

# Smoke Rings

## The Dirty Heads

This is ridiculous  
I have a sickness  
The grass is always greener  
I said fuck it burn the picket fence  
Pestilence, eyes rolled back, pure mescaline  
Moody little bitches Im force feeding you some estrogen  
Always keep you wet see mermaid pussy  
Ever seen the movie kids, no legs dont push me  
I am making sculptures you are using plaster  
Screamin' while youre dreaming MCs need a dream catcher  
Youre not in my mind you dont get the concept  
Youre not on my level you might need a dub step  
Walking to the death not Joaquin with a cleft lip  
Sharp as an arrow tip Im just so sick of it  
The smell is your upper lip  
And Im jacking off a sparrow while Im crashing a pirate ship  
Slow as molasses quick as a whip  
This beats a filthy toilet and Im the fucking shitRollin up some grass  
Call it weed huh  
Landing on your feet call it speed huh  
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at nightMy feet walk steady, my heart beats heavy  
My well ran dry, had no luck at the levy  
I'm lyrically a genius like Fergie and Jesus  
It's like a lightning bolt just hit the tip of my penis  
The opposite of cleanest, Parallel with passed out  
One sip away from running around with my pants down  
Heavenly I'm underground sound breaking barriers  
Everybody take cover, danger area  
I got a feeling this beats been to hell and back  
You can see the horns sticking straight through my Raider cap  
Smoke rings bellow out the windows of my Cadillac  
This beats the weed and I'm the fucking cataractRollin up some grass call it weed huh  
Landing on your feet call it speed huh  
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night  
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at nightI rap rock my mascot is Sasquatch Rap for the have nots  
Thieves get a pad lock  
that outta black ball  
If not call Mattlock  
I'm a slap box

With yo ass while I snap shots  
Dunces!  
I think outside the box  
And outfox proud cocks  
As soon as the style drops  
to leave the tile mopped  
I'm wild hot  
More arms than an octopus/  
More buttons than I can push  
to ignite your tush  
I manufacture the type of goods  
to keep The Africans bootlegging/  
The new presidentnew resident in the white house  
like a night owl with the lights outs  
Provide the right route  
Parasites pounce and nibble on  
Whatever they can fiddle with  
Which ain't much cause they illiterate  
Hit ya like a dirty syringe from a personal friend  
Thirty shurikens inserting inside yo skinRollin up some grass  
Call it weed huh  
Landing on your feet call it speed huh  
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night  
Nothing but love getting high up as the stars at night

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