

Sea Legs (Dave Sitek Remix) [Bonus Track]

Run the Jewels

Really fell off the lane with this shit
Man, print this shit, I'm a misfit
Got a style from the guts of the most irrational beast in the district
Born to the next gen system
Slow water drip to the temple to live in a prison
When the walls don't appear to your vision
One floor down from that mall's that prison
Where shower stalls get all y'all missin'
Pardon me, I got half-wit vision
But fuck I know, I just crawled here, cap'n
Pass me the baton, the rest a y'all batten the hatches
In fact, better scram, I'm a bastard
On the lam in a hatchback blasting some rap shit, trying not to slam into traffic
With my feet on the wheel and my hands through the moon roof laughing
Let's crash this
See the truth from the womb is a fool-proof
Plan to be doomed while the damned do they dances
So I move through the room like an animal fooling a master
But I don't got love for the hand with the food, matter fact I am drooling at that shit
I don't only bite but I'm rabid
Try to pet my fucking head again and I'mma put
A tooth through the flesh of the palm that you jack with
This city just screams black magic, and the threat to my heart got traction
Maybe should've never started this path
Every time I get a chance to advance it's backwards
No thanks to my very own actions
Get a couple good drinks in the kid
I can flip on a friend, take a drug, fuck a chick that I shouldn't
Oh god, I am one of those mad men Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped
But I been out on them choppy waves and it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops
I got sea legs, I got sea legs, I got sea legs Real shit, I came for the jewels
I'm the killer of kings and fools
I'm the reason the season for treason starts this evening
And this evening the odds ain't even
People praying to the gods but the gods ain't even listening
Don't matter if you're Muslim, Hebrew, Christian
When death run in the distance there will be no Mercy me's
There will be no reprieve for the thieves
There will be no respect for The Thrones

No master mastered these bones
Your idols all are my rivals
I rival all of your idols
I stand on towers like Eiffel, I rifle down all your idols
Niggas will perish in Paris, niggas is nothing but parrots
I write for the writers that write for the liars that impress you and your parents
Is this real or another dimension?
Am I trippin' here in the kitchen?
Am I a victim of my convictions?
I feel my sanity slippin'
And I think I like the freedom
Cannibal, animal, rappers I eat 'em
Even in Dubai I smoke like it's legal
Bitch so exotic she rode on a zebra
Made in America home of the (Eagle)
Home of the (Anger), home of the (Evil)
Do what I do for the good of my people
Holding my lane, smoke jane in a Regal
Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped
But I been out on them choppy waves and it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops
I got sea legs, I got sea legs, I got sea legs

Songwriters

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