

# Gone Insane

Ab-Soul

I feel like, I'm affiliated with, the illuminati, bitch  
All seein' fuckin eye (I), this is your enlightenment  
I'm lightin' this, fire my supplier always like to give  
Higher than I've ever been these heights are mighty frightening  
Throw ya hands up as if you wanna strike like lightening  
Don't shoot, you can't fight a viking on vicodin  
Can you? Hmmmm I would like to see you try it then  
I be eatin' rappers that's the only way I'm bitin' them  
That was yummy yummy, dummy dummy, nothing's funny funny  
Give a bitch a sippy sippy, then I get some sucky sucky  
Sucky sucky now, think the nigga must be lucky lucky  
She's such a doll, I guess that makes me Chucky  
Wassup with ya'll other than nothing at all?  
Bitches lickin' my balls, you ain't nuttin' at all!  
You ain't nuttin' at all  
Neither am I  
Heaven's a better place, I hope you all die!

I think I'm Jimi Hendrix, I think I'm Kurt Cobain  
I think I'm John Lennon, gone insane  
Someone take this gun, before I blow out my brains (BANG)  
Ab-Soul, and A-Y-I-R-O

Grab a bitch then grab ya dick  
Pop a fifth and have a sip  
Smoke a blunt, pop a pill  
Fly nigga, fly nigga  
Party every single night  
Mingle with a nigga wife  
Doggone, we all gone  
Die nigga, die nigga

Life's a bitch, but she won't let me hit  
So I just masturbate to her naked flicks  
I ain't got change for a dolla, but I think I'm making sense  
I do resemble my father, but do I really know I'm his?  
Sometimes I like to go on a tangent of random shit  
Stay with her Black n Mild out with a handful of acid tips  
Skywalker in the blunt, Darth Vader in the cup  
You don't get lifted with us, your elevators stuck  
I never gave a fuck, my name never came up  
But now that I done came up, I think I'm King Tut  
I told Punch I'd probably get assassinated by the government  
He probably think I'm sniffin' cocaine and some other shit  
I'm on some other shit, Black Hippie ho!  
Yippy ka yeee, Yippy ka yoo  
Tilt ya head you see me in the sky  
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Drownin' in Moscato, popular pothead  
Feel like I hit the lotto, and I just got head  
From a famous model (who?), Gloria Velez  
Lusting for Cubana's culo you know what it is  
I think I'm Jimi Hendrix, experience my fate  
All I'm missin' is a band of gypsies and some purple haze  
But now it's OG Kush and aeroinstrumentals  
No need to insinuate, miss me with the innuendo  
Ya outlooks lousy someone needs a new window  
I'm a win I just don't know when though you bimbos know what you in for some  
info to make you exercise your mental  
A seed small as my pinkie can be your weeping willow  
I'm so I'll I'm held hostage at a hospital  
Doin' it big like not little  
Tivo the revolution when it's televised  
Heaven's a better place, I hope you all die!

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