

# XXX

## Metal Museum

30!

Colder than them grits they fed slaves

Me to rap is like water to raves

AK's with bayonets on deck

Rep my set

Sorta like Squidwird and his clarinet

I'm in ya bitch mouth

But she just fantasizing

Staring at my skinnys siad its so tantalizing

Dog I'm strategizing plotting on throne

The masta of the ace sitting on chrome

Dark nights tryna sleep stomach on fire

Delusional from hunger so I couldn't get tired

Imagining the equalizer goin from green to red

Words that rhyme together just appear all in my head

An i'm sorta like Neo with the Matrix code

Try to escape it hopin' the drugs a numb my soul

Say im getting old and times running out

Repeating instrumentals tryna figure patterns out

I never leave the house ain't slept in three days

Popping pills, writing, drinking and smoking haze

Weaving kicks and snares, tryna dodge these hooks

Keepin it original something that's overlooked

The way a nigga goin might go out like Sam Cooke

Or locked up calling home for money on my books

Cause if this shit don't work nigga I failed at life

Turning to these drugs now these drugs turned my life

An it's the downward spiral, Got me suicidal

But too scared to do it so these pills a be the rival

Surpassing all my idols

Took the wrong turn

But can't go back now so now let the blunt burn

Cause now its my turn if I fuck it all up

I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs

I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs

Triple X

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