

Delusional

Colette Carr

Oh, oh, oh Step on out the hidden clouds,
Head in the sky, tripping out of bounds
So please I beg, try to keep it down,
Which your underground cause hell it sounds like piss!
So I guess that it's just mainstream
No my name's not baby,
The way she's looking, crazy, delusional,
Can I have a number two, the usual,
Cause I took your shit for so long,
Listen to you bitch and moan on.
Trying to convince its mutual,
Mr Big head, you better think quick or you'll slip too far, too
far,
Mr can't see clearly, but I can't trip its just who you are!

Delusional, you're being delusional,
From the base to LA sing along!
From the games, you played, number one

Trying to start a fight when you take it outside, out, out, out
Acting like you like me, I'm politely asking nicely
Keep it in your pants and leave it there,
Never been a chance, so be prepared,
For the slap, thank you very much,
Make my own slap so that will be enough!
Stuff that cocky blabbing attitude,
I'm about to backhand smack that little b-
town boy straight out of malibu,
Game up in how we do fresh like uh, hittin putta uh, chrome hyd
rolics wish away bump
Trash is trash, dump a piece of junk in the gardbage truck

Delusional, you're being delusional,
From the base to LA sing along!
From the games you played, number one

Laying like a vocal track,
But you don't make a sound,
It's only from a sillhouette
That you want me around!
Oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh