

Panic Force

Triple One

What a beautiful day
What a wonderful day
You're listening to Panic Force, have an excellent day!

Dashboard, rolling through the city he a Badboi
Blacked out, redline revving off a matchbox
Sirens ringing on meridians of silence
Violence, man, all these kids want is violence

Wittiful when I'm tripping on my balls and sack
And I ridicule all these devils with my balls intact
That's a fact, matter of fact I need Luciani
And bodyguards with the biggest bodies ever
Protect me from whatever I need
And I plead, on my knees every night by my bed
But instead the devil calls me, he's my regular friend
Once again, kiss my cheek, then extend
And he takes my hand and we go on a bend
Not again

Take me back, I want to see it from the start
Burn the embassy, they hoping on me but no motivation helps

They call me little young boy
I'll drop and I'll be ya toy
Down for whatever ya want
But if you drop me, it's done
Go hard, I won't tap out
Keep the pack out
Slip and slap now
On my shit, wow
Cheap lagers
Full lagers
More lagers
Cigarettes
Pina colada
Disaster
More lagers
Pass the cheque

Take me back, I want to see it from the start
Burn the embassy, they hoping on me but no motivation helps

Stalk like a paper route, hoping they drop the ball
I've been unstoppable since I became
And I dropped out my mother
O-bi, swear to god that I love her
I'm a hot motherfucker, too hot motherfucker
Blue sky mine on your lot motherfucker
Sip 40 proof, live apocalypse now
Swing double dutch over carrion crowd