

OC3AN (Interlude)

XXXTentacion

Well, it looks like he's a little disoriented or something
It's always possible the guy could be on something
Um, (Woah, oh my god)
Get off, get off, get off, get off, get off, get off, get off,
get off, get off it, get off it
Get off it! Get off it!
{Ayy, Very Rare Boyz} (Get off it!)
Sad, so sad (Get off it!)

See my reflection is vague
Looks are deceptive, they're changing directive
And will leave your heart in a daze {Get off it}
Minds in a maze, without a complaint
I'm charging and putting the brakes
Knock-knock, who's there? Young bitch, what you meant to me?
Couldn't be the same, if you vent to me
Now I pop these Xans and this Ecstasy {Get off it}
Any motherfucker that could love a motherfucker
Could've loved another nigga at the first, you see
And they changin' your mind and the time, in the night
Coulda made a big hurt, you see
Hercules, with a heart full of darts
Should've known from the start
Bitch fuck retard in the mind as shit
Vague as shit (Ahh!), vague as shit (Ahh!)
In this ocean, yeah, paint it red (Paint it red)
Now you're dead, surface (With the dead, ah), dead, surface
In this ocean, yeah, paint it red (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Brain dead (Surf-)
Brain dead {Get off it}