

Paranoia

Seth Sentry

I love the smell of paranoia in the morning
...with the sheets tucked in
It's fucking disgusting
I love the smell of paranoia in the morning

I bet I'm void of many things
Heaven sent in disappointing friends
Time spent avoiding them
If you cannot beat 'em, go and join a gym

Power's in my hands
Like I'm Iron Man
Quetzalcoatl type of plan
Empty bottle vyavanse
You decline, when I advance
Make them look for drier land
All I left behind was fertilizer and a whole entire diagram

Bomb pillars in your village
Let it collapse
Even when you think you're sad
I think I'm better at that

All that product, hyperbolic
I will break your fucking face before a promise
Saying what they say is simply economics
Even Steven
We all c'est-la-vie until that beat drop
Your favorite producer suck my style, when they beat-box
I keep a lethal circle
Ain't nobody fucking else
Roll a bunch of "purple"
Pass the thing right to myself

Applause as I score the award for never showing up
What you're gonna do now?
Write me a poem, bruz?

Ruling my environment
I am like a leviathan
Their songs
Get played on
A small violin
Gods wanna make a mens
Same shit, bigger lens
What's another couple stabs in the back between friends
Say "What?"

Same shit, bigger lens
What's another couple stabs in the motherfuckers back
I want more

More problems
More bodies in the freezer
They record it all
And make a copy for my demons

It's so exhausting
I love the smell of paranoia in the morning

Just a couple of weird cunts
No one will come near us
Talk a lot of tough shit
But nobody fear us
On the veneer
Just a bit of a queer
But I mean in that true sense
Not that new sense
Not that there's anything wrong with that butt
Until you jam up something so big it'll cramp up
It'll make a cripple stand up
Plan was self-serve my shit
And make the BIP noise when I scan stuff
Real fucking G shit
With an extra large penish
Yeah
Chuck your mama fucking feed dish
Fill it up with weetbix
A little bit of milk then diss your daddy on the remix

My demons
Is trying to reason
With me but I am in agreement
They only preaching to the choir
So, when I press "Fire"
Even iron dome prone to the flow
So, most hoping I don't, you little-

Some call me "scumbag"
Some call me "cunt"
Some call me "hombre"
Some call me "bruh"
But I'm just a dumb fuck with trouble keeping up
And if I cannot compete, will I give up?

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I don't really know how to break the ice
At parties, I just freeze it over
Make it even colder
Then try to pretend I don't even know you

Just put me in a pizza coma
A liter bottle of creamy soda
Leave me alone
I'm living la vida loca

Long as you're in your glass house
Then I'm 'a be a stoner
Catch wreck
Greening out like a meaty ogre
You're mediocre at best
So, don't be messing with this swamp shack's
Beefy owner
Unless you be Fiona

I'll put you through the screen
Like a Wii controller
I hope you bought a strap

Before I snap
I'll ring your neck
Before I all you back

Hello

I heard you got some new important rap
I'm sure it's wack
I disappear into a flock of bats
Satanist
Salem-witch paganist
Brain full of hatefulness
Only hang with enablers
Flame-grilling painkillers
Pills labeled as dangerous
Waving some staplers
In the bank teller's face
Yelling out
"Take me to where the paper is!"

I'm still dodging these stray bullets
Saw this girl on Tinder like "Now, I know what an angel is"
Told me, "She craves realness, faithfulness..."
Came to the date looking like Shane Gillis
With face fillers

My favorite dinner course is intercourse
But I'm 'a finish mine before you finish yours
I said, "I'm out here tryna meet my future wife
I want a girl that's into pet play
So, I can get desexed and euthanized."

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Some call me "cunt"
Some call me "hombre"
Some call me "bruh"
But I'm just a dumb fuck with trouble keeping up
And if I cannot compete, will I give up?

See ya

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