

April 27th

Hodgy Beats

She is going down that crack rock road
Let go of the steering wheel grab the matchbox slow
Take a dose of what most of us call that robot nose
Give you shit until I dip it like a pothole
When I'm glancing you looking at me, seeing I got gold
I put my foot down, baby girl I got soul
And so what if I'm a non-believer?
With the life beyond your boundaries
You step in, I could make your heaven hell
And use it as a weapon well
Empty shells, jail, no bail
Maybe parole, when I roll
You will go out the load 'til I explode, C4 boom
The only one who blows my head like ballons
Can't wait til my baby out of that cocoon of yours
He will bloom, of course
And consume the source that we giving, it's a given
It's a given when I look up in the sky
I don't see a fucking ribbon
That's on top of what contains your intelligence
You're my relevance, your my angel, I haven't seen Heaven
since
They say that red is the color of the Devil's dress
Finding the bitch, she a fully-dressed dish

Damn, ayo I just... you know, I... you know how I feel,
right? I mean
I don't really have to elaborate anymore, it's just like,
in your face...