

You wanna know something sick?
You got me sick in paranoia
Rubbing Vicks on my imagination
Caught in a daze, flight of fancy
Articulation, she the air
I want to respirate, or hyperventilate
Shit when I feel the fabrics of her mind, she so
reactant
Trampoline infection, uh, plus the backflips
If she don't like some shit she talk back quick
With skintone brown like Orlando
Magic Johnson was number 32
Chamberlain off the loop
We're an obligated team to win, just shoot through the
hoop
If you miss I'd rather rebound
Although I ain't a rebound
You speak my name in eerie sounds
You my queen I'm your king now
I like the ring to the tone of the ringtone
Call and answer like I heard 3 phones
Going off equivalent. For her? Chivalry
Too icy, nigga: real jewelry

And experience is a journey above
Whether dead or alive, I exist to survive
Like the group U-N-I, you and I divide
Our chicken and watermelon
Atom bomb [?] but waste is a larger weapon
This is the faulty present
To borrow essence
[?] is like a formless preference