

# 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?

It's so exhausting  
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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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See ya

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