

# Detonate

## Superheist

Black tales, black this  
Black queers, black dears  
For a robbery Dead beat, dead heat  
Dead creep, dead beat  
The guys you like to meet Your style is always an erosion  
Your style is always in ruin  
Your face is always in the mirror, yeah Want 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 it Want 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 it Detonate, detonate Back chat, back in  
Back out, back down, back down to the ground  
Too slow, to grow  
It's fate to hate, you have got to Detonate, detonate  
Detonate, detonate Your style is always an erosion  
Your style is always in ruin  
Your face is always in the mirror, yeah Want your word, but you've got to need it  
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