

Super Massive Attack

Triple One

(Same day) You gonna fall back
Massacre that's that
Super massive attack
(Dead in seven on the same day)
Slow motion white and black
Balance is where you lack (on my tombstone)
Ankle breaking a fact
(Fields of heaven on the same day)

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Don't do it, we back like hip movement
Bitch kiss it, blow rings around six digits
Fuck your image, I'm in like shit is it?
No kisses, reprimand the system I'm infinite

You turn around see them body bags like they found in instant
Shuffling under dust of infidels and lonely women
You close your eyes see them pearly gates like they made for sinners
You the upper crust of infidels and lonely women

Chemically insane, staying clinically contained
Wish I copped some brain but got I beaten in the rain
Slowly heating searing steam up from the train
Vision writing vivid, feels the coldest days got fires in em

Fire lines, this is pyrocide in my mental
Paragons instrumental, parasites from my pencil
Dead inside, I am still a mutt from the kenal
Trusted to wreck the rental, triple the only memo

Fuck a liar bitch it's, "this is my opinion"
Wrote my lines up in em, then burnt the carrier pigeon
Seven furnace kitchen, burning kettles for the children
Pour my lines up in the pitcher then guzzle bottles of liquor

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They throw every power position still can't make you nod
2-46 in this bitch you switch now I'm feeling strong
Front state, I elevitate, now I'm feelin god
My makers making it make-up and now I'm feelin odd

Got mirrors steering me places that karma may not like
Spinnin kitchen washing dishes with the chemical cry
Prune fingers from spinnin up inside your mother's thighs
So sick and twisted we twisted until the day we die

You're chasing something like greatness, I'm going harder than face sex
Poor a puddle just to face plant, shoot a shuttle just to race it
I shat it out and they ate it, I spit they finna go ape shit
Fear in yah heart I can taste it, T. O. they finna go ape shit

Ben Mendelsohn on the send for you, like I got it brah
Fresh meat I face it and jawz it up, like I was a shark
Zhong Quan Yin, I am the king, watch me swing the sharp
Watch how I medal the matrix until I lose my heart

Fuck a liar bitch it's, "this is my opinion" (come for war)
Wrote my lines up in em, then burnt the carrier pigeon
Seven furnace kitchen, burning kettles for the children (come for war)
Pour my lines up in the pitcher then guzzle bottles of liquor

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