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 thats 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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