairy tale
Make sure them coffins is nailed shut and buried well
All these bad ideas have me so inspired
I'm absent when my court appearance is required
I've stole a 1000 shoes but I've never put them on
I could never walk a mile, that would take too long
You spill my drink in the club, and then we beefing
Jesus this happens every weekend
Thank you for answering the prayers that I've stolen
Brought em out this time what about this crime
Let's get the ball rolling!

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I can't lie that mess I made is risky
Holy shit bro that escalated quickly
Shoot em in the face like a show on Fox
And it don't stop got the 4-4 on lock
Got my own yacht gotta make the po-po hot
Oh God don't stop got the coke on lock hey
Real men don't back down Real men wake
Up in jail for real how does that sound?
Gotta fight to the end, give the pipe
To the friend put it in get a swing, put the
Bat down

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(Do re me fa so la)

I'm not getting out... fuck... I don't plan, I don't plan on getting back