

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? Hmmm 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
Heaven's a better place, I hope you all die!

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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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