

Sirens

Wrekonize

Somewhere, over the rainbow...

Cradle me where southern skies (Sorry about that)
Can watch me win a million eyes (Yeah, we're watching)
Cradle me where southern skies (Sheisty bitches)
Can watch me win a million eyes (Check it out)

May's the month, fly females I hunt
I walk with mosaic thump in my daylight dumps
Today's the jump, we're all heading over to the district
Me, and five other Long Island sipping misfits
Some nights you come home all covered in lipstick
And other nights will have you wishing that you had your wrists slit
You buy a sheela some drinks, tell her to sip-sip
Hoping you can get her drunk enough to ride the bitchstick
Women are covered in code - it's so cryptic
Some chicks act quiet when truthfully they're on some sick shit
Talking about how she's gonna hit you with a whip quick
But when you bust a nut she goes and throws a fucking spit-fit
What a jip-jip! You swore to God that this bitch
Would suck you so good you'd want the trick to drink your driplets
She'll spit it back up and stuff it in her clit, which
In nine months time will have you paying for some triplets
This ain't a flip-trick: More like a bitch jump
Two-double-oh-six, the modern day witch hunt
Now I ain't saying that all women are sheisty
But to say there's more good over bad is unlikely
Might be a rift in time, the grand mystery
Watching the shifted lines divide chivalry
I see the mission is: Blind to titty trickery
They'll keep fucking us until the modern man is history
Sirens

Cradle me where southern skies
Can watch me win a million eyes
(It's awful hard to hear the chiming when you're blinded by the sirens)
Cradle me where southern skies
Can watch me win a million eyes
(We keep it out though)

A million eyes watch her fuck a million guys
Blazed as fuck and buzzed off a Killian High
If you ain't up on the time, she's gonna catch you in a sec, dog
She pulls bank account numbers faster than internet fraud
You want a refund? Shit, she'll give you three months
To walk out flat before you crawl back for free cunt
Your soul's beat up, she laughs while you bleed cups
And if you read minds you'd know she thought you were a weak chump
But that's the name of the game, so get your pieces right
She wants diamonds to wear, so you won't eat tonight
She wants a Gucci bag, and at the steepest price
She wants to be like Barbie, fuck what you need in life
The whole illusion can grow to be quite blinding
Driving any normal man to acting quite violent
The next time you see a moral woman shining
Remember each rhyme and scream death to all sirens

Cradle me where southern skies

Can watch me win a million eyes
(It's awful hard to hear the chiming when you're blinded by the sirens)
Cradle me where southern skies
Can watch me win a million eyes

A classic, but a goodie
Y'all know the deal
It's Wrekonize
The Waiting Room
I love this shit
Celph Titled, holler at me