

Sticky Bandit

Seth Sentry

Cool

Super Cool Tree House

Get a nunchuck, beat your brother up
Do a cool stunt, pull a bunny hop
Do a hard drug, bring another cup
Tell them life sucks, go and fuck it up
Rob a bank truck, get your money up
If you are not down then you're probably not cool

Ay, uh, I'm back with another handwritten pamphlet
The sticky bandit, I steal your fans and the bandwidth
The plan is, I want the bills, open up the till
Before I put the tool to your head, but this is not a drill
I wanna chill and eat a whopper meal, I sorta feel
Below the water still, there's like a monster
And it wants to kill you like an orca whale
That's headed for your little pod of seals
So it's the end when all you see is a fin like a foreign film
So I'ma really need the cash payment
The number's like a countdown on my bank statement
I could rake in more green if I were landscaping
The rap scene has already got my back aching
I don't know if I can mansplain it
Rap friends turned to God like he can save them
Think it's cool to have something you can faith in
Plus, a little tax haven is a fan favourite
The flag waving, the trans hating, the mass raping
The church a little backwards on the stance
Gay men, the damnation, the translation
I don't think I'm ready to be borne again like I'm Matt Damon

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Full clip, no reload
Pull up and I'm shooting at your house like B-roll
Stuff a whole body in your couch like DeVito
Broke up with the girl, lost about three kilo
Well, more like 63 if you include the girl
Now she moving out, ghost roaming through the house
Tryna tune them out while I eat this tuna melt
Almost threw the towel, wasn't really doing well
Started feeling like the dark night, I don't mean the superhero
With the bat up on the chest piece
I mean, the chess piece, yeah, 'cause every single move's an "L"
And they want you to fail and miss your shot
Now they get to watch you bounce and move around like a Koopa shell
I rock stars, got them calling out the cop cars
Fuck bars, take your spirit through the shot glass
On god, I'm a motherfucking monster
I'm sorry, did my karma hit your dogma?
I'll leave the church part sticking in your head like it's hot fuzz

Funny, got a buzz now I'm off drugs
Don't ever tell me what the odds are
Dummy, see me clown, a broke punk, with the pen he wise—Quad bar

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