

# Smoke Rings (Ft. Del The Funky Homosapien)

## The Dirty Heads

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 don't push me  
I am making sculptures, you are using plaster  
Screaming while you're dreaming, emcees 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 dub step  
Walking to the death, not walking with 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 shitRollin' up some grass on the beat, huh  
Nothin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh  
Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars at nightMy feet rock steady, my heart beat savvy  
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 up a danger area  
I got a feelin' this beat's been to hell and back  
You can see the hole stickin' straight through my radar cap  
Smoke rings billow out the window of my Cadillac  
This beat's the weed, and I'm the fucking cataractRollin' up some grass on this beat, huh  
Landin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh  
Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars at night  
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Landin' on ya feet kinda sweet, huh  
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Nothin' one love gettin' high up as the stars at night

Songwriters

DAVID FORAL, DELHEART MCGREGOR, JARED WATSON, DUSTIN BUSHNELL, MARIO  
CALDATO, JON OLAZABAL, MATT OCHOAPublished by

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