

Star Bucks

Seth Sentry

Yo

Super Cool Tree House

Oi

Weird guy (Yeah)

Tryna read the package on this beard dye

I just took a nap, and my career died

Throw the whole diary in the trash and watch the years fly

(Dude, I can't believe it's fucking May already) Yeah

I don't fast travel when my enemies are nearby (Nah)

I just try to make a base camp like it's Queer Eye (Woo), long dead

Bong head, cleaning out the cobwebs

Here to slap a fortune teller till my palms read

'Cause shit ain't in the stars like my chart said

Upset, talking to my gun like I'm Judge Dredd (Shoot)

Get paid out, rap shit's played out (Cha-ching)

Tried to go fade out, but I don't know the way out (Huh?)

So tell your favourite rapper, "Go and pack up early"

I'm running laps and doing jumping jacks, and burpees

To smoke you like a pack of Peter Jackson 30s

I turned my tax attorney into taxidermy (Ayy)

If I don't feel it, kill it; if I don't need it, beat it

Don't send me it, I mean it, I'm too conceited, "He went

Off the deep end", depends how you mean it

Sleeping in my sea bed, Cthulhu, I make 'em sea squid

Yo, I got my feet wet, love crafting a sequence

Eat up a foe like Viets, blup, new achievement

P.S. Don't try to sneak diss, I won't give you no free hit

I will punch you so hard in the heart that it makes the beatswitch, remix! (Ayy)

I can't help it, I'm zero to one thousand

I hear all them cunts tell me they're sick, but it's Munchausen

I swear if they cuss round me I'm slapping the fuck out 'em

I drop albums and flick through the racks like I'm just browsing (Ayy)

I got a girl in my palm: Cortana (Ooh)

When I die, let me respawn: Valhalla (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, every day, same Cold Harbour

Heads get severed like a Mark, then I'm rolling up a number

Fuck a mill check, I don't need the data (Yeah)

See me throw a last thumbs up from the lava (Yeah, yeah)

I just wanna die doing drugs in a bathtub

Of a motel by myself, or a Starbucks

"Now, put a couple shots in my Grande Frappuccino Matcha" (Ayy)

They call me Mr (Yeah), Mr Moronic (Uh-huh)

I try chill but I feel psychotic (Yo!)

Slap a gold ring from a rapper like Sonic (Yeah)

Then I put my hog into your hedge, girl, fuck it (Uh-huh

Ayy) Wait, back the fuck up like Onyx

I got a list, I can fit more on it

Get skilled or you gets killed, who want it?

Now, get the fuck off my comet, run it