

Spis Din Syvende Sans

Karpe Diem

[VERSE 1]

Did you know if my life was a schedule
Had you been the gym class we had when we were kids
Did you know that my bank account, is your account
Isnt that nice? Isnt that cool?
Another thing to knock the pin code in
I rolled the world for you, you spilled your drink on me
That gave me a stain on my shirt, that got the asshole in me
You say im superficial, both foams rabies
Being a part of my plan should make you over happy, bitch
Don't ask me to get any structure, in an industry full of cockheads
I'm somewhere between tits and my parents culture
And I and Magdi does, something someones never done
Cross on neck, knife in heart, until my parents are dead[HOOK/CHORUS]

You had a plan for me

You had a schedule

I kicked the schedule

We do not have a plan anymore

You're asking for a little too much, asking for a little too much

You're asking a little too much

Your'e asking for a little too much, asking for a little too much

You're asking a little too much[VERSE 2]

Do you remember I used to be a nerd

In the corner of the schoolyard drinking Kuli out of bent straws

But all that was before, crawling to the cross

They are nagging in the Porsche while we smiling in the Toyota

A real fight is generous

Die for your friends or die friendless

And my mom said a crow can't ground into somethin 'else

But even a crow's doing a swallow dive sometimes

The only lame about it is when it's hitting the shoreline water

The paint flows off and all my mom said was true

I remember she said, "Cross on my neck, knife in my heart

For me and my dad's ashes and you're done with the concerts "[OUTRO]

Eat

Eat your sixth sense

Eat

Eat your sixth sense

Eat

Eat your sixth sense

Eat

Eat your sixth sense

Eat

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