Smoke Rings

Dirty Heads

(Dirty J)
This is ridiculous, I have a sickness
The grass is always greener, I say fuck it burn the picket fence
Pestilence, eyes rolled back, pure masculine
Moody little bitches I'm foreseeing 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
Screaming while your dreaming mc's need a dream catcher
You're not in my mind, you can't get the concept
You're not on my level, you might need a dubstep
Walking to the death, not walking to the cleft,
Lip, sharp as an arrow tip, I'm just so sick of it
The smell is your upper lip, and I'm jacking off a sparrow while I'm Crashing a pirate ship, slow as molasses, quick as a whip
This beat's a filthy toilet, and I'm the fucking shit

(Chorus)
Rollin' up some grass on this beat, huh
Nothin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh
Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars tonight

(Dubby B)
My feet rock 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 clean is, parallel with my style
One sip away from runnin' round with my pants down
Apparently I'm underground, sound breaking barriers
Everybody take cover, danger area
I got a feelin this beat's been to hell and back
You can see the hol stickin straight through my radar cap
Smoke rings billow out the window of my Cadillac
this beats the weed, and I'm the fucking cataract

(Chorus)
Rollin' up some grass on this beat, huh
Nothin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh

Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars tonight
Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars tonight

(Del tha Funke

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