

# Dust

## Hotline Miami 2: Wrong Number Soundtrack

When people stare at the scene like a machine of the team  
Looking for theme between cracks searching for cream  
Physical image can never be lost, never be cleverly read  
Or took on into the search of your own, suckers are looking  
For treasures and pleasures endeavors images of plastic  
Material whenever your ready your steady rolling with deadly  
And friendly territorial glorious story you've heard nothing  
But bull for me, coming from ghetto the Guero the heart in the metal  
Settle for gas as we passing you fast in the pedal  
Head to the floor and the horror is starting to pour  
Everything I just threatened your blood you can't take it no more  
Why did you try to forget it I said it to fuck off  
Now you'll be headed said I'm making you try to do laws  
That's what you get for faking it hot and no more  
Living I'm sucker I'm pushing the bomb  
Do what you want do what you need the hardcore  
Breaking the law the new seed yes they want more  
Cypress Hill Soul Assassins we smokin' 420 all day  
We ain't joking serve it up, oh yes and the hard stuff  
Excess of the Zes make it sound right beat it up all you want  
It's a damn right, get up in my way I'll cross your ass like dust  
This is loaded with snakes serpents who come and they take  
Pieces of those who they break bodies are found in the lake  
Only the victims it's pass you thought that you gonna last  
Pockets all over the cash now that you're actually grass  
High kids taking and slipping away look at you tricking  
And sipping its clicking the trigger and so is your place  
Only the strong will survive hoping to keep 'em alive  
I'll never be denied watch on who you can find  
People around and they're proud looking for those  
Who obey dying like these killas defy so I keep up  
The withdrawal, join fucking with the pace your just a waste  
In my face hit you in base in your case if all you want is a taste  
Even the lemo the rebel bringing the metal in temple  
So many rebels incredible time we battle  
You looking for action don't judge us avenge us redempt us  
Don't give me negligence your all though in time no revenges  
Do what you want do what you need the hardcore  
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Under the heavens we representing directions of flesh  
And feeling the heat the tension now dissin' we stressin'  
Life is a battle to the cattle you gonna die, just how that'll  
Just suffer your glad you built up your high and go up the  
Chain the pages keep turning and burning the rage is concerning  
The day is becoming disarming searching for harmony  
You wanna be balling me but you never get no where 'cause  
I'm killing your whole philosophy, robbing like temperature  
I signal your flow when we just clowning just tell me just pass me  
Watch me I'm truly tampering y'all must be simple delinquent  
To try to get what the sick is so leave the hard is to limp it  
And only the thrill will we get it? I'm an assassin of soul out of control  
When I roll you better hide in your hole I got your name on my skull  
There ain't no running from me assassin of hunees you see  
Blastin' at those who obey blasting at last at the weak!  
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