

# The Prisoner

Flying Lotus

Periwinkle overcoats with hoodies on 'em  
This is how we overthrow these hoes and put the boogie on 'em  
Shoot my loogie on 'em  
Nigga, who be on 'em?  
Smoke a doobie-oobie with a floozy in the movies  
And you be like "Where the heck is Suzy?" (Where the heck is she?!)  
She's sitting shotgun in the hoopty cleaning oopy-  
doopy off the back seat again  
She's sad we never meet again  
And even though she's leaving him  
She need to get the D again  
And every night I beat my meat to pornos that we're starring in  
Bitch, I'm Rastafarian, no arguin'  
Rich as fuck, could drive whatever car I'm in  
I fucked a ho named Car-a-men  
She wore the finest gar-a-ments  
My type, we drank enough to stumble out the bar again  
And she puked all on my cardigan  
I swore I'd never share my heart again  
Cause all that's left is fragments of a memory  
Now madness is my enemy  
A little bit of magic makes a tragedy  
The makings of my sanity, I'm managing, I know my family mad at me  
I smashed the game and picked the pieces up and hide away in London  
'Till my fucking visa's up, eating Reese cups  
I'm smothered in that chocolate (Hey!)  
Your bitch say I'm a prophet (Hey!)  
I got her chakra's open (Hey!)  
I did it for no profit (Umm)  
Don't knock it till I try it, bitch!

And all these demons from my past appear 'cause I invited them  
'Cause I invited them