

## Showoff

### Triple One

Sick yellow piston, I'm on a missions  
Reach for the heat and get burnt by the bomb  
Blast off the booster seat, I'm on the team to beat  
They better fall to knees, where I'm from  
Stardust boys generate the thunder  
We intergalactic why they wonder  
Three Ones stole the game by surprise  
Glide round the inner west on my spaceship  
4 door subaru when they race it  
Froze so quick, put 10 to this face  
Red silk on my wrist, gram in my fist  
Lonely they follow into the abyss  
Get wetter for me, better for me  
The general quick to get lost in a spree  
'Picnic Hanging Rock' out my pocket  
Not enough time to reset the rocket  
Hang with the kings and your gonna get king hits  
See F.T.W. flew off astral plane shit  
You can't be me I'm a rap star  
I'm mobbin' out the back of a black car  
Black kicks, black cap, black track-style  
Head bangin till I break, Marty go wild  
Yellow nuts they drop to pavement  
You better run and get my payment  
We do not fuck with Layman  
This is my final statement  
Blade on my heart  
Don't lock me up in my craft  
They can not hold me down from on Mars  
I cannot cry for you when I'm always broken  
We do not provide violence here  
Yap a lot you meet silence here  
Mollydooker got the cream and sugar  
I'mma perfect cooker it's a science dear

Halo, Halo, But you were so off  
(Because you want me to be it)  
And you a showoff  
(Whenever you despise me I be it)

Take apart my self, inside I'm righteous  
Close ya legs, ya lips are looking priceless  
Bitches loving blow inside her sinus  
Bitches hot and cold just like the climate  
This is feelin' wrong but I could try it  
You just mute your phone without an eyelid  
I got shivers down my neck excited  
Taking off the strip just like a pilot  
Cry me to sleep I got a bag dreams with no strings cause they paid for  
Inside a sheet ya eyes won't release, we touched hip what a dam shame  
Kiss my lip I'm on finger tip, egg shells on the ice what a hot mess  
Double back just to hit the mack she want me to get beat like I'm dead meat  
So who's to say if I confine inside myself  
Or who's to say it's only relevant when notches on the belt  
Evident my conversation get to something else  
Cause when it round the circle oculating gets to someone else  
So fuck you I won't hold my lip

I got the devil on the telly but remote won't flick  
It's liking led inside the belly but the bozo's thick  
And if she hit me on the celly think my phone don't itch  
It's like...

Halo, Halo, But you were so off  
(Because you want me to be it)  
And you a showoff  
(Whenever you despise me I be it)