

They never believe it when you tell 'em either, that's the thing

Son might sell you a boondoggle like '90s ski goggles  
In the hood, it's either lead or follow  
I'm livin' like the streets is cobble  
Sit at the desk rolling trees, you would think I'm putting ships in a bottle  
One seed is a maze  
Two seeds, I'ma grieve, three, we coming to rob you  
Since the decision, feeling hollow, I miss you, but I'm old  
Pride ain't that much to swallow no more  
I miss you like the regime toppled  
Knew it was coming and still blindsided like Luke Joeckel  
Blinded white out the Maglite, I'm an apostle  
They holding mirrors, so every pull of the piff feel like a sneak diss  
The spliff feel like a chairlift  
Step off the plane and smile when I can see my breath, you negro is dead  
The people is fed from the palm of a tyrant  
Michelin star, you dine in near silence  
Silverware rattling, chewing and sighing  
Luxuriously slow violence like Pinochet's best pilots  
Death flights with the sun behind us  
The South Atlantic a carpet of shimmering diamonds

Get off at the last stop  
1-800-COPS-SHOT, if you need a hotline  
Half life, state murder pastime  
Who promised you tomorrow when they came for me?  
We was watching towers rise where they fell  
Rockets, comets, scarabs, and scales  
What matters, whose body?  
Will is free, water's not, order now, order hot  
Few steps ahead of fire, she likes when she's watched  
She can tell when you're lying, I know when I'm not  
As red as the sky been, as wide as your gaze wanders  
Coastline contour  
Hiss and crackle like third rock in God's crack pipe  
How about some hardcore?  
Past few nights hectic  
Exit row only, ain't no check-in, can I kick it?  
Devil waters, slick shit out the spigot  
Mirages, sleight of hand, I'm minding business, it pays  
Exact change, may you shine through to the end of your days