

The Jackpot/Swept Away

Atmosphere

Starin over that strech
into the horizon
with my eyes and ears closed
sealed with a clear coat
i'm at a loss for words,
but i know a lot of words for loss
i got a whole lotta excuses
to curse and stomp
fuck you very much and kiss me goodbye
because i'm leaving on the next high
ain't no sex allowed
now all crowd around ma
and show me what you found
he got the truth
and she got the groove
and they raped the youth
and he's got the proofnow, nobody move
nobody gets nowhere
progress halt and its all my fault
and i dont care
here i am
behold this pale whore
kinda sore throat bloke on tour
thru the core repell
followin the chorus
indorced by the force
and honey i just wanna hug ur curves like a porsche.go ahead throw them sore issues back on the fire
to feel the flame,
get me high
lose the blame
let me slide
tonight's the night
and crack me a low and brown
and touch my swollen crown
while i hold it downyo, on the level of actually she found me flacid.
skiped class to be fashionally absent
got me thinking
caught me drinkin
tossed my ink across the loos leaf like

watch me sink into the mind state
of how imma wait to find fate
 let the pupils dialate
 fly high like the crime rate
mosquito bate, baby keep me up to date
 who you love today

give me a pound and im on my waynow im at it that imaginary line thats on the floor
 what do you mean we should stay in touch
 what for
 not exactly sure
but i agree with your motive
 the posion took over
'cause the dose was sugar coated
 the world is full of people
 who want nothing short of perfect
 and yet they settle for less
blinded by their quest for purposefirst hit,
 i knew it was for me
 it made me think
 her i sink now

now i dont remember why i drinki gotta pay the phone bills
 scrape off the road kill
 hold still

here's another girl acting like king of the mole hillyo, step with stride
 i got this friend named PRIDE
 and imma hide him in my pocket
 till the day that i die
 and i got this pet peeve
 that i only let out to eat
 poked holes in the top of the jar so he can breath
 and when he's old enough
 imma set him free and let him breed
 teach his kids how to build bombs and shoot speed
 true indeed
 im all about the lines around the block
 good times
 hip hop

and making rhymes about my cockso fuck the work
 fuck love
 fuck man and you
 i hope you drown
 face down

in your dandruff shampoothank you for making me
 creating me
 sedating me

and let all the fly skimmas feel the beat.
umm drooop.]]Boom.its the way she moves that broom that's got me consumed
and it aint got nothing to do
with the sleeping
it's the look on her face
thats got me displaced
plus the fact that she's prolly got no clue that im peepin
she's deep into routine
cleanin off the sidewalk infront of the shop she works
1:15 am
me,
parked in the car
in the street
maybe 30 feet from the spot she sweeps
emotion taken
who is this human
and why she chewin' my attention
the action, unaware, innocent, purely accident
and whom I askin this?
I'm alone, in the passenger seat of this [this part is bleeped out]
awaitin' my companion, but damn man, she's got me distracted
and it's not just the fact that she's attractive
it's the whole kit-n-kabootle
from the look on her face, to her taste in shoes, to the way she moves
it inspires me to sit and doodle, so
while I write
she wipes down the tagged up picnic tables outside of the [bleeped out]
it's missin not a spot
and here I sit again, with a pen
and a desire to be entirely lost in a world of them ..(spoken) "what do you mean you just wanna be friends.."

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>