

# Castro Dies

Jamie T

You're messin' up my mind  
You do it all the time  
And that's why enemy's enemies and lovers  
Will never be friends of mine

Speak treat west like a stain on the chest of a while collar  
Why do I bother money? Love hates honor  
Grates if I look down I'm a goner  
I'll end up working for the BBC as a runner

Burning bills sloughed my fish wonder died of hunger  
Friends stopped calling this time last summer  
Sit down sorrows and I start to sigh  
Gotta get there before Castro dies

Plight my guilt with highs  
She smuggled with trouble in bubble  
Wrap up the gap strapped between her thighs

So surprised when you meet her she seemed so shy  
Considering she got balls that are twice the size  
Of you plus me plus the give me, let me try  
Better buy them all 'cause they're in short supply  
So here's a conversation we can have when we fly  
Got to get there before Castro dies

You're messin' up my mind  
You do it all the time  
I just can't take the lies  
Boy, you just going down on a low

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I have a lesson learned, enemy burned  
I'm saving up my bandages  
A non believer turned  
Can be the loyalist of advocates

So on aggregate I'm smashing it  
I'm lacking backing but trashing it  
I'm slacking and jacking the chips ya stacking  
And spending them all on sandwiches

You ask me how it's done  
I just know how to handle it  
See me through cynic critic scum  
Who think you're branded packages

And if you wanna come  
You know what I'll be brandishing  
A speaker full of lyrics, beats  
And loops that I've been sampling

You messin' up my mind

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