

The Conformist

Triple One

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Small talk to bore me of all the bullshit that you sporting
A speechless conformist, I don't see the morning (C'est la vie)
More talk to keep me up on my feet when I am leaving
If she wanna stay though, rest on my own
Why I wouldn't wanna stay though, rest on my own, my own

My own, yeah I wait for peace
It's the same old shit
Running constantly
Fuck a love song aye
Tryna take my lease
Get a house on a hill
Hear the waves on the beach
And we play these games
Yeah they fucking with my head
Tryna rearrange but its already set and it's done
Still you take up the place in my heart
God knows I'm tryna kill it

Ice cold killer
Born bred sinner
Spin a web with the finger
She a player, I'm the game oh ayo
I might have to lay low

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Whatever I felt, I hold it in
Never had help, we rolled it in
The two of us
The stakes were thin
Just break them in
We made to win
Said get up out my face if you ain't talking bout that guolla
Interrogate the world like I was Simba, you were Nala
But every great team comes to the end of an era
Silly sitting there thinking I could have done better
The sun in the sky never reflects my inner weather
Eyes cold killer shield your tears with my umbrella

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