Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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Yeah
So sick and tired of feeling sick and tired
Feel like hanging up the headphones and walking away from the mic
My fucking record label tryna block me
You know that's not me
When you know me to turn away from confrontation
I need suttin' to bounce back from, ah
Turn me up in my headphones
I need more me, yeah
Yeah, yeah, louder, louder
Yeah, yeah, ah, mate
Slick, quick, I run this, you fuckwits can give my arse a kiss
And anything that you do, I been done, or un-did
I'm nothing to fuck with, give a kick, wrist a-flick
I've been through my fair share of crumpet
Calm down, don't have a seizure, or a fit
When have you ever know me to give a shit, you dumb shit?
Out of place 'cause I'm very smart, I run shit
Run into, don't run from, time's ticking, and I'm the bomb
Going off like I'm out of date, but got shelf life like I'm crawfish
Pro G, that's Pro Green, or progress, you know me
I'm headfirst, I'm both feet, 'till I'm six deep, but I won't rest
I'm yawnin', and fallin' asleep, because what you're recording's appalling
Bullshit about balling is boring
Boring, boring, boring, boring
Boring, boring, boring, boring
Boring, boring, boring, boring
Boring, boring, boring, boring
You really wanna talk about cars (Boring)
You really wanna talk about yards (Boring)
You really wanna talk about cash (Boring)
You really wanna talk about period
They need a new leader, I'll lead the way
While doing a little dance like Theresa May
I don't really care about diamond chains
I'm pale as fuck, I need the rays
Bring climate change, or rising the cost to live on a declining wage
While I kick back in my big house, I watch the world burn with designer shad
es on
Which pair? I got hundreds, and more clothes than I can fit in my cupboards
I don't want beef with Theresa either, I just wanna grow reefa like her husb
and
Boring, boring, boring, boring
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