

## 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