Eviction Notice

Yung Redd

Fuckin' doin' itThis song is called Eviction Notice, it's a 2-parter
It's about how drugs are the gateway to fun and flat laugh linesThere's effort in her smile and it shouldn't be that way
Her last days are being snuffed out in an ashtray, and that's pricely
Trying to intercept the passing away I've asked nicelyBut I've learned not to feed the hand that bites me
This morning the cradle rocks the hand
As I bang on pots and pans
she's just playing in her warning labeled box again
She wants a man I can look up to, a role model to come through--
Don't bother unpacking your car...cinogen filled thrill sticks
This girl will spit fire
Got me doing pirouettes over her guilt trip wire
I still skip by a land mine or two, see I've learned the landscape
All the while practicing my firm handshake
Hair, trigger-finger itch to spark any conversation
Said explosive personalities don't part deadly confrontation
What happens in between her lips
She needs a fix more than she knows her friend's a bitch
And needs to goThere's a note on the door..
Eviction notice"Listen, one of us is leaving, and when I say US I mean YOU...
YOU'RE leaving. (You're leaving... You're leaving.)"I'm in the house y'all, I'm in the house y'all
And ain't no little piece of paper gonna kick me out y'all!
What?? I'm in the house, I'm in the house
And ain't no legal separation gonna kick my ass out
I'm in the house y'all, I'm in the house y'all
And ain't no new boyfriend gonna kick me out, y'all!
Fuck that, I'm in the house, I'm in the house
Ain't no snot-nosed brat gonna kick my ass outPick ME! Please leave me believe me
please leave me believe me please
Please leave me believe me please leave me
please believe me, leave me leave me..This song is called Eviction Notice, it's a 2-parter
Basically it's about how sacrifice and vices will invite themselves
to an overstayed welcome at your haunted house partiesThere's effort in her smile and it shouldn't be like that
Her final evenings have her drowning in a nightcap, and that's costly
Trying to keep her on the right track I ask softly
But she just says "BACK OFF ME"
And I've learned to space her private respect
She breathes some room to need and every afternoon proceeds
To mix her liquid sitter while preparing baby food to feed

She wants I man I can look up to, a mentor-- Fuck you!
Get your things packed
Yes kids, the poison is the message in the bottle
Before the dawn she'll have to kill all fetal positions by ingesting a morning-after pill
Crawling fast until I get rewarded for how good I've behaved
While practicing my goodbye wave..
Should I stay? After planning my escape routes
And shouting out, "Is there a lifeguard in the lighthouse?"
To the rescue bottle mouth-to-mouth between her lips she sips
She needs a fix more than she knows her friend's a bitchAnd there's a note on the door..
Eviction noticeFun times fun times, ("Fuck you!") fun times fun times fun times
("Fuck you!") Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun times
("Fuck you, get the fuck out of my house...")
Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun times
Fun times fun times, fun times fun times fun tiiiimes!!! ("Fuck YOU!")
One more time guys, fun times fun times fun tiiiimes!
("Get out.")I love you("Get out!!! Get the fuck out of here! GET OUT!! Go.")Your mother would like to hear from you

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