Bookhead

JJ DOOM

They love to know the story, more grody than Mr. Crowley
For those embarrassed, to no holier than thou, Imoli habits
Parrots to the goat, we bring 'em up to speed slowly
On the low key, kindles is phoney D
Tastes stale - see the world in shades of greyscale
Right there in black-and-white, protected by chain mail
Today's the day maids await to see a cisternum
Took my little mens with her, told 'em love 'em, kissed him
He's always sensitive, youngins is on some new stuff
Can't sit still or focus, the time it take to do enough
From the mean streets of the 'Can I get a dollar, dude?
Above measure, the singular pleasure of solitude
It's your poison, if you so choose, absorb it
to the brain, shoot off into orbit
How you know Octagon?
Or much less?
To get the good stuff, you gotta get out to the Amazon
With any luck, you might could score locally
Keep it on the hush when you're speaking on it vocally
Then you gotta be on the in, a known member
I think I still owe him a little something since November, whatever
Who need credit when cash speak?
Get it - sweating, sitting on his packets its last week
We've all got our weaknesses, living and functioning with dead
Some will end up fudging numbers, bugging and lunching instead.
to the head
Second best trick to get the chicks to the bed
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Uh, Ive been hit, Ive been
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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