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 genus 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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