

**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...