

Mr. Jinx

Quarashi

Now it's your type o mad Jinx the mad sucker with a tail
I've got my life worked up it ain't as cheap as one thinks
I've got links on it, the same internet porn
Ain't as deep as I've been now I've got Justin in my corner
I creep up but they don't want me back in, you know my love is so big
I think my head is cracking, smacking my face
And always giving me the baseline
Dead in a days time, give back what's mine This ain't no rhyme about a junky on run, another punk with a gun
Now when you get it, meet the mad fun
So get on your feet and get in pack with the deal
The beats on the wheel, now how do you feel
The cool vibe from my lyrical solo
It beat on your chest when I'm bouncing like yoyo
This story is old just like the tales I've told
But mark my words, it will turn into gold All right, we've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right We dig around fanatics, tall and fallen manics
And the planets breaking down with God the only mechanic around
Faking firm ground, fuckin' up the program
So now I'm working on my devious master plan
It's all about these crazy comic relieves you know
Wooster and Jeeves and modern prophets you never believe
We get them all on a boat, leave out all the rules
The white pigeons, and sail the ship of fools All right, we've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right All right, we've got it right all right
We've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right All right, we've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right
We've got it right, all right All right, all right, all right, all right
We've got it all right, so right, so right
Ooh yeah, we've got it right yeah

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