

Twin Hype Back (feat. Chest Rockwell)

Run the Jewels

Now come over here and let me give you a tongue kiss on your hot pocket
Me and Mike will go Twin Hype and
do a dance on your windpipes
Put your fucking jazz hands back in your pants and get them shits sliced
Caught the ghost when I was yay high, so today I stay way high
Do not worry about my habits, without sin I'd probably hate life
This is dope as that hard white you stuff in a
crack pipe
A hit of this, a kid with Tourets will chill out and act right
I'm fat but I dress nice and bitches finesse Mike
They suck the dick and squeeze on my belly like bagpipes
I slap and I suck clits, I fuck in my church shoes
Humblest guy in the room and I am in the room too (Get it?)
I'll bend you over on the roof while whistling Audio Two
They say that once a girl go Brooklyn no more soft dick will do
I'm so Rakim and Eric B
Bitches check out my melody
I might Slick Rick on a fella (Foul), catch me a felony
Ay, I might Shyne Po a ho, pow! Catch me a case
Producto must have rolled this L because this blunt feel laced
I must say you do look stunning
I mean, you're the kind of girl I can really see myself artificially inseminating
Oh I'm sorry, I'm being a little aggressive, right?
Can we start from the beginning? My name is Chest Rockwell, right?
And I love to make love to your booty hole
Bad boy
This is born alone die alone, so my dialogue's dastardly
Life's a tragedy generator operating at max capacity
This is porno for pirates, to the crooks it is relaxing
I am foreign to that soft talk, you can tell it from my accent
This is arrogant fat black, it is what it is
This that stingy with dick, bitch, not a fuck do I give
I'm no respecter of person, I'm no respecter of rules
I catch the prince of England slipping, he goin' run me the jewels
I could wake up brain dead tomorrow and my soliloquy still will be
The illest there ever be, 'cause I be what you'll never be
My pugnacious rhyme patterns prove pitbull in my pedigree
And dogs fight to the death, you say you better, you better be
Not one shit given, El-P's chillin'
Raised in a shack in the back of the village
Trained by the wolves in the woods
To avenge on the men who elected themselves my killers
Mike's a villain, Nick Hooks chillin'
We don't have a need to know your feelings
We don't believe in the same shit anyway, Run the Jewels is not for your children
How you feeling now
sweetheart? A little more relaxed?
Maybe it's that half a molly I put in your Mountain Dew

Yeah, works like a charm
Just chill out for a second, relax, relax, I got it under control
I got you a glass of Beefeater, I got a brand new deck of Uno cards
Oh yeah baby, the night's just getting started
Okay, how about I come over tonight and pick you up in my brand new Segway
We can go over to Long John Silver's, get a fish platter
You can take me home and massage me with butter all on my neck
I love you

Songwriters

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