

# Purple Flip Flops

JJ Demon

Bright lights, On the night I was abducted.  
They looked me dead in my eyes and saw I'm not the type to be fucked with.  
I'm crispier than a bucket, with a biscuit on the side  
(no idea what he's saying here) ...and the pancakes.  
In my purple flip flops I declare hip-hop is dead.  
No I don't mean it but I'm your demon I'm just putting thoughts in your head  
.

Can I get a bed? All these rappers are making me wanna catch up on sleep!  
Trying to get blood every time I touch the mic.  
You are still trying to catch up on beats.  
Cut the mustard Grey PouPon.  
Cut it out like you cut a great coupon.  
I'm not sick of my dick it's bigger than yours,  
You still pull it out like a gray futon.  
Shoes on at your momma's house.  
Think you barely wanna let it go to drama route.  
Get serious.  
Show you what your mom's about.  
I put a period, in take a comma out.

(Let me hear you)  
You're peanut butter jelly when you see me rolling past you,  
With the top down like I'm riding in an open casket.  
You're a block down, asking for a bribe and getting shot down often.  
So I guess you're Christopher Walken!

Subtle as a tractor blade.  
Shit gets ugly Masturbate.  
You wanna kiss her you'll have to wait.  
How do you like my after taste?  
Floating like a castaway, Fresh to death I passed away.  
Dubstep I don't know where disaster waves.  
Mix it all and wait for your glass to break.  
Glass to break!  
(Shut the fuck up...)

Oh man, that's the way we're banging on the-  
No romance!  
Just fuck 'em and throw a stranglin' on 'em.  
So you know what you are when we blacked out.  
Fucked.  
Like a passed out freshman in the frat house.

My purple flip flops.  
Hip hop's dead (Hop's Dead)  
My purple flip flops.  
Hip hop's dead (Hop's Dead)  
My purple flip flops.  
Hip hop's dead (Hop's Dead)  
It's not dead I'm just Freaking dubstep instead!

Party people, and I think we can all agree, we're party people...  
I can't remember the last time we were all together like this...  
Now it might have been last night or maybe the night before...But the point is  
..  
Is I can't remember it! and maybe, just maybe that's what it's really all ab  
out

(you know what just stop)

Let me hear ya  
Get weird!  
(bring that back)

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No romance!  
Just fuck 'em and throw a stranglin' on 'em.  
So you know what you are when we blacked out.  
Fucked.  
Like a passed out freshman in the frat house.

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My purple flip flops.  
Hip hop's dead (Hop's Dead)  
My purple flip flops.  
Hip hop's dead (Hop's Dead)  
It's not dead I'm just  
Freaking dustup instead!