

Tom Hanks

Wrekonize

Welcome to the reset on everybody's recess
Blood all down my v-neck
I'm such a devils reject
It's funny they got these fairy tales on my money
Still I chase it like it's costs to breathe or see the sky sunny
I'm here about the job in the paper
Well what have you heard of us
Well Nothing but the fact you need a fucking axe murderer
So please tell me your benefits and do it in a rush
Cuz I'm a workaholic and sexual harassment is a plus
Hello love my name is Ben and I'm a lush
I like to drink I like to fuck I like to sample mellow drugs
This is not a fairy tale cuz in my world Walt Disney Is a spy who's alive doing very well
So one time give a cheers to the hulk
Shop at Costco and crop all my evil in bulk
Let the guitar string sing kiss kiss bang bang
Dropped an album worth way more the count on the soundscan
But what do I know if they don't buy it then it lies low
Can pray out in Shiloh or just hit the missile silo
Ok reload hipster blogs we know
Don't cover us no emo
But we did a song with cee-Lo
And I'm a voice to be reckoned with
So hit your buzzer now and turn your chair around mr. Executive
More bars an counting enough drink to drown in enough rhymes for thousands
So let's just keep it bouncing
And expand all the fans in my damn base
Enough to fill a stadium fuck it lets man space
I am the decade flow they are the rap du jour
So let's just all be honest and hit the fucking floor

I don't wanna grow up
Toys r us brown paper bag lunch
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Looking for Zoltar Man
Tom Hanks

After the big bang
It's fam and cockroaches from istan-bully
With fully auto trans-am with beach sand
In a leased van consigliere had to quit after my last scam
Music dongs and all they weak plans
This for sonny fuck the money till my last stand
I'm a hundred grand a hundred bands
Thats why i make her dance when i write a stance
Make it clap for paradise if you want it
The dj spinning revolutions but nobody on it
This a sonnet by a warrior artist
Amish looking beard up here starving
Holy smokes holy ghost catch a spirit spit smoke
Say coach gimme the ball but in the fourth you just choke
No famous quotes no fanfare no red rose
But on your tombstone it'll read believed with eyes closed