

Fuckery Level 3000

Jean Grae

[Verse 1]

Dr. Manhattan, tatted atom circa tabaca-ing goer
Circle tobacco ring blower
I'll murk you black. Get sewn up
My work is black
I got diplomas in the back
That are bursting over the sack that I hold em in
Cause its folder was folding over
I know what they been told ya
But since I'm going in again, it's like drop and bend over
Over and over, with no lube
Get that veteran in embedded in yo stools
Yokels, locals
Slow cruise to yo demise, know it in the vocals
I got no couth, no lies; I'm dedicated, focused
Opposite of Bette Davis oculars, waiting for the apocalypse
Strapped with a cape in case I get popular, so I can drop it, bitch
The clock ticks. Y'all concerned with crotch sticks
I'm concerned with moxie, Take your Oxycontin, and your rocks
I'm The Great Gatsby initials, the Casebasket epistle
The last greatest apostle, the baddest damie
The combination of Gladys Knight and Pips in one place
And a Robert Blake fan
I'll keep you in a basement
While chained to a day bed
With the door blocked with a Maytag
And at four o'clock I'll let snakes in
And stand in the door sipping a tall boy
Coors light and giggle in your face then
Sociopath, with a golden flask
And I'll fill with it gasoline to throw at yo ass
And then fill it up back again with some of your pieces
Your liver, your back, your face a bit of your penis
Double hands with a W
Better do whatever you can to cover you
Jean Lang came to clubber you
Pain, whatcha gonna do[Verse 2]
Fuckery level 3000, in jeans and a green blouse
With a crimson stain from a beat down

At a business meeting in a tea lounge
Like "nah I'm cool, please sit down
Proceed" bleeding out
The whole team freaking out, text-ing each other under the table
I'm office space calm, I offer face palms
Comma face balm for after on my dot com; I'm basically batshit
You basic bastard I never pace it
I crave action, I transform like I'll save y'all
But then I stay Ratchet
I'll bash your face in the baseboards of a burning building
With the passion of a pastor passing plates and getting back millions
Dash in a race and abandon smashing the tape at the last second
Then beckon to children on the sidelines who'd all step in and start blasting
Bach, Sebastian, or Rachmaninoff or Handel playing
When I'm candle lighting and man handling I'm saying, I'm classy
Dokken and Sebastian Bach blaring
When I'm mass murdering turned to decibels
Certain to drown the tears, it's nasty
On the Pulaski bridge, trunk full up with the shotgun, shotgun
Tongue dripping with vodka, dripping on my lap on a map of Alaska
In October, in a black dress and blasting Frank Zappa
The consummate top assassin
The consulate tracking after
And flipping the birds to diplomats out the whip
With an Andy Richter mask on
Cause I passed on getting a sidekick
Cause everybody ain't ready to die for this
I'll drive on dialysis, I'll drive over your dialysis
And keep in mind that I don't even drive; I like challenges
Roseannadanna fan, fan of Dan from Roseanne but not a fan of Prozac
And I don't care how you find them
Wanna know what I'm like, fine then
I'll like fine men, smart men, where the fuck do you find them
No, seriously, I'm actually asking you where can find them
I'm into crime and environments that you cry in
I don't imply it, I vividly give you my end
You'll think I'm lying 'til shivering in a lion's den
In an abandoned zoo naked covered with flies and
Strapped to Kobe beef steaks
Ya don't believe me, for Pete's sake
Man, what the fuck do I have to do to convince you
I'm the Freeway villain
Kiefer Sutherland
I love when people suffering
It feels like I'm on reefer when they're blubbering

I'm serious
I'm FCC's damn problem, and
At best Tsidi's man problems
I guess could be the one thing I wanna work on
I'm glad that we're getting this work done
Guess i would have never thought to talk, but who knew
Getting this out could be cool
We should totally do this next week
You're good you
You look testy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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