Detonate

Superheist

Black tales, black this
Black queers, black dears
For a robberyDead beat, dead heat
Dead creep, dead beat
The guys you like to meetYour style is always an erosion
Your style is always in ruin
Your face is always in the mirror, yeahWant your word, but you've got to need it
But you got, but you can't believe it
Got the wheels, yet you can't retrieve it
Blow a candle but I feel itWant your word but you've got to need it
But you got but you can't believe it
Got the wheels, yet you can't retrieve it
Blow a candle but I feel itDetonate, detonateBack chat, back in
Back out, back down, back down to the ground
Too slow, to grow
It's fate to hate, you have got toDetonate, detonate
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Your style is always in ruin
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