

Skinless Man

Triple One

And I waste time, all that I feel inside gets poured out
It's all just a waste, it's all just a waste
I need a sensation, something to blow me out of proportion
Something to crave, something to crave

Cos I've been rolling 'round the city with a forty ounce
And I open my face just to pour it out
It's a waste, it's all just a waste
I'm waiting for...
Cos I've been rolling 'round the city with a forty ounce
And I numb my face just to pour it out
It's a waste, it's all just a waste
I'm wasting for ya

I don't know what happened mixing work up with my leisure
Octane in the vessels with a bottle full of pleasure
Desk jobs, pull it up to the side and I arch the leg up
We bridge up, bridge up to anybody who want terror, uh

I been working out but I need some attention
I been working out but I need some affection

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Coco puffs, mix medicine with the Sunkist
Freckle face plate making Monday a punish
Cheeky mocha latte urging rip off that onesie
Her man be knocking, ready to throw down in my undies
I don't know what all my mates are doing tonight
Hope they call me up, I need a fix, need a fright
Common sense stars leaving every time I hit a Friday
Aching for a bevvy, new alliance makes my eyes ache

Naysayers, we lane takers, you lame stroppers
Name droppers, get nate like grave robbers
Slaying profits, parade like day dotters
They ain't make profits, little bitch, say sorry

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