

[Intro]

Sound so crazy

50 pull-ups on the pull-up bar  
When I hit award shows I wanna pull up a star  
Tank on E, got no time to pump  
So I'm runnin on fumes cause I live life once  
Duct tape in the trunk of, my corrupted mental  
Mood swingin lyrics like a woman on her menstraul  
Gold line, sleep in Union Station metro  
Skateboard plus sneaks, high top retro  
Special but can't blend in like a gecko  
Fans runnin up, askin me about my next show  
like, let me grab my friends and let's go  
Rap is my passion, fuck tryin to impress hoes  
I reach for the stars like NASA moonwalkin  
Why you runnin your mouths, what'cha goons talkin?  
Backstage with Left Brain in my own dream  
And the haters is goin to sleep, they gon' dream soon

[Chorus]

I can't breathe I'm - claustroflowbic  
Give me space I'm - claustroflowbic  
Fame is a closet and I'm claustroflowbic  
My rep, I lost it cause nigga I'm claustroflowbic  
Claustroflowbic? (Claustroflowbic) [4X]

(Left) Pinky and the (Brain), noodles to the strain  
Doggie to the dang, great  
Told me the Tiger series or boxers, I ate flipped  
accordians  
Two-faced, two rows, two gates  
Whichever way I choose is a new fate  
New love is a new hate, she got a cute face  
Bad attitude with a Haddie Q taste  
Gettin at her, spittin at her, yeah how the boot taste?  
Gingivitis, toothache, mouthwash, toothpaste, breathin  
on 'em  
Spit hot flows like the heater's on 'em  
Pretty hood like I dickie wifebeated on 'em  
Teetin material like our cousin skeeted on 'em  
Don't lie, don't hi, won't lie, won't die  
cause my music is alive  
Don't lie, don't hi, won't lie, won't die  
cause my music is alive

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Inhale, exhale [5X]  
Exhale, exhale