Allure

Ratatat

The allure of breaking the law
Was always too much for me to ever ignore
I've got a thing for the big-body Benzes, it dulls my senses
In love with a V-Dub engine
Man, I'm high off life, fuck it, I'm wasted
Bathing Ape kicks, Audemars Piguet wrist
My women friends get tennis bracelets
Trips to Venice, get their Winters replaced with
The sun, it ain't even fun no more, I'm jaded
Man, it's just a game, I just play it to play it
I put my feet in the footprints left to me
Without saying a word, the ghetto's got a mental telepathy
My brother hustled so naturally
Up next was me but what perplexes me
Shit, I know how this movie ends! yet still I play
The starring role in "Hovito's Way"

It's just life, I solemnly swear
To change my approach, stop shaving coke
Stay away from hoes, put down the toast
Cause I be doing the most, oh no
But every time I felt that was that, it called me right back
It called me right back, man it called me right back, oh no

I'm like a Russian mobster, drinking distilled vodka
Until I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real
Peel the top up like a toupÃ©e
Mix the water with the soda
Turn the pot up, make a soufflÃ©
All of y'all can get it like group-page on your 2-way
I'm living proof that crime do pay
Say "hooray" to the bad guy, and all the broads
Putting cars in their name, for the stars of the game
Putting 'caine in their bras and their tomorrows on the train:
All in the Name of Love
Just to see that love locked in chains and the family came
Over the house to take back everything that they claimed
Or even the worse pain is the distress
Learning you're the mistress only after that love gets slain

And the anger and the sorrow mixed up leads to mistrust
Now it gets tough to ever love again
But the allure of the game, keeps calling your name
To all the Lauras of the world, I feel your pain
To all the Christies in different cities and Tiffany Lanes:
We all hustlers in love with the same thing

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I never felt more alive than riding shotgun
In Klein's green 5, until the cops pulled guns
And I tried to smoke weed to give me the fix I need
What the game did to my pulse with no results
And you can treat your nose and still won't come close
The game is a lightbulb with eleventy-million volts
And I'm just a moth addicted to the floss
The doors lift from the floor and the tops come off
By any means necessary, whatever the cost
Even if it means lives is lost
And I can't explain why I just love to get high
Drink, "life!" smoke the blueberry sky, blink twice
I'm in the blueberry 5, you blink three times
I may not even be alive
I mean even James Dean couldn't escape the allure
Dying young, leaving a good-lookin corpse, of course

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