

Eighth Day.

Triple One

You can call me what you want girl
I'm your rock, I'm your rock
You can take from what I got though
I need to, I need to

I can see it's been a while ay baby
I conceded in your eyes la-lady
Sort of feeling multiply my age yeah
I conceded for the only bit of meaning I know

Burnt cigarette lent cold on my basin
Flirt with my patience, choke on my paycheck
Choke on my bitch, lie faithless
All gone, amen
Youth is fleeting us, sex is comatose
Fame is dirty money, death is overdose
Take you in and they chew the gun
Virgin spirit elevator love
Metal on teeth put the curse on me
Sickest since slipping my digits Into her
Sippin' on a dream but a purse on me
Sickness gets older apprentice console her
Holding it back but that skin feel velour
Cry when she fuck tell me nothing is beautiful
Sentence offend, pelon pussy the cure
I lay with petals on bed at her funeral

Zapped in the brain, why I keep it so icy
On the formulator, when I spray it on her siamese
Write till dawn, like I'm Hunter S. Thompson
Violent as I grip, while I'm grabbing on my Johnson
Back once again, kill the renegade master
Strike through a ten like my nut a sandblaster
White noise bring me peace
And you could bet your mother's damn life
You got nothing on me
Surrounded closely by the psychiatric visions
Of novels written in fiction, in the wind pissing
Accountable to all the devils selling dreams
Keep em switchen up on the mission
Watch as we glisten
Given a fuck I feel like Aretha
Here here to my old Mona Lisa
Buy love if I could put it on a Visa
My pressure, my sequence
The void in my ether

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You can take from what I got though
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