

Gasoline

Sadistik

I am the god of the audible gold
The rivers are blood when I talk its so cold all the oxygen froze
They said know your product but no you're a product
I know I'll never auction my soul
Old boy, walking in snow, no voice, coffin is home
When I die Tutankhamen a cue to comment on comets
That com from my cuticles beautiful homage
Please don't press me I'll go nuclear
Sometimes I feel empty in my nucleus
I'm Mt. Vesuvius these people petty for some new VS's
Pressure pressing diamonds til they're blinding in my bluebird chest
They running in circles to dumb down their virtues
I hum like a hummingbird hundreds of verses
Averse to the unassured, what is your worth?
I know mine I'm the blood of the earth
My inner wisdom inhibitions in a prison
Shine like I'm in a prism
Imposition when I'm in position
Heart black as the ink I dip in it's exquisite

Locked in a mental prison lucky for me I'm an escape artist
What's a bullet to a David Blaine man you're better off shooting at fake targets
I couldn't cry that's a great harvest cutting the head off a snake
I'm never counting on no one just counting on all of the new dollar bills I can scrape
Escape to the lake shore getting refined on my mental
Blood on the page sure cuz I'm intertwined with the pencil
I brought a typewriter just to finish all the ritual and sacrifice writers
Y'all ain't nothing more than hype biters and some over-estimated ice buyers
I'm a walking investment and an arbitrator of assessment
Rapper refreshment though I never made it on the cover of Fresh man
I was busy with the lessons even as an adolescent
My mind is touched too hot skin is incandescent

Hold up, dousing flowers with the gasoline
Hold up, getting casual with casualties
Pull up, watch the notes grow to a rhapsody
Sho Nuff, got the glow so I'm a masterpiece

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