Cabin Fever

Seth Sentry

(Oh man, everybody fucken sucks huh? It's a shame really)

Now do I think there's anybody better? Gee I doubt it
I do this every week and there ain't nothing weak about it
She told me you should whisper something sweet before you hit it
You need to shave your bush cause I ain't tryna beat around it
(I don't know women)

I check the mic like a prostate, no
I stay frosty like a cupcake, no
Takin' rappers out like a lunch date?
Oh, for fuck's sake, sorry these are kinda lazy I was up late

Nutcase, woke up in another fucken drug haze
Blood stains all around the place, fucken Mondays
I tried to squeeze a body in the boot of my Hyundai
But I don't got the trunk space

Fuck, I knew I shoulda upgraded from the hatchback
Now I'm standing at the bus stop lookin' unphased
Duct taped the body to a tree and gave it sunshades
Tryna hide behind a newspaper but my face is on the front page

Oh, you going off the deep end, shark bait
I'm laying on the beach, fucken weeded, sun baked
Trust me bro, I do this every weekend, Sunday
Seize the moment, send your girl a diem, carpe

You are not us
You're staring at your phone like, can I get a buzz?
You think it's all connections and you ain't got the plugs
But you don't get reception, cause you ain't got the bars
That's all it was

Before the mood's gone
You need to pack it all up, you need to move on
You wonder why I never comment on your new song
And send you little pictures of a fire when its lukewarm?

Timer on the clock running lower on the truth bomb
Bro don't get your wires crossed, tryna cut the blue one
Shit, I cut the lights, shoot the fuse box
A million ways to die, make you choose one
Choose your own ending, give you Goosebumps

It's sorta like the warning right before you die
So fortify your borders, I am cold as ice
The train line that I grew up on was a haunted ride
I'm crawling out your walls like I'm like a homicidal poltergeist, boo

I don't walk the line I snort it
Then I cut you when you rub me up the wrong way like a porcupine
Tossing razor blades inside your water slide
And throwing roller blades and razor scooters in your quarter pipe
I told you I am on the grind

So don't go fucking with my balance meter

Man you'll be the saddest joker since Jared Leto
Can you see the difference in category all you rappers need to
Flee the rap arena be on your toes like a ballerina

Damn its either home sick or it's cabin fever
Either way this shit is so filthy I wish I had a cleaner
Watching Tarantino and reading a porno magazine
I'm spilling seed like Michael J Fox at the fucken parrot feeder

How long you gonna let me do this for?
Just take it on the chin until you can't eat solid food no more?
But even when you're picking out your soup du jour
I boot the door and slam you through the floor like I'm a luchador, super co
ol

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