

Orbit

Twisted Insane

Yeah, one time for the summertime
Two times for the cool rhymes that my brothers write
Do flying, fuck a loose line
Always prolly get a few tryin'
I'm a do fine
Homie, look this revvin' new time
I'm a Braniac, down for the gang
Same with the weed, please break it down, get the flame
Came with the sweet, gonna fly around like a plane
Now I'm lookin' for a bitch I can pound, get some brain!

Get around with the gang, and smoking all my dojo
Tryna maintain my composure, all the hounds do the same
I break it up and roll it, everybody wanna smoke up
But I hate when nigga choke up, forty foul to the game
When I'm smokin all my weed
I'm feeling really high, in actuality, I'm laying on the asphalt
Nigga with my face up in a bowl of cereal
I'd rather eat up all this food than get to fuckin' with the bath salts
Nigga, come on a mission with the Brain - sick and you will see
(Never here to entertain any lame, better flee
Watch a nigga bring a plane when I blaze on a beat
Gotta shoot for the face when you play for the fleets
I'm abrasive, put him in a place on the street
See I'm tryna run away but I play with the cleats)
If a nigga bring the K, I will spray through your teeth
Pushing a bullet through your noodle, like it's glaze on a meat
I could've been the one that spun around the body hit the U turn
Bustin a couple shots, I got my rocks up watchin you burn
Told em a million times hoping one day that you'll learn
(I'm minding my noodle black in the blue that's how I do firms and do turn)
I'm posted with a diver and some lean
(When you see the homie vibing never try to intervene
Bet a nigga and survival when I fire at your spleen
With a cannon like a pirate I get higher, I get mean, its a need!)

And when I can afford it, I'm in orbit
I be off that mary jane, it's simple and plain
Get rid of this pain, brought into that chronic
I refrain from anything powder
You disrespect us, start pushing up flowers
I won't be insane for about an hour
If you need something, then hit fire now 'cause if I'm not high...

Then I'm fuckin you up
I need a house with a gate and a couple new trucks
Powers of a great, getting you fucked
(When you run up, I'm a hit you with the force of two trucks
Megatron motherfucker
Wishing that I don't have to wake up every morning to a vision of my death
Lost off on a reality spending hours looking up into this bitch you never know what's coming next when you in orbit)

Smoking like there's no tomorrow
I spend my time up on the couch filled with sorrow
Nigga watchin Norbit
Swisher sweet's burning with liquor, just give me a second to feel it

My nigga, I'm way up in orbit