

Feels like a problem there is nothing stopping from stepping right into your territory
Three ones the brothers, there is nothing other existing could damage me mentally
How come when I speak they listen, when you speak their vision appears to go blurrily, (so when)
A century pass I will venture the dark, and come out cause, that's what I was s'posed to be
Bitch I'm gone, whatever the reason, for why I can't ease up, not giving a fuck
47 Ronan, up in her throat man, sounding like a Yamaha in the back of the car
She get off on my ego, two forty Kawasaki to deep throat, I get the Nagasaki for free though
Sit on the booster, Blowin up your puter, never tutor, the troublesooter, the paper loose, so whatever suit'chah
Obsessive-compulsive
Many people they find me repulsive
Running mouth your jaw click get convulsive
Slow your breath now I want you to hold it
Any body got a problem then solve it
See the white of my eyes, red like a Collin
Swollen, But look on the plus side, open her ass wide
Tamahagane Iron for when I'm trying the cusp eye
I'm eye'n the finest lyres, no sleep for the highest flyer
No cap on the highest buyer, put us on a pin
I'm up in a black ford, tinted dust on a dash board
Blowing up with the jack chord, and the day has begin
If you fuckers ain't heard of us, TO be the murderers
I Heard you ain't worthy, we put your ass in the bin
When Bukakke don't know bout it, because I been herb clouded
Hurt anyone who has doubted, I'm gone with the wind

I don't know, where to go
Who am I, I don't know
Where my friends, when I'm gone
I'm a joke, don't know why
When I'm high, when I'm high
I don't know, who am I
When I'm high, when I'm high
Where my friends, I don't know