

You know  
I think I lost my mind again  
Still caught up with the minor things  
Spilt milk on all your memories  
We fuck into insanity  
I sweat your scent, cos I ate you right  
In the Porsche parked outside the windy road  
Where you once laid, you can remain  
I'm not okay

Fixation, high waisted  
She tested me but I go down  
No pay cheque, low patience  
Shy mystery, she a vixen to me  
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Roll around town Betty Boop, no filler  
Came up from the zoo, pretty itch I'm a gorilla  
Got the mortein zoot, throw a ciggie out the window  
Press my girl like she Nintendo, flip that pussy like a Reno  
No cash flow, spent it all on a key and some alcho  
Outback Joe, sucking on creme crocodile from the get go  
Bindi on a bean, Irwin on a benzo  
See you suckers are Animorphs  
Turn into a snake, rap her skin when the camera off  
Offside with my boys, like really?  
Fuck your whole team I'm a porch side billy, oi

I been, racking my brain  
She seen all of my face  
I wanna settle my mistakes  
I'm not okay, I'm not okay

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Me get it popping, keep it bopping on new additions  
On top of the trouble, we need a shuttle for later missions  
I'm all for, they said what?  
Thought they packing, I bring the ruckus and if they go off?  
Air Max can't hold me down  
She'll go hard, when the rhythm rip fast  
So I'll whip that ass, with a "zig-a-zig-ah"  
And it's ode to brothers me being the holy father  
Don't call me papa, me Cher Guevara the matta  
Hit the thighs senorita, that soul sacrifice  
She a Chief ah, Keef ah  
Falling from the heavens, I guess that shawties a eater

Little bit a punk in a little ballerina  
Hit the thighs senorita, 1955 that Lolita  
Mr Fire by the litre  
Steady copping a flogging, still getting box like a coffin, I'm on

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