

Yeah, Seth Sentry
Super Cool Tree House, Episode Two

Way way way back, way way way back
Way way way back, way way way back

I can't remember my pet's name, I think I drank too much lead paint
When I was a kid I had secret compartments inside of my bed frame
I used to hide all my weed in it, I bought it all with my best mate
All that I wanted was just to be left with my Straight Outta Compton cassette tape
And I am still yelling out, "Fuck the police"
But also I'm calling the cops when my neighbours have parties 'cause they are not me
So please keep it down, it's a Wednesday, and please tell your son to stop crying
I know it's his birthday, but he should have sent cake, I'm as petty
As I was in 10th grade
Now I got no hair but I'm hair brain, I only vape when it's bear mace
I dress so bummy that I bought a coffee and somebody drop me some spare change
But now everything has gone pear-shaped, yeah, now it's all over the airways
Yeah, now it's all over, the end days, I am not paranoid, I'm not a head case
I'm in my shed putting spikes on the rims of my car for the upcoming death race
You best to spectate, please do not get in my way, you just stay in that left lane
I push the pedal, it sound like a jet plane, I hit your rental as hard as my pen game
Yeah, we can settle as soon as I've said "Dave," Jeff? James? Still can't remember my pet's name
Jessica Chastain

Way way way back, way way way back
Seems like, yeah, way way way back
Way way way back, way way way back

Trouble like it's all I know, trouble look it's all I know
Now I'm in the store like whoa, now I'm in the store like whoa
Trouble like it's all I know, trouble look it's all I know
Now I'm in the store like whoa, now I'm in the store like whoa

Stay way way way the fuck back, where your gloves at? I just
Want snacks
Keep your mask on, I don't want chat, fill the bag up, here's a fun fact
I'ma be rich when I'm older, I got the gauc
And the dip and the salsa, I got a chip on my shoulder, all of this
Talkin'
Of money does nothing for me it, just gives me an ulcer, I'd rather act like the sheriff
And walk around town with my dick in a holster, hey, shout out to all of
My homies all day going going hard at the skate park and all of the
Rappers are home
Getting high but still flying right under the radar, doing what
They want
Wax on the ledges or legends on wax, the higher the level the better the sta

ts

Well shit, I been mullin' it over like Rodney, I'm still making songs
In my Daewons

Titan, way way way back

Way way way back, way way way back

Seems like, yeah, way way way back

Way way way back, way way way back