

Sike! (Bird Peterson Remix)

Astronautalis

I've been on some burn it down, leave this town, never look back shit
Passing out on your couch, sneaking out the back tip
Ripping credit cards out your mail box, snatch shit
Charge it to the gameplay boy, it's practice
(What are we talking about, practice? We're talking 'bout practice, man.)
They be on some got this, squat this, reroute the power grid
Cops can't stop this, over our dead body, bitch
Heat this, drop this, turn it up louder kid
Put it down in our path, million ways around this shit
We backstage, sterilising tattoos with beer
Your cats stay paralysed from bad news and fear
You're underage, they'n't fucking let you in here
Fake ID, G, you'll buy us all a beer
I'm sick of kids who sit and bitch about they can't get into shit
Your 'woe is me' steez is just getting bit ridiculous;
Fucking ay you're underage, that means they just slap your wrist
If not you're young and fit, yeah bitch I'm running pits
Hah! And give them all trophies
Hah, and some orange slices
Yeah y'all already know me
One of the only that's really grinding
Lazy motherfuckers want to call it luck
But real motherfuckers know there ain't no such
Thing 'cos I mean there ain't no free lunch
You better fix your own plate or serve one to us
Stay waiting for your dad to come save the day, dog
Voted for Obama and expect the change
Is just one big party all giving the same gifts
Sike
Like a P.O.S. t-shirt
Yikes
It's only gonna be worse
Right
But this beat is kinda beserk
Turn it up loud until my fucking teeth hurt Yeah girl, I own some gold teeth
I'm Southern, I was taught to hold heat
Ain't no gangster, tell that true
Rick Ross just a cop with some bad tattoos
Hey, front up baby and my neck stay real red

Why you make-believe pushing that white shit?
You dressed-up gangsters can play pretend
I stay slinging them white girls 'round my bed
Young Steve McQueen spit that dick game
You tweet real posse for a bitch with a tin chain
I don't need no Maybach just to sharpen my pimp game
Pull girls on my bike, ride my handlebars home man
Ooh, I put my word on that chief
Rihanna gonna holla way I murdered that beat
I cut them like an umbrella, King Kong in the bed sheets
Just try a better fella when you're done with that deadbeat

Sike

Like a P.O.S. t-shirt

Yikes

It only gonna be worse

Right

Beat is kinda beserk

Turn it up loud until my fucking teeth hurtSee? I can write your dumb raps

Pay me and go buy some hubcaps

Fake G's still talking 'bout gun claps

It ain't gonna happen, like A-Rod's comeback

Talent is cheap, money's all made up

Gallons of Beam and the speakers stay bass'd up

Fuck it, I got nothing left to say, son

Y'all Get Cryphy, thank you Based GodSike

Like a P.O.S. t-shirt

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

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