

The Jackpot/Swept Away

Atmosphere

Starin over that stretch
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
mosiquito 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

taking me
appreciating me
embracing me
abrasivley tasting me
and waiting patiently
i promise to pay you back on the day we're freei wanna thank you for hatin me
frustratin me
escaping me
stickin that steak in me
and blatenley breaking me
erasing me
defacing me
and replacing me
i promise to pay you back on the day we're freeshe aint happy when i am around
she's mad when im gone
so imma drink this pint of whiskey and go pass out on her lawn
and when she leaves to go to work
she'll find me in my stupor
start my day off with an angel
wreck her morning
with a loseri'm true to the game
don't know the rules to the game
ruin my shoes
stomp into all the puddles and pools in my brain
i could remove my heart
shave my legs
but no matter how soft i walk
i still manage to break the eggssi wanna thank you for making me
creating me
sedating me
taking me
appreciating me
and embracing me
abrasivley tasting me
and waiting patiently
i promise to pay you back on the day we're freeyo, i wanna thank you for hatin me
frustratin me
escaping me
stickin that steak in me
and blatenley breaking me
erasing me
defacing me
replacing me
i promise to pay you back on the day we're free[[let me clear my throat,
kick it over here baby pop

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-kaboodle
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.

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